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H VOICE

LOW VOICE

# ELIZABETHAN LOVE SONGS

## SECOND SET

*Arranged by*

FREDERICK KEEL.

BOOSEY & HAWKES

Ain would I chãge that note to which ſõd loue hath charmd me,

long, long to ſing by roate, fancying that that harmde me yet when this thought doth come

Loue is the perfect ſumme of all delight I haue no other choice either for pen or voyce, to ſing or write:

You muſt play one ſtraine with your fingers, the other with your Bow, and ſo continue to the end.

Finis. T.H.

O Loue they wrong thee much,
That ſay thy ſweete is bitter.
When thy ripe fruit is ſuch,
As nothing can be ſweeter,
Faire houſe of ioy and bliſſe,
Where trueſt pleaſure is,
I doe adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I ſerue thee with my hart,
And fall before thee.

Facsimile of a page from "The first part of Ayres, French, Pollish, and others together,' Tobias Hume, 1605.

# ELIZABETHAN LOVE-SONGS

## SECOND SET

EDITED AND ARRANGED,

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS

COMPOSED, OR ADAPTED FROM THE LUTE TABLATURE,

BY

## FREDERICK KEEL.

*For Price see Current Catalogue*

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# ELIZABETHAN LOVE-SONGS

## SECOND SET

M1619
.K26E4
v.2

## INDEX


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| A pretty, pretty ducke ... ... ... ... | *John Bartlet* ... ... | 43 |
| Away with these self-loving lads ... ... ... | *John Dowland* ... ... | 4 |
| Beauty is but a painted hell ... ... ... ... | *Thomas Campion* ... | 85 |
| Breake now, my heart, and die ... ... ... | *Thomas Campion* ... | 88 |
| Come away ... ... ... ... ... ... | *John Dowland* ... ... | 12 |
| Come, you pretty false-eyed wanton ... ... ... | *Thomas Campion* ... | 69 |
| Downe-a-downe .. ... ... ... ... | *F. Pilkington* ... ... | 36 |
| Ev'ry dame affects good fame ... ... ... | *Thomas Campion* ... | 91 |
| Farewell, unkind farewell ... ... ... ... | *John Dowland* ... ... | 26 |
| Flora, wilt thou torment me? ... ... ... | *Thomas Morley* ... ... | 1 |
| Her rosie cheekes ... ... ... ... ... | *Thomas Campion* ... | 73 |
| If there be any one ... ... ... ... ... | *John Bartlet* ... ... | 52 |
| I heard of late ... ... ... ... ... ... | *John Bartlet* ... ... | 47 |
| Now, O now, I needs must part ... ... ... | *John Dowland* ... ... | 8 |
| O deare, that I with thee might live ... ... | *Thomas Campion* ... | 77 |
| Oft have I sighed for him ... ... ... ... | *Thomas Campion* ... | 96 |
| Shall a smile or a guileful glance? ... ... ... | *William Corkine* ... | 102 |
| Shall I sue, shall I seek for grace? ... ... ... | *John Dowland* ... ... | 18 |
| Sorrow, Sorrow, stay ... ... ... ... ... | *John Dowland* ... ... | 23 |
| Stay, Time, awhile thy flying ... ... ... | *John Dowland* ... ... | 105 |
| Sweet was the Song ... ... ... ... ... | *John Attey* ... ... | 112 |
| The peaceful westerne winde ... ... ... | *Thomas Campion* ... | 81 |
| Thrice tosse these oaken ashes in the air ... ... | *Thomas Campion* ... | 99 |
| Weep you no more, sad fountaines ... ... ... | *John Dowland* ... ... | 30 |
| What if I never speede? ... ... ... ... | *John Dowland* ... ... | 32 |
| What if I speede? ... ... ... ... ... | *Robert Jones* ... ... | 109 |
| What thing is love? ... ... ... ... ... | *John Bartlet* ... ... | 56 |
| When from my love I lookte ... ... ... ... | *John Bartlet* ... ... | 58 |
| Whither runneth my Sweetheart ... ... ... | *John Bartlet* ... ... | 61 |
| Who doth behold my Mistress' face ... ... ... | *John Bartlet* ... ... | 64 |


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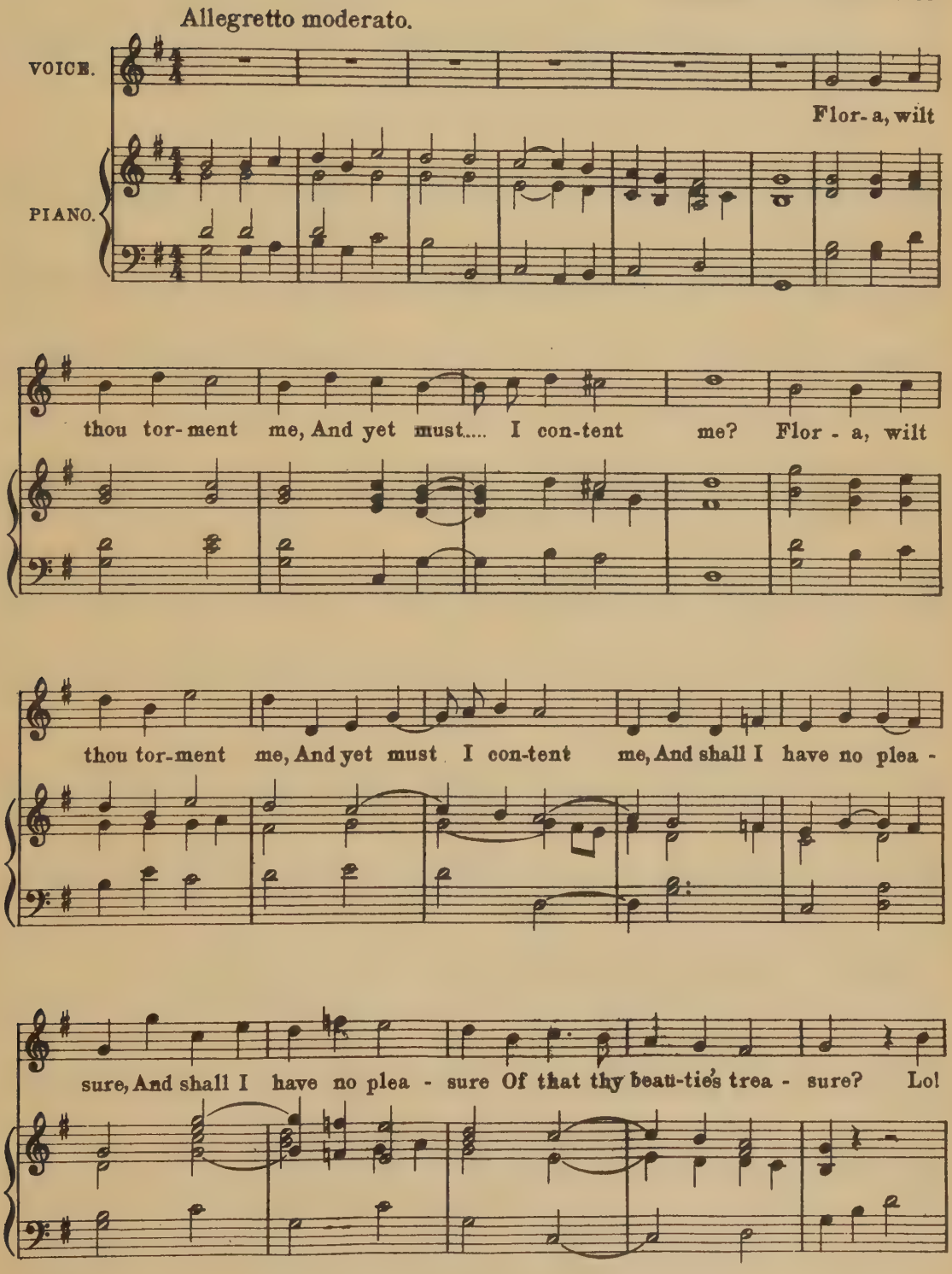
# Flora, wilt thou torment me?

THOMAS MORLEY.
Canzonets to 2 voices. 1593.


Allegretto moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Flor- a, wilt
thou tor- ment me, And yet must..... I con- tent me? Flor - a, wilt
thou tor- ment me, And yet must I con- tent me, And shall I have no plea -
sure, And shall I have no plea - sure Of that thy beau- ties trea - sure? Lo!

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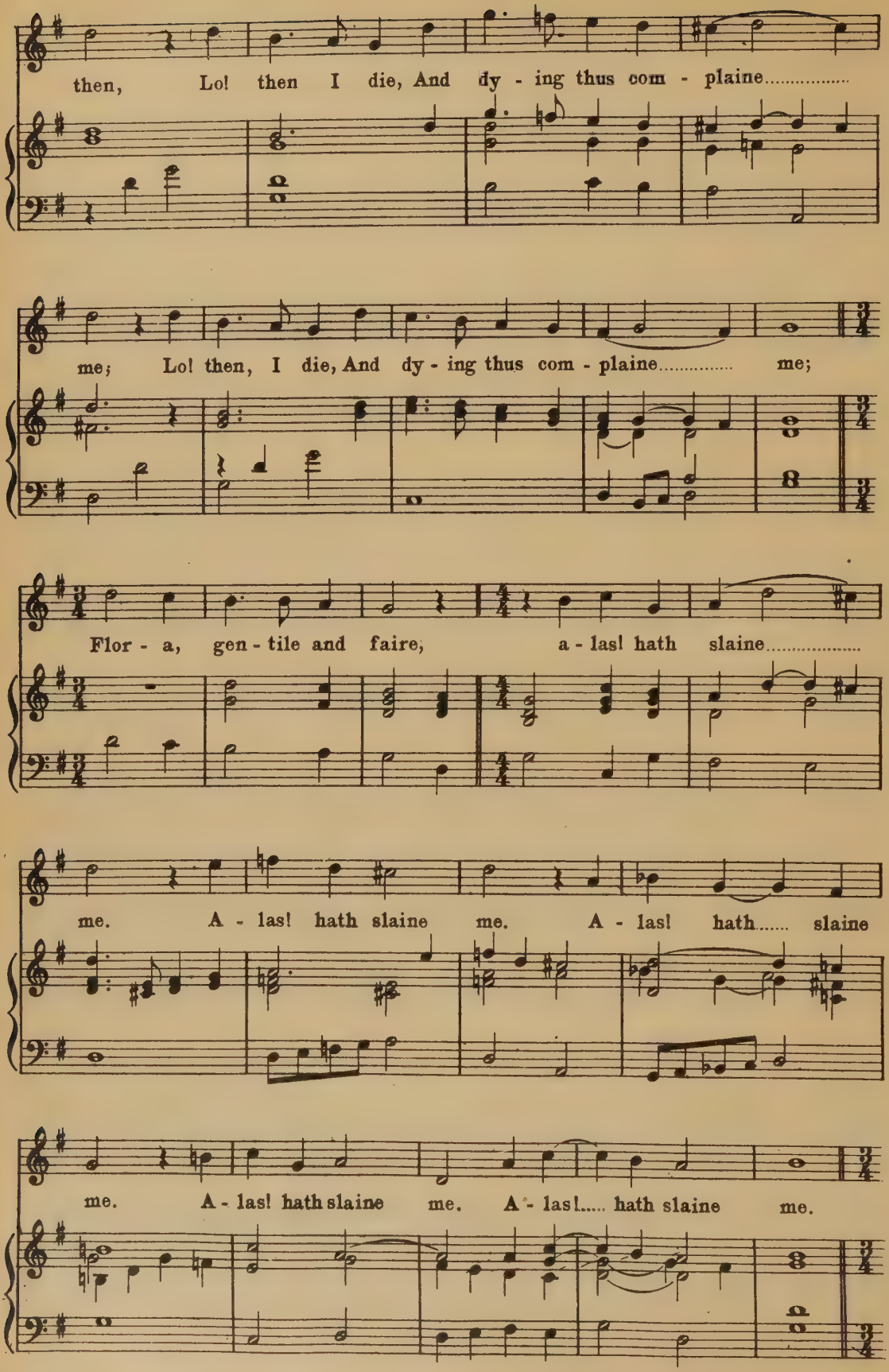
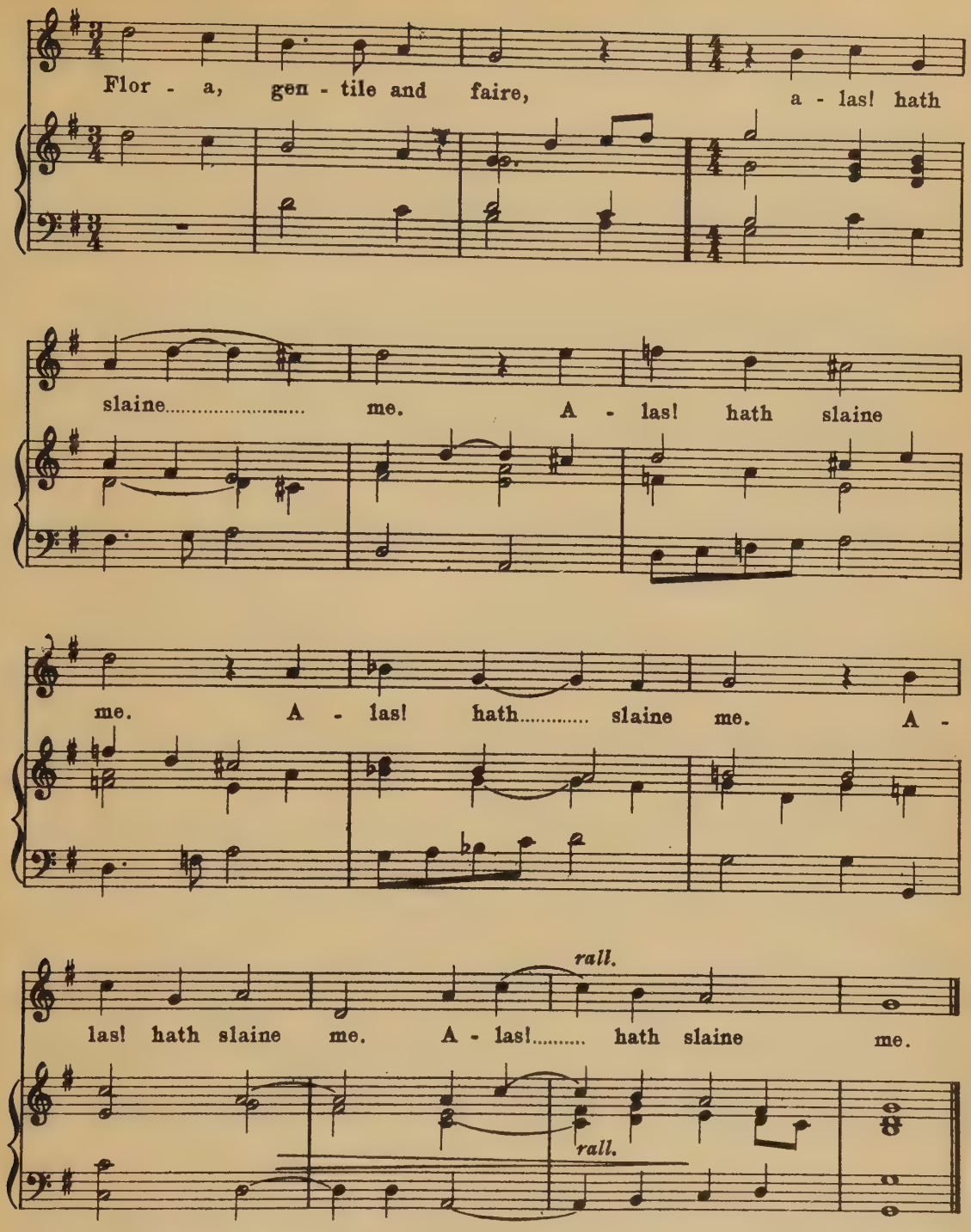
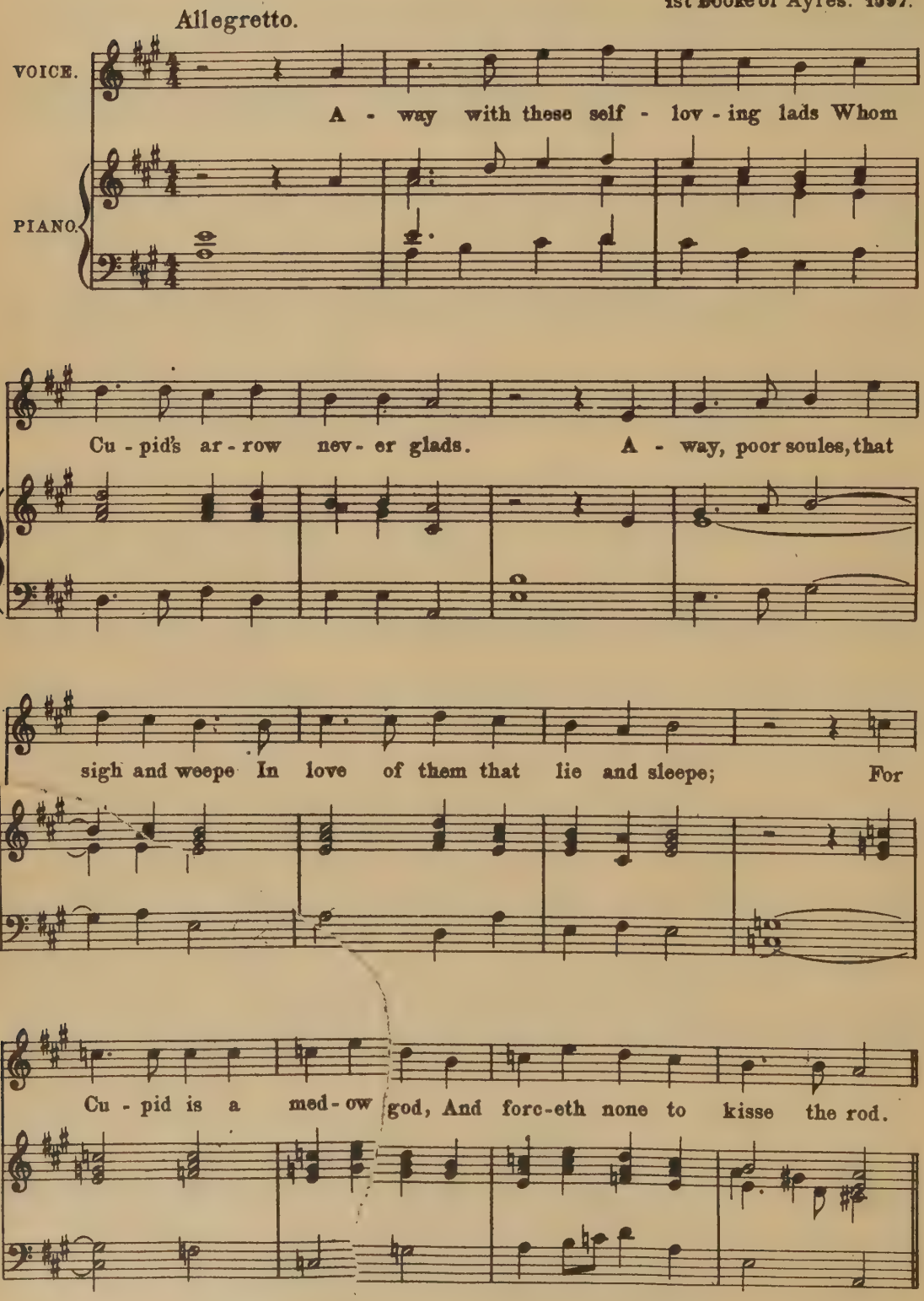

then, Lo! then I die, And dy - ing thus com - plaine.....
me; Lo! then, I die, And dy - ing thus com - plaine..... me;
Flor - a, gen - tile and faire, a - las! hath slaine.....
me. A - las! hath slaine me. A - las! hath..... slaine
me. A - las! hath slaine me. A - las!..... hath slaine me.

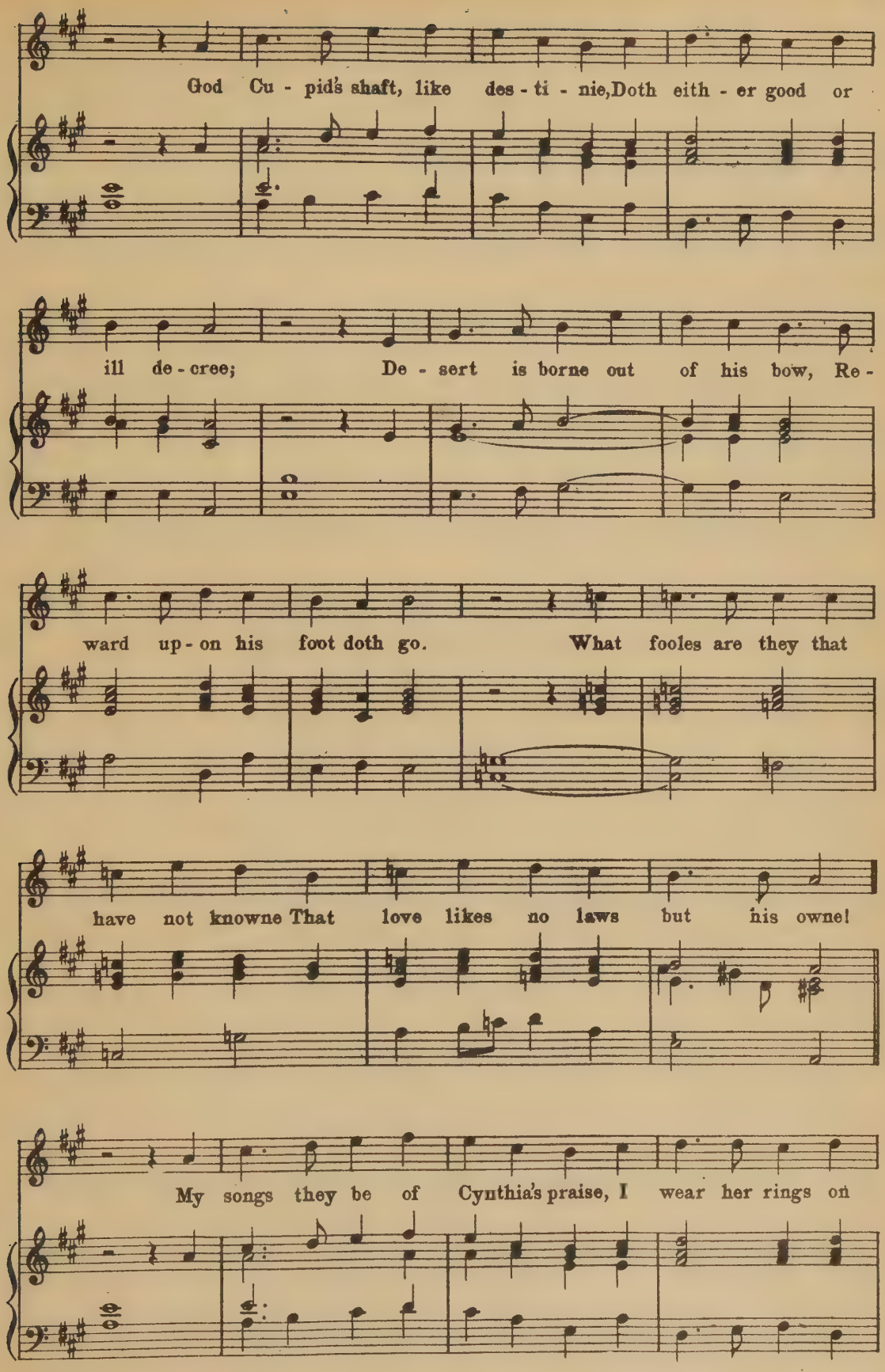

Flor - a, gen - tile and faire, a - las! hath
slaine..... me. A - las! hath slaine
me. A - las! hath..... slaine me. A -
las! hath slaine me. A - las!..... hath slaine me.
rall.
rall.

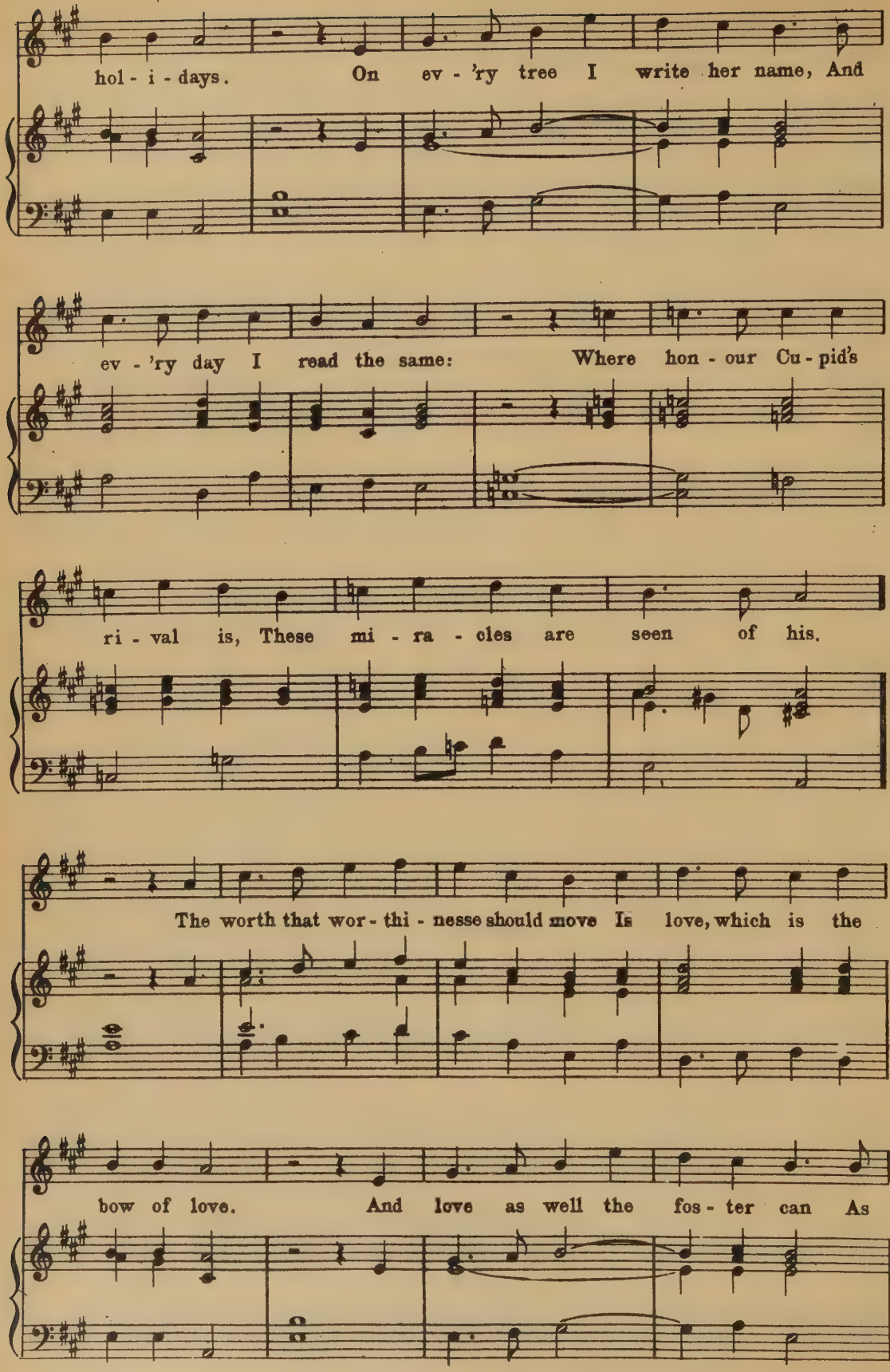
Flora, wilt thou torment me,
And yet must I content me,
And shall I have no pleasure
Of that thy beautie's treasure?
Lo! then, I die, and dying thus complaine me;
Flora, gentile and faire, alas! hath slaine me.

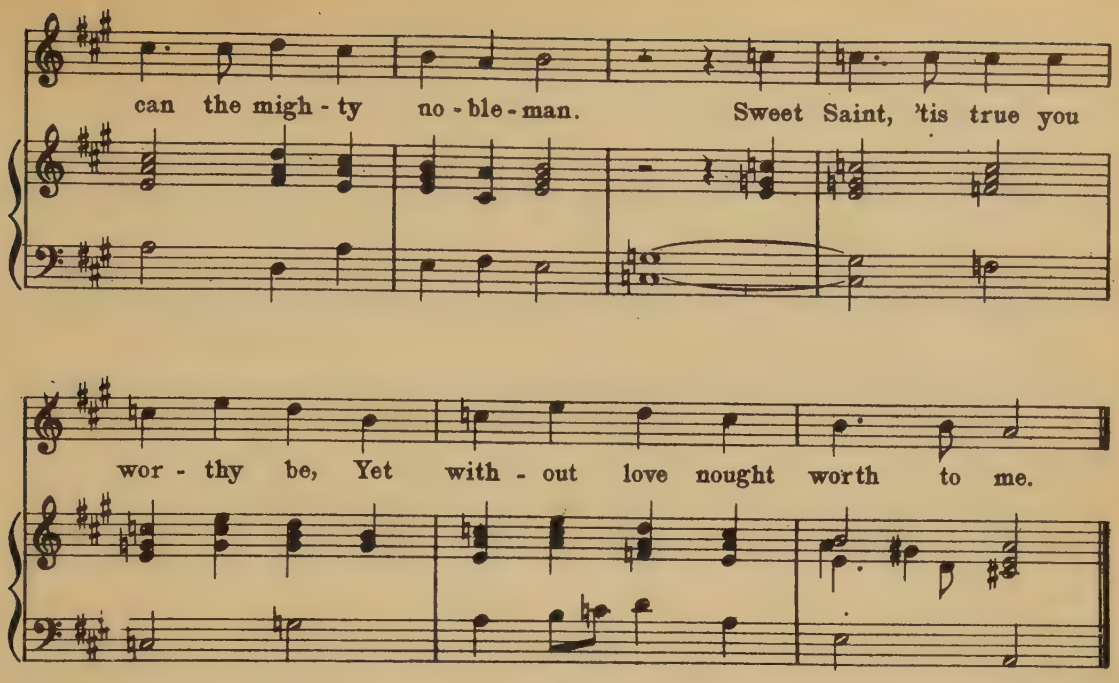
# Away with these self-loving lads.

JOHN DOWLAND.
1st Booke of Ayres. 1597.


Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
A - way with these self - lov - ing lads Whom
Cu - pid's ar - row nev - er glads. A - way, poor soules, that
sigh and weepe In love of them that lie and sleepe; For
Cu - pid is a med - ow god, And forc-eth none to kisse the rod.


God Cu - pid's shaft, like des - ti - nie, Doth eith - er good or
ill de - cree; De - sert is borne out of his bow, Re -
ward up - on his foot doth go. What fooles are they that
have not knowne That love likes no laws but his owne!
My songs they be of Cynthia's praise, I wear her rings on


hol - i - days. On ev - 'ry tree I write her name, And
ev - 'ry day I read the same: Where hon - our Cu - pid's
ri - val is, These mi - ra - cles are seen of his.
The worth that wor - thi - nesse should move Is love, which is the
bow of love. And love as well the fos - ter can As




Away with these self-loving lads
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads.
Away, poor soules that sigh and weepe
In love of them that lie asleepe;
For Cupid is a medow god,
And forceth none to kisse the rod.

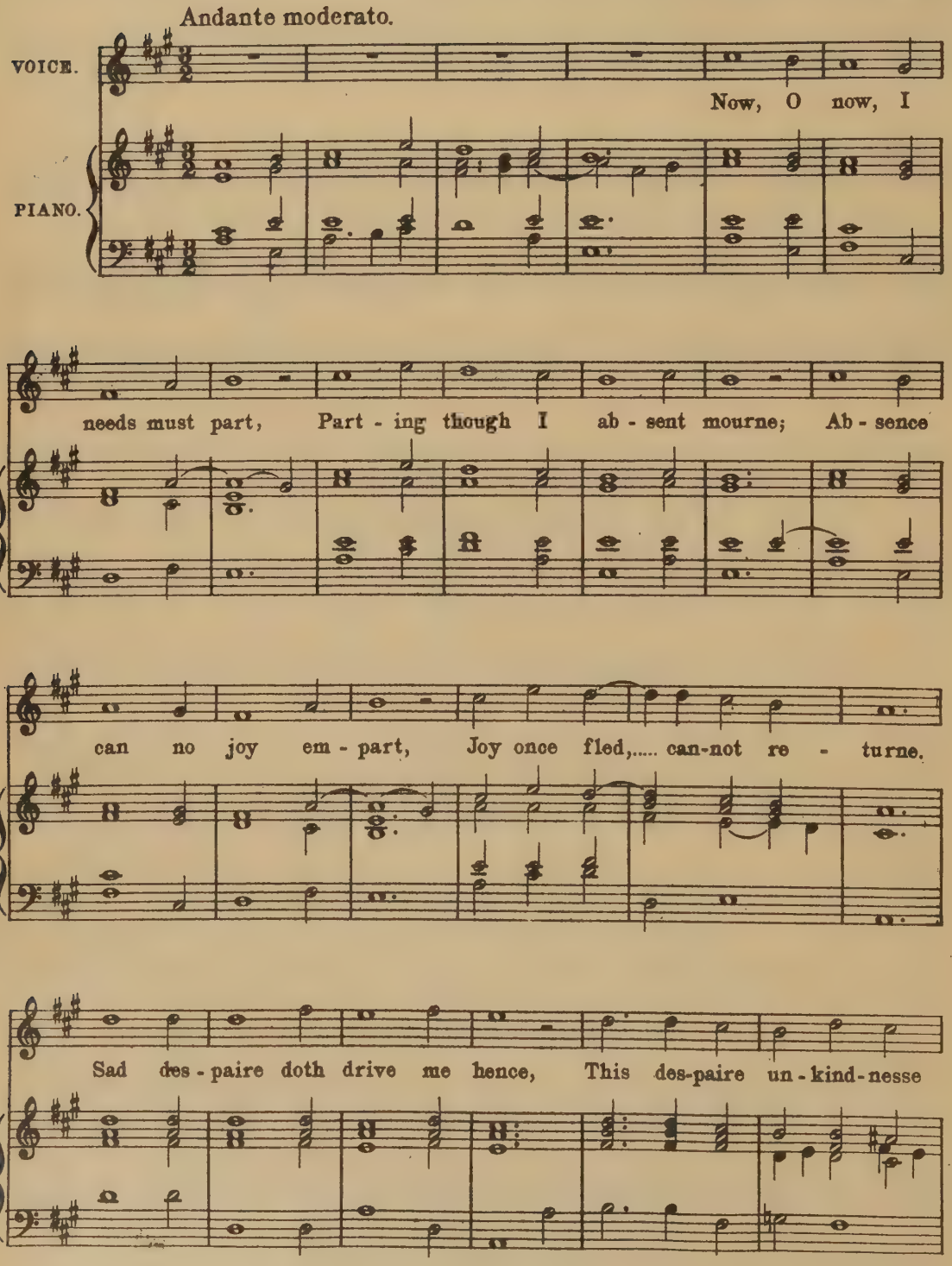
God Cupid's shaft, like destinie
Doth either good or ill decree;
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward upon his foot doth go.
What fooles are they that have not knowne
That love likes no laws but his owne!

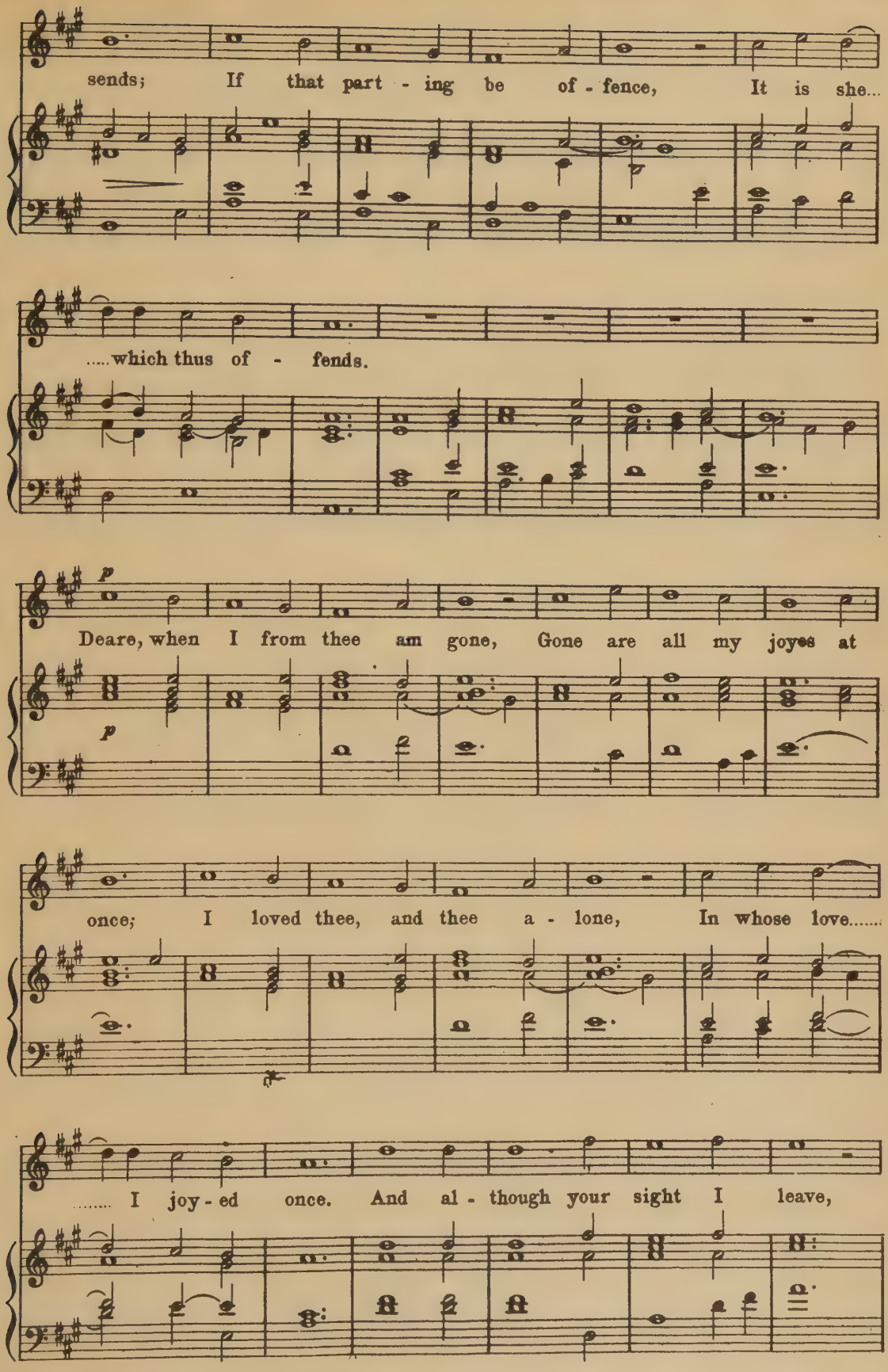
My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays.
On ev'ry tree I write her name,
And ev'ry day I read the same:
Where honour Cupid's rival is,
These miracles are seen of his.

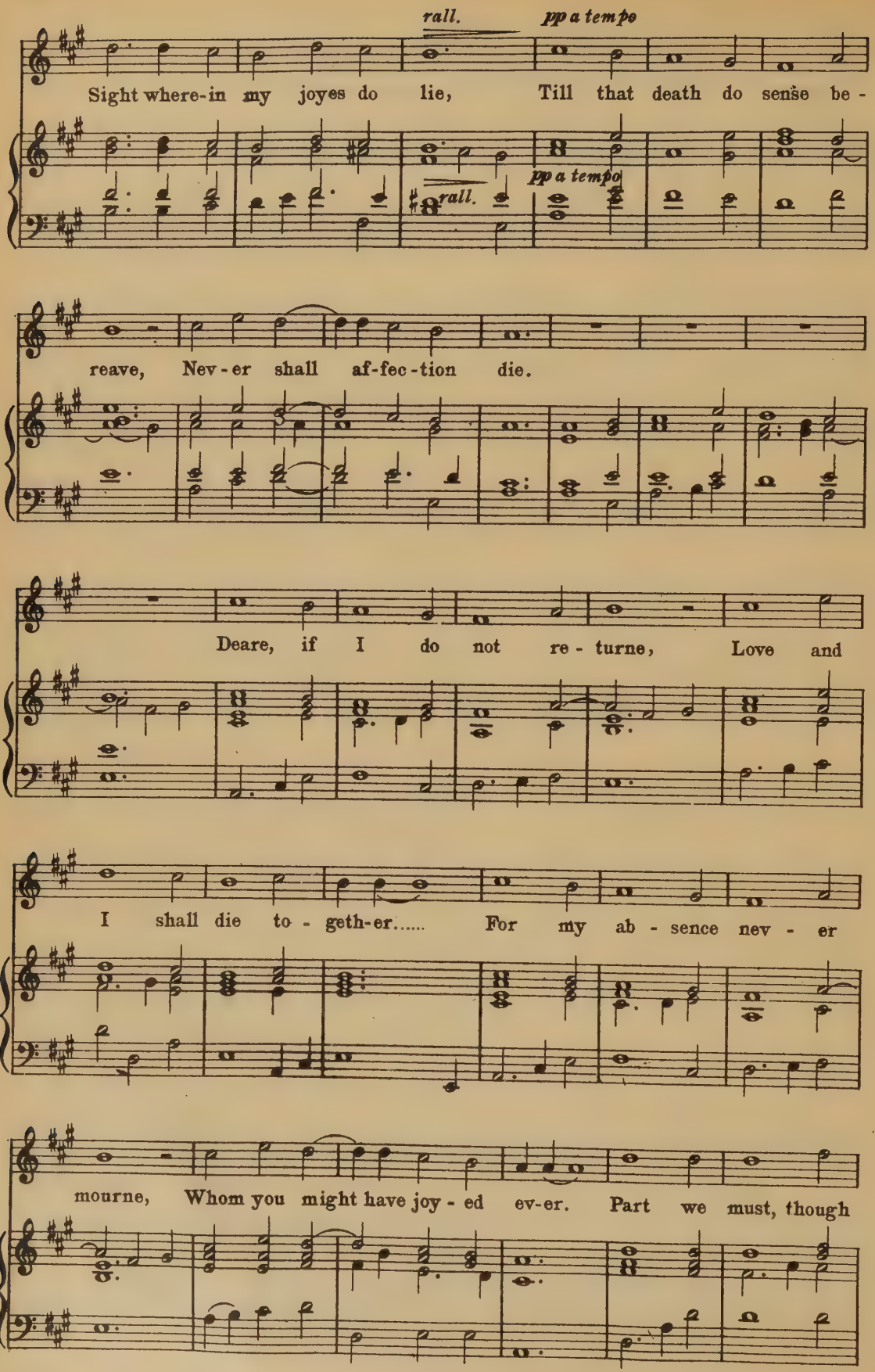
The worth that worthinesse should move
Is love, which is the bow of love.
And love as well the foster can
As can the mighty nobleman.
Sweet Saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
Yet without love nought worth to me.

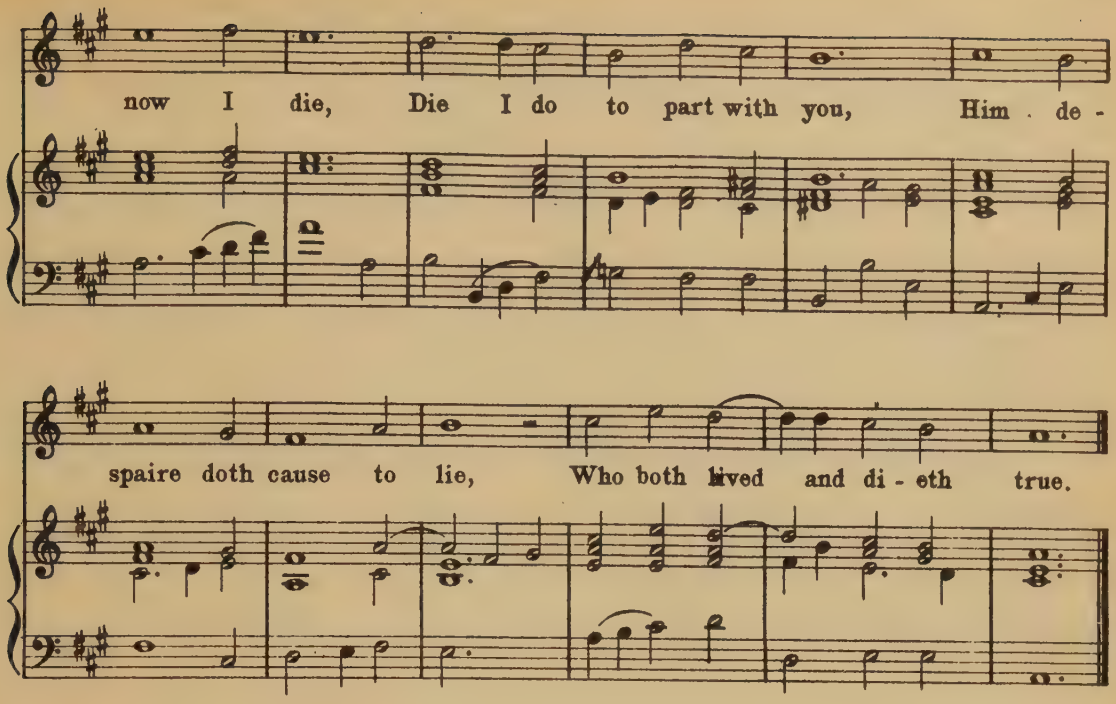
# Now, O now, I needs must part.

JOHN DOWLAND.
1st Booke of Ayres. 1597.


Andante moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Now, O now, I
needs must part, Part - ing though I ab - sent mourne; Ab - sence
can no joy em - part, Joy once fled,..... can-not re - turne.
Sad des - paire doth drive me hence, This des-paire un - kind - nesse


sends; If that part - ing be of - fence, It is she...
.....which thus of - fends.
p
Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at
p
once; I loved thee, and thee a - lone, In whose love.....
..... I joy - ed once. And al - though your sight I leave,


rall.
pp a tempo
Sight where-in my joyes do lie, Till that death do sense be -
rall.
pp a tempo
reave, Nev - er shall af-fec - tion die.
Deare, if I do not re - turne, Love and
I shall die to - geth-er..... For my ab - sence nev - er
mourne, Whom you might have joy - ed ev-er. Part we must, though



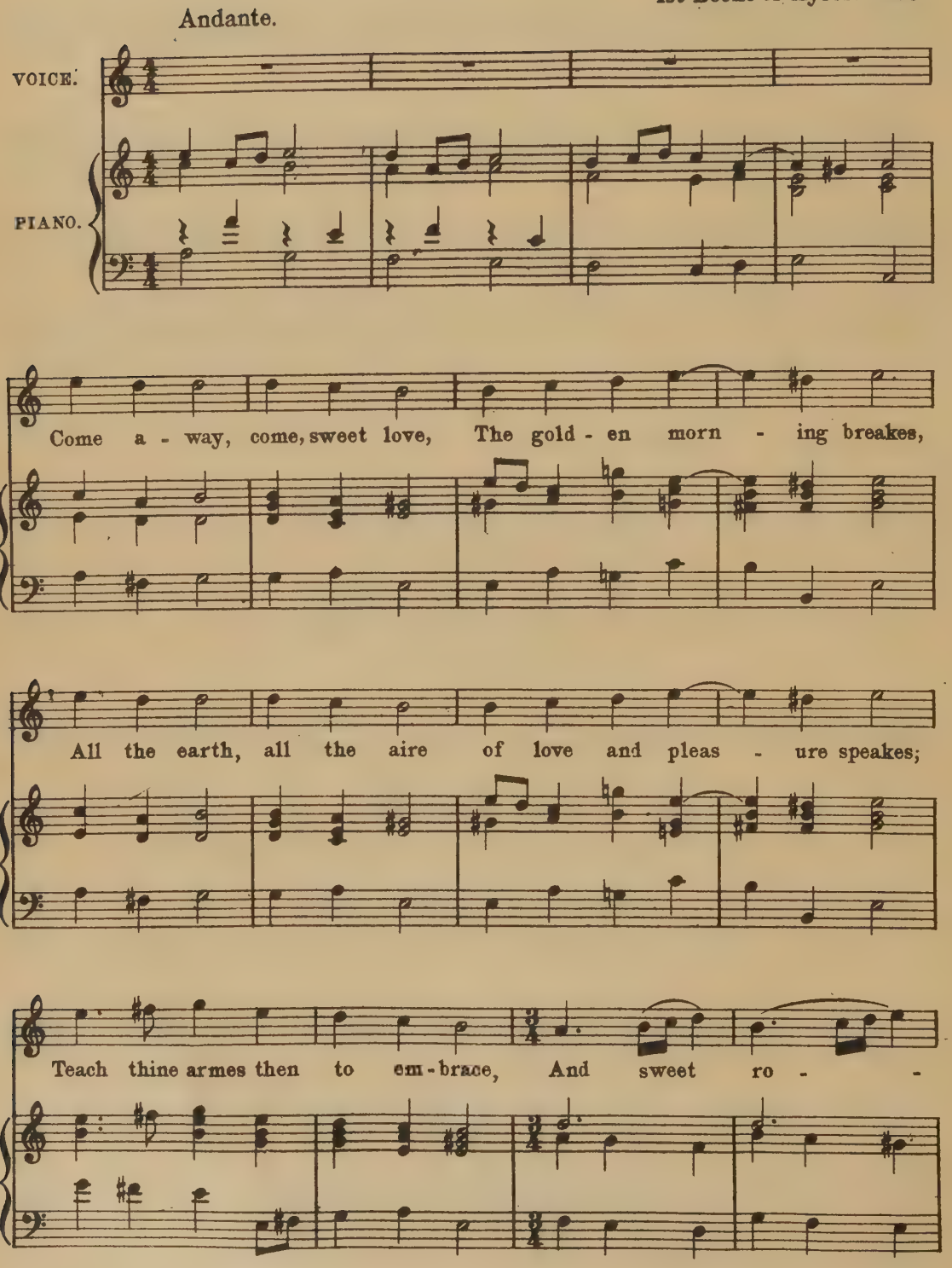

Now, O now, I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourne;
Absence can no joy empart,
Joy once fled, cannot returne.
Sad despaire doth drive me hence,
This despaire unkindnesse sends;
If that parting be offence,
It is she which thus offends.

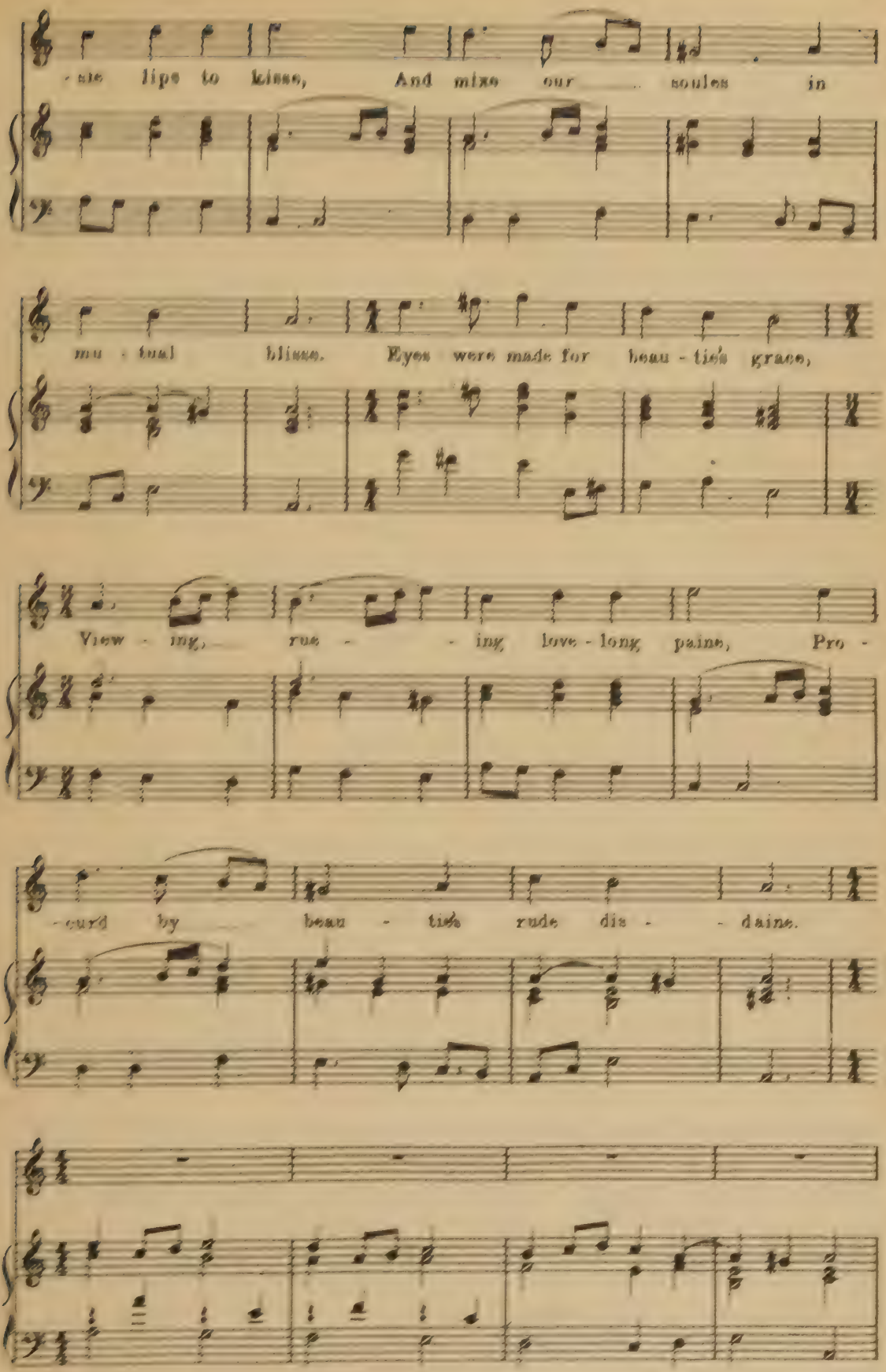
Deare, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my joyes at once;
I loved thee, and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.
And although your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joyes do lie,
Till that death do sense bereave,
Never shall affection die.

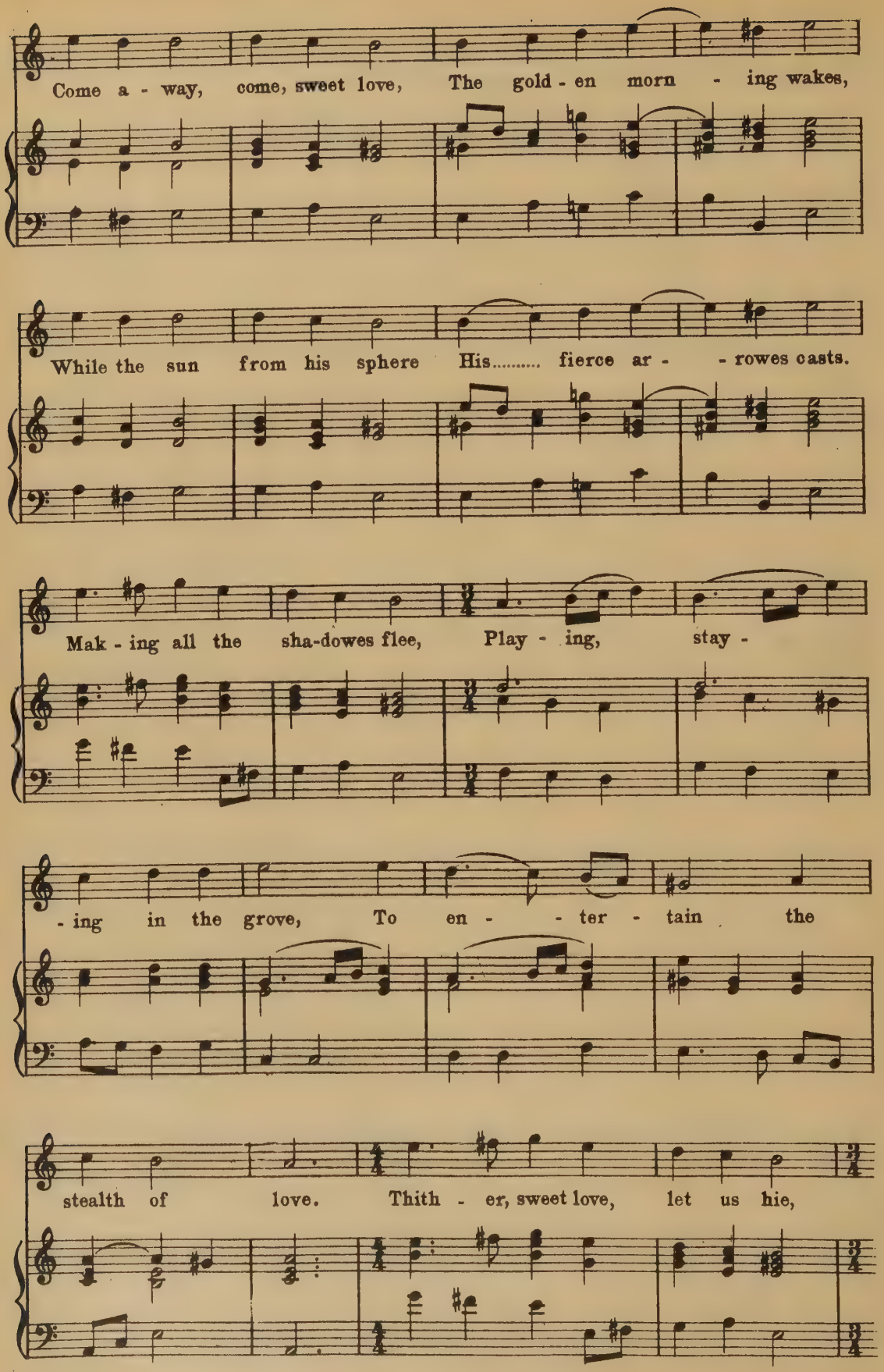
Deare, if I do not returne,
Love and I should die together.
For my absence never mourne,
Whom you might have joyed ever.
Part we must, though now I die,
Die I do to part with you;
Him despaire doth cause to lie,
Who both lived and dieth true.

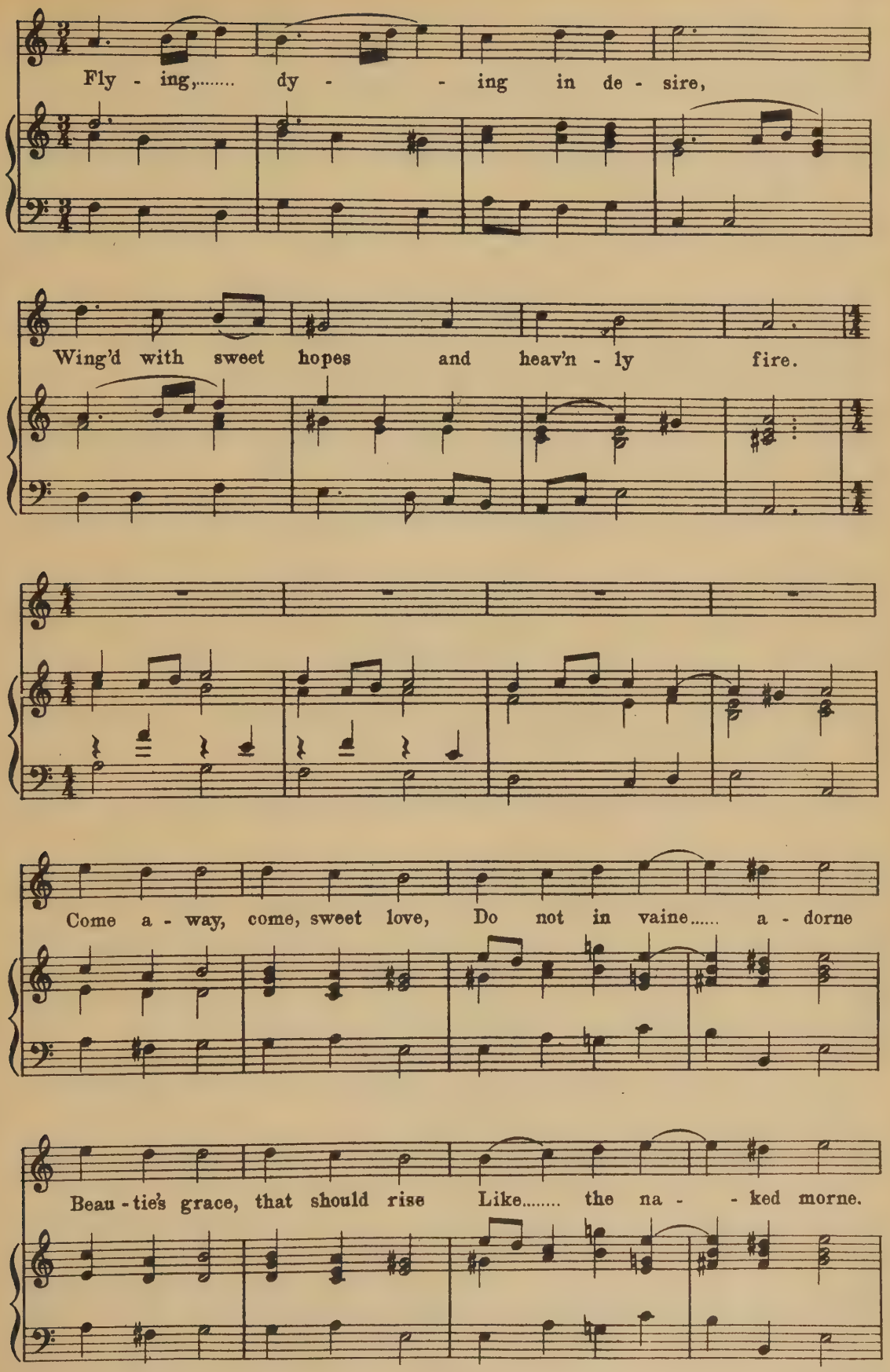
# Come away.

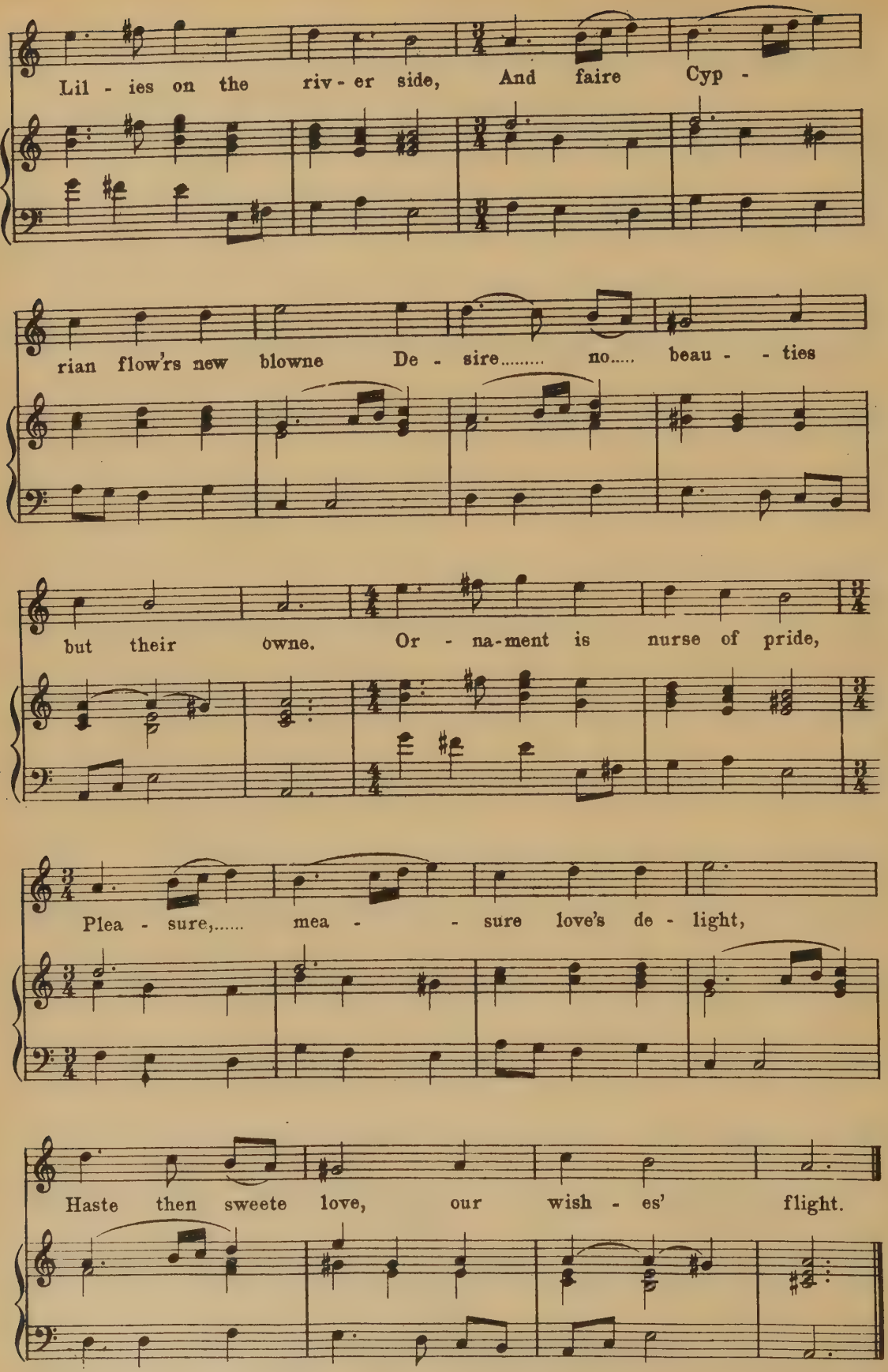
JOHN DOWLAND.
1st Booke of Ayres. 1600.


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Come a - way, come, sweet love, The gold - en morn - ing breakes,
All the earth, all the aire of love and pleas - ure speakes;
Teach thine armes then to em - brace, And sweet ro - -


-sie lips to kisse, And mixe our soules in
mu - tual blisse. Eyes were made for beau - tie's grace,
View - ing, rue - - ing love - long paine, Pro -
-cur'd by beau - tie's rude dis - - daine.


Come a - way, come, sweet love, The gold - en morn - ing wakes,
While the sun from his sphere His..... fierce ar - - rowes casts.
Mak - ing all the sha-dowes flee, Play - ing, stay -
- ing in the grove, To en - - ter - tain the
stealth of love. Thith - er, sweet love, let us hie,


Fly - ing,..... dy - - ing in de - sire,
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'n - ly fire.
Come a - way, come, sweet love, Do not in vaine..... a - dorne
Beau - tie's grace, that should rise Like..... the na - - ked morne.


Lil - ies on the riv - er side, And faire Cyp -
rian flow'rs new blowne De - sire..... no..... beau - - ties
but their owne. Or - na-ment is nurse of pride,
Plea - sure,..... mea - - sure love's de - light,
Haste then sweete love, our wish - es' flight.

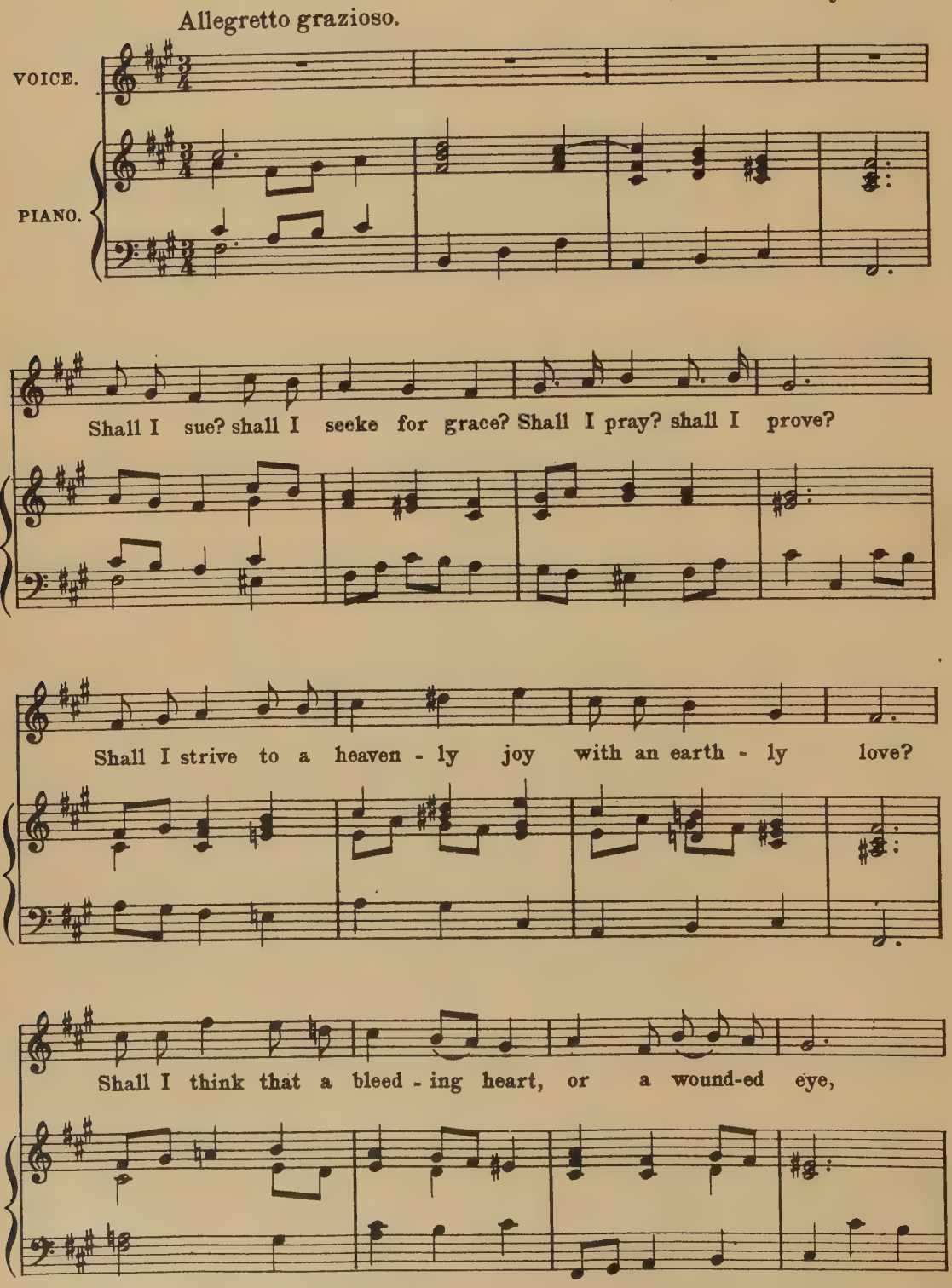
Come away, come, sweet love,
The golden morning breakes,
All the earth, all the aire
Of love and pleasure speakes;
Teach thine armes then to embrace,
And sweet rosie lips to kisse,
And mixe our souls in mutual blisse.
Eyes were made for beautie's grace,
Viewing, rueing love-long paines,
Procured by beautie's rude disdaine.

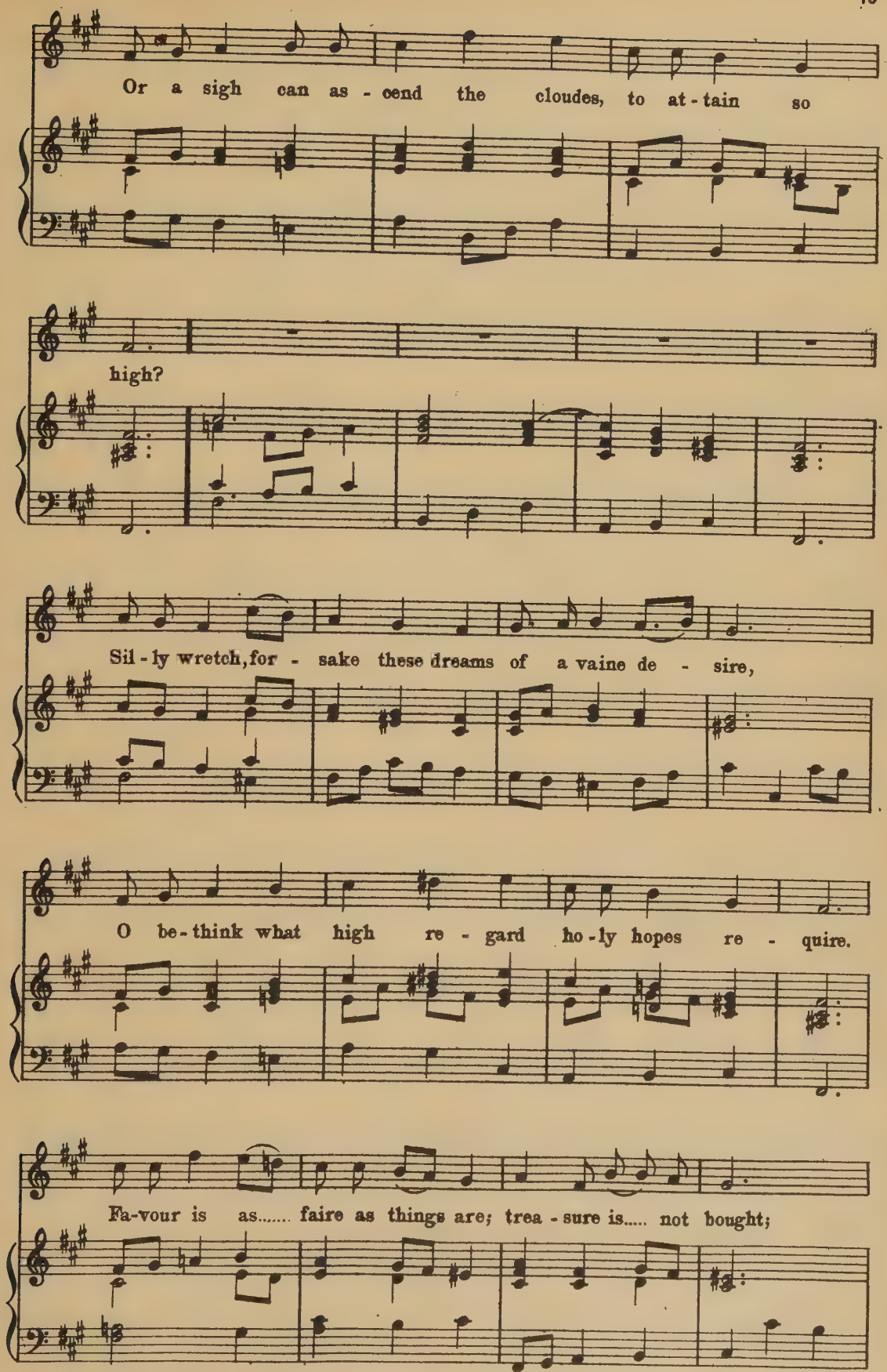
Come away, come, sweet love,
The golden morning wakes,
While the sun from his sphere
His fierce arrowes casts.
Making all the shadowes flie,
Playing, staying in the grove,
To entertain the stealth of love.
Thither, sweet love, let us hie,
Flying, dying in desire,
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire.

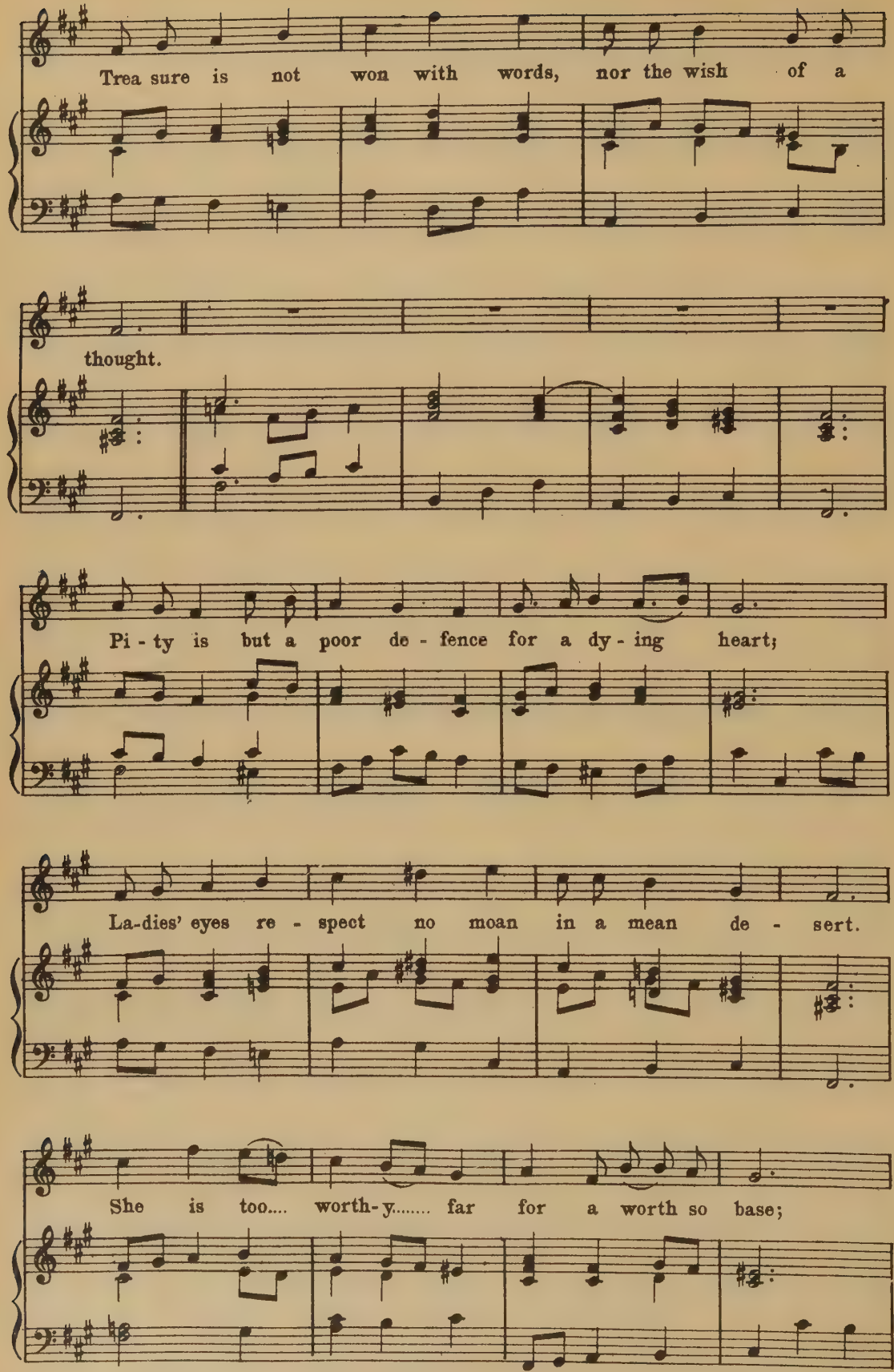
Come away, come, sweet love,
Do not in vaine adorne
Beautie's grace, that should rise
Like the naked morne.
Lilies on the river side,
And faire Cyprian flowers new blowne
Desire no beauties but their owne.
Ornament is nurse of pride,
Pleasure, measure love's delight;
Haste then, sweete love, our wishes' flight.

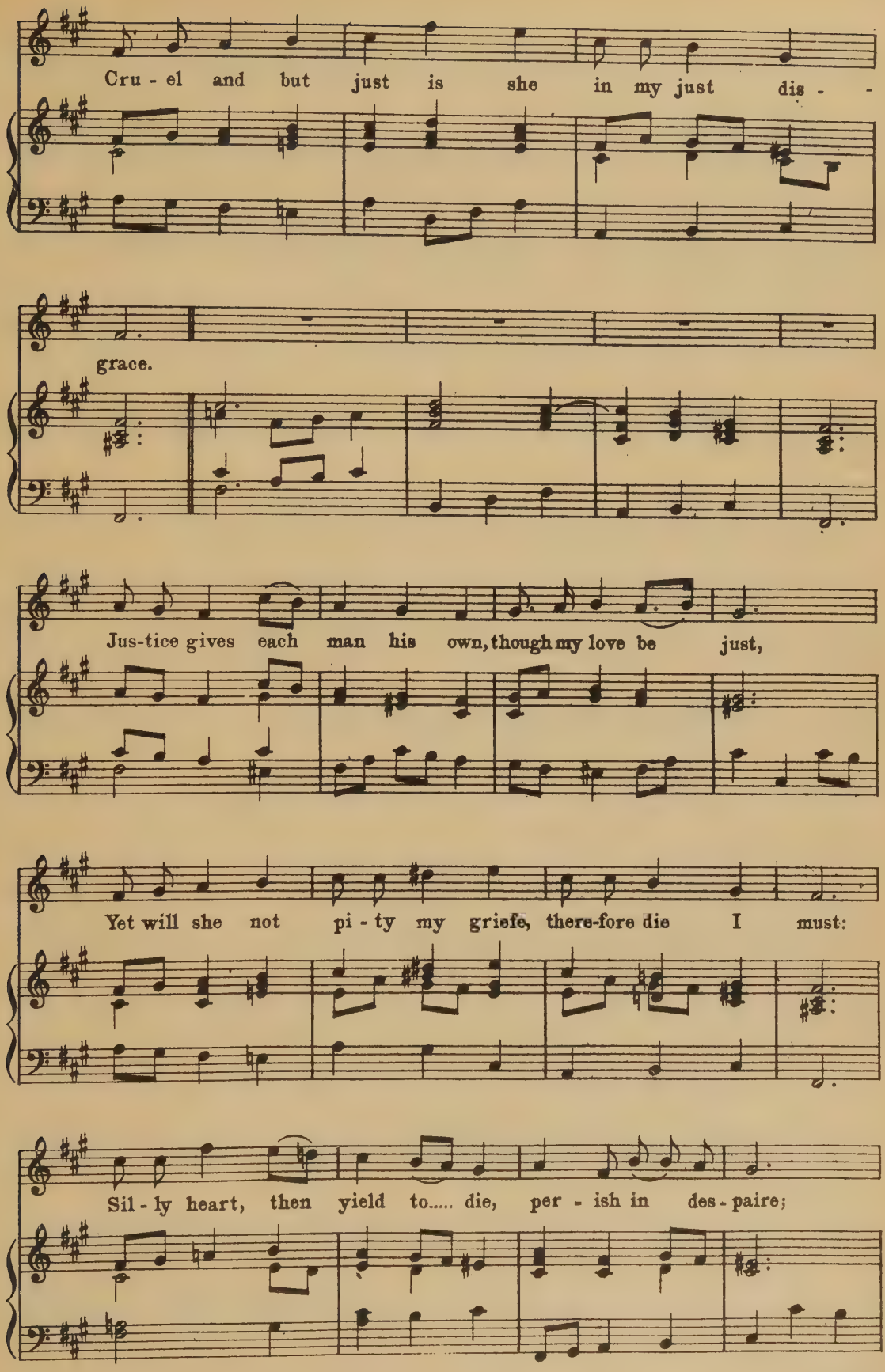
# Shall I sue, shall I seeke for grace?

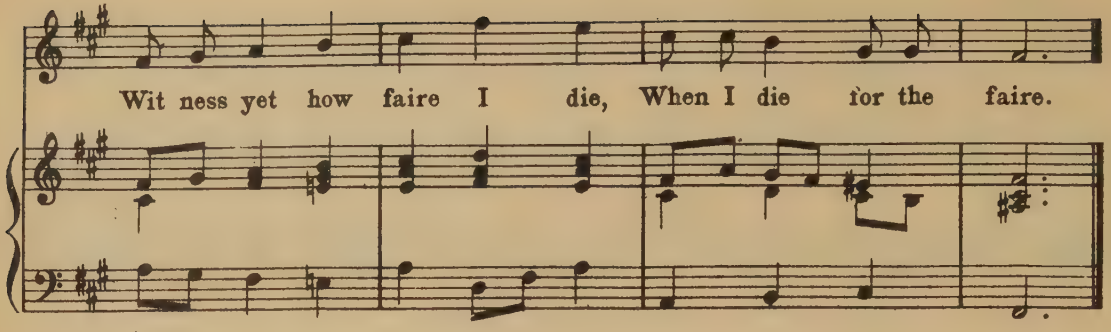
JOHN DOWLAND.
2nd Booke of Ayres. 1600.


Allegretto grazioso.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Shall I sue? shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray? shall I prove?
Shall I strive to a heaven - ly joy with an earth - ly love?
Shall I think that a bleed - ing heart, or a wound-ed eye,


Or a sigh can as - cend the cloudes, to at - tain so
high?
Sil - ly wretch, for - sake these dreams of a vaine de - sire,
O be - think what high re - gard ho - ly hopes re - quire.
Fa-vour is as..... faire as things are; trea - sure is..... not bought;


Trea sure is not won with words, nor the wish of a
thought.
Pi - ty is but a poor de - fence for a dy - ing heart;
La-dies' eyes re - spect no moan in a mean de - sert.
She is too.... worth-y..... far for a worth so base;


Cru - el and but just is she in my just dis - -
grace.
Jus-tice gives each man his own, though my love be just,
Yet will she not pi - ty my griefe, there-fore die I must:
Sil - ly heart, then yield to..... die, per - ish in des - paire;




Shall I sue? shall I seeke for grace? shall I pray? shall I prove?
Shall I strive to a heavenly joy with an earthly love?
Shall I think that a bleeding heart, or a wounded eye,
Or a sigh can ascend the cloudes to attain so high?

Silly wretch, forsake these dreams of a vaine desire,
O bethink what high regard holy hopes require.
Favour is as faire as things are; treasure is not bought;
Treasure is not won with words, nor the wish of a thought.

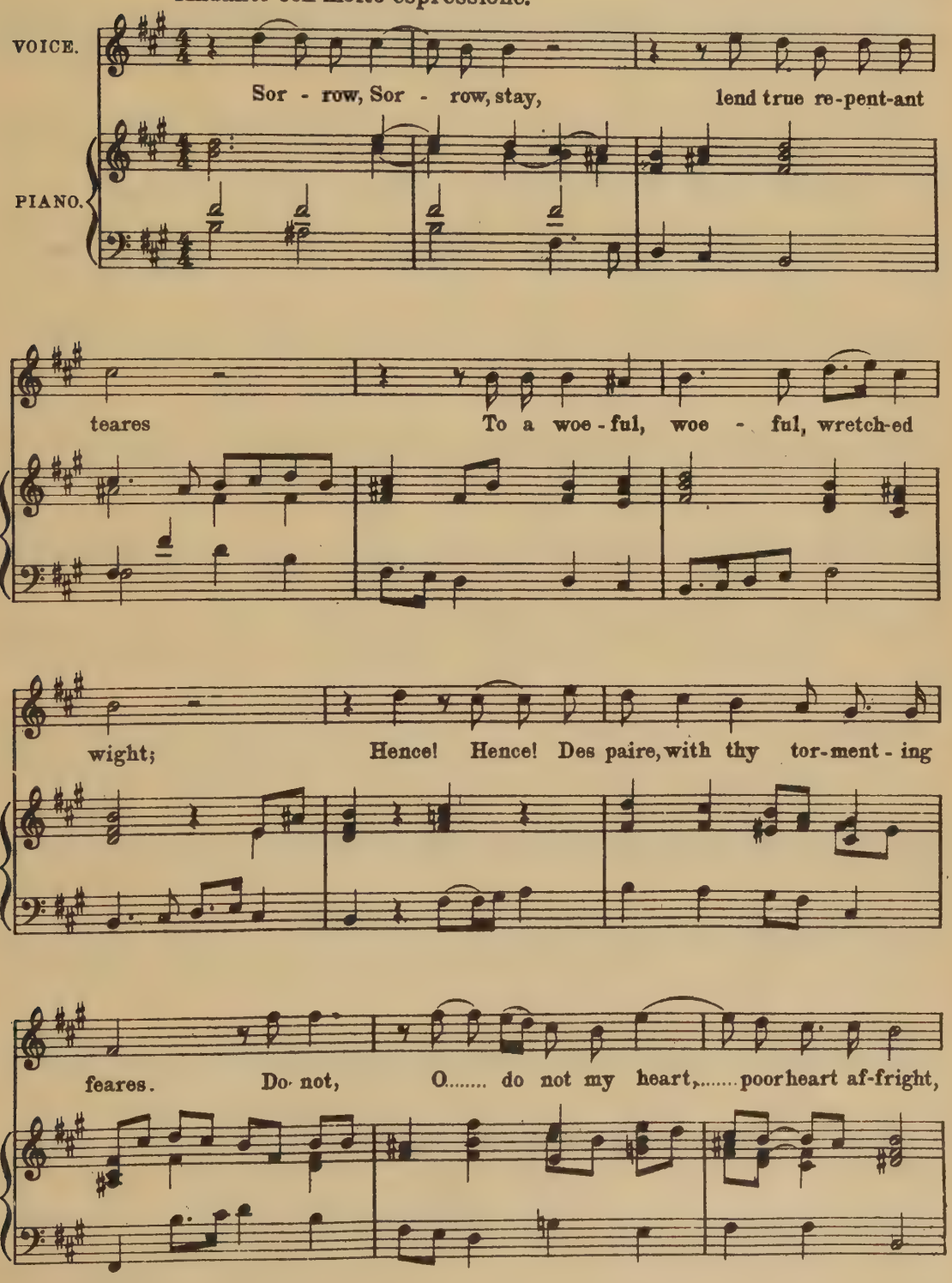
Pity is but a poor defence for a dying heart;
Ladies' eyes respect no moan in a mean desert.
She is too worthy far for a worth so base;
Cruel and but just is she in my just disgrace.

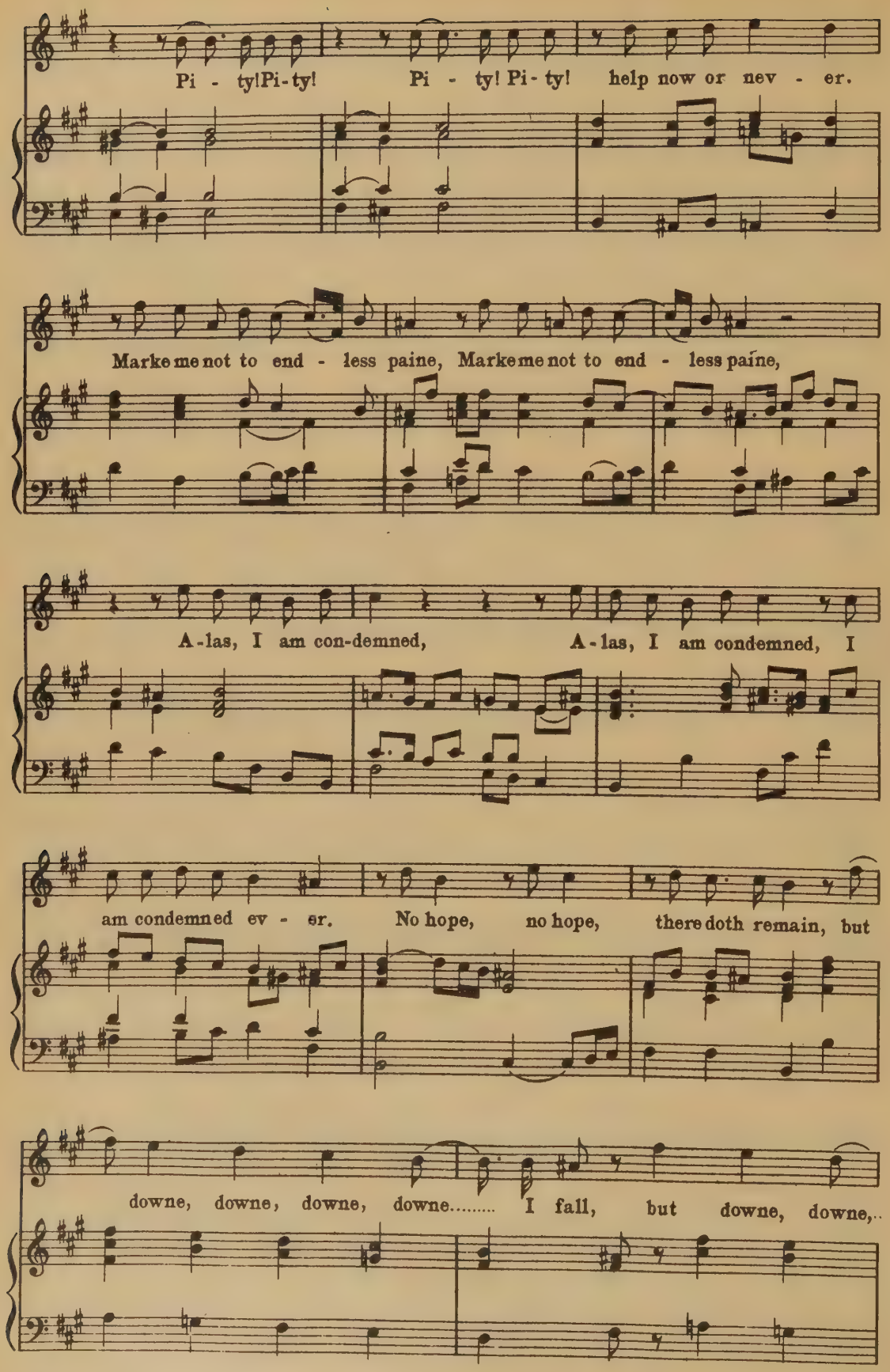
Justice gives each man his own, though my love be just,
Yet will she not pity my griefe, therefore die I must:
Silly heart, then yield to die, perish in despaire;
Witness yet how faire I die, when I die for the faire.

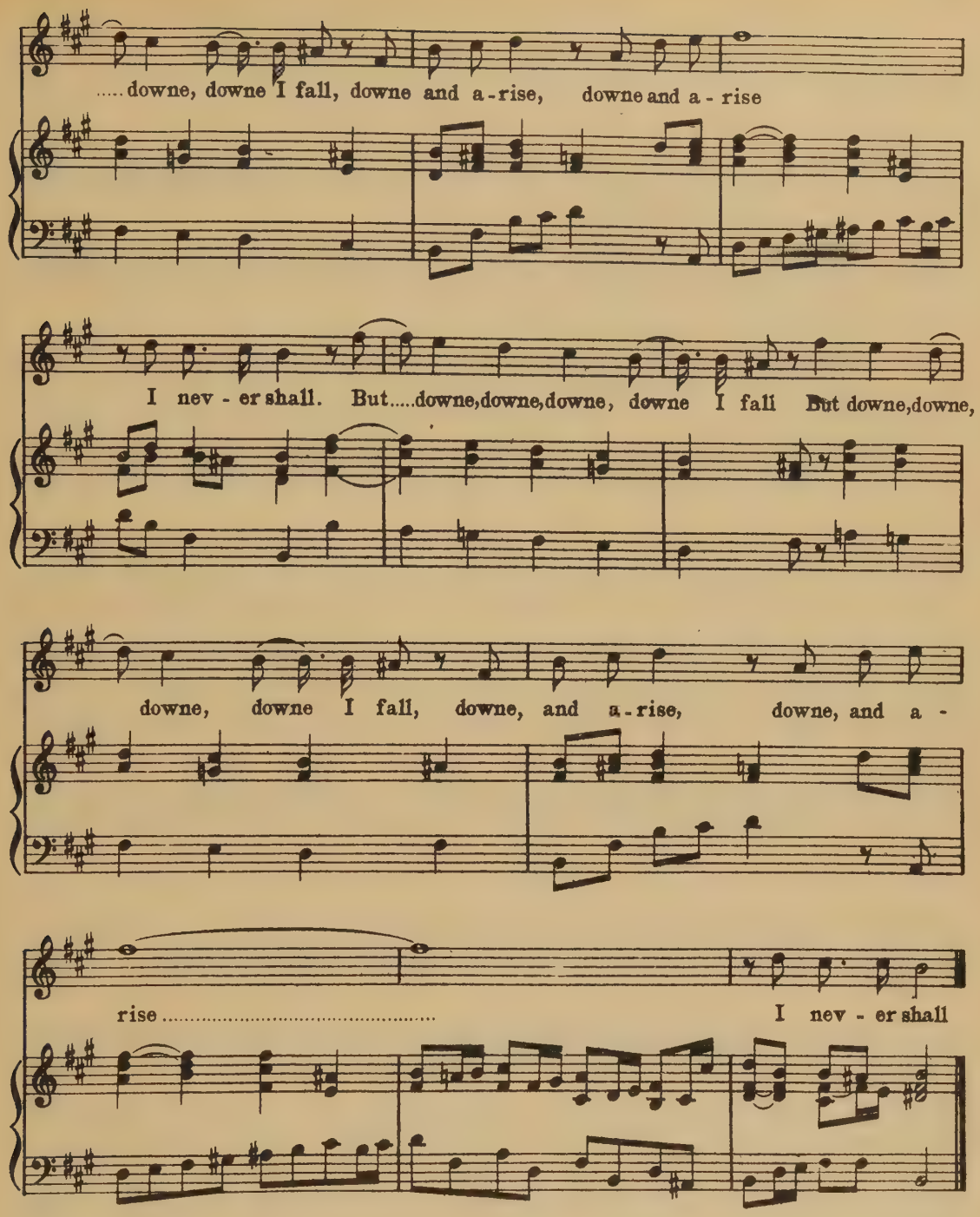
# Sorrow, Sorrow, stay.

JOHN DOWLAND.
2nd Booke of Ayres. 1600.

Andante con molto espressione.


VOICE.
PIANO.
Sor - row, Sor - row, stay, lend true re-pent-ant
teares To a woe-ful, woe - ful, wretch-ed
wight; Hence! Hence! Des paire, with thy tor-ment-ing
feares. Do not, O..... do not my heart,.....poor heart af-fright,

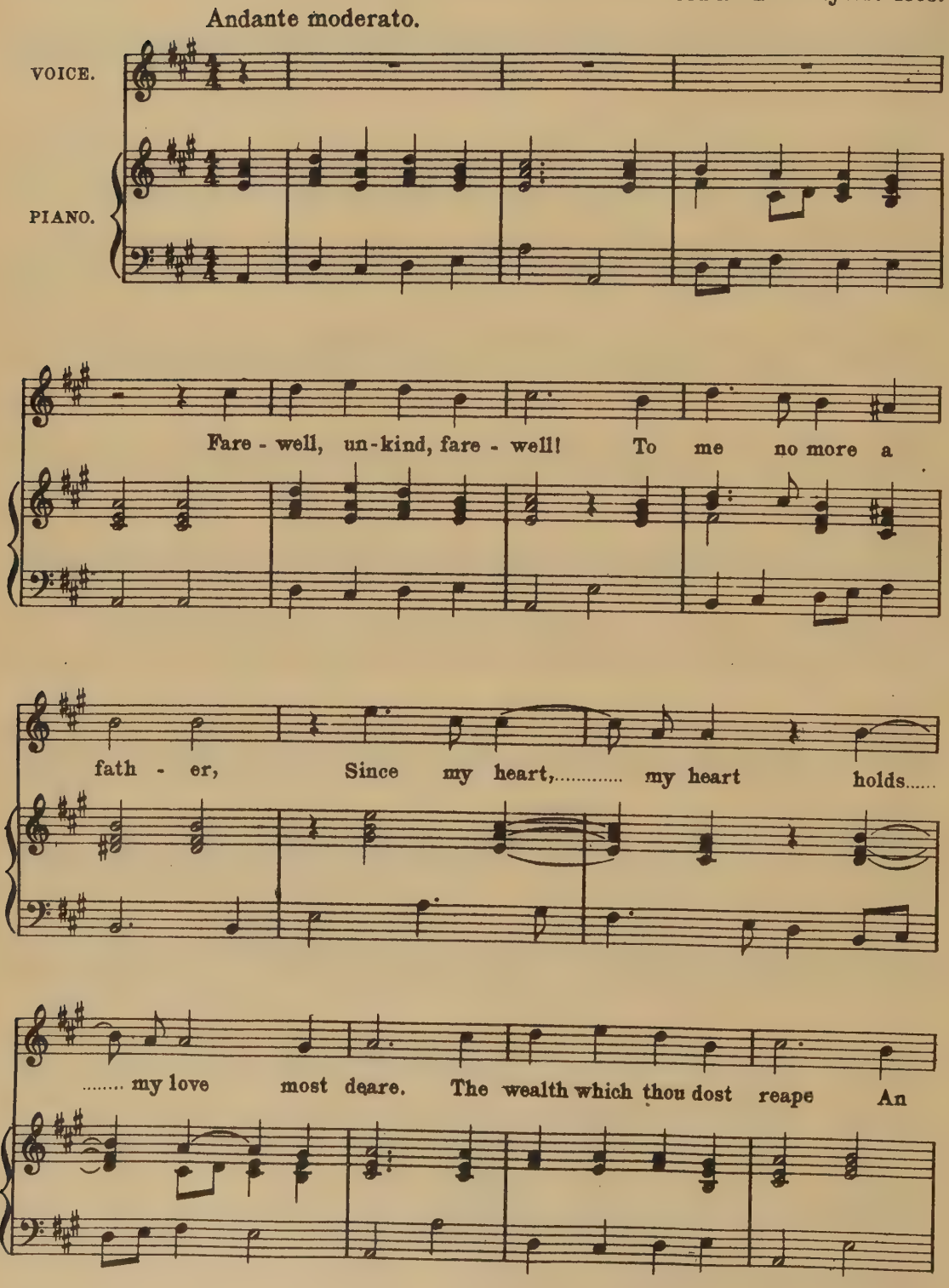

Pi - ty! Pi-ty! Pi - ty! Pi - ty! help now or nev - er.
Marke me not to end - less paine, Marke me not to end - less paine,
A-las, I am con-demned, A-las, I am condemned, I
am condemned ev - er. No hope, no hope, there doth remain, but
downe, downe, downe, downe..... I fall, but downe, downe,..

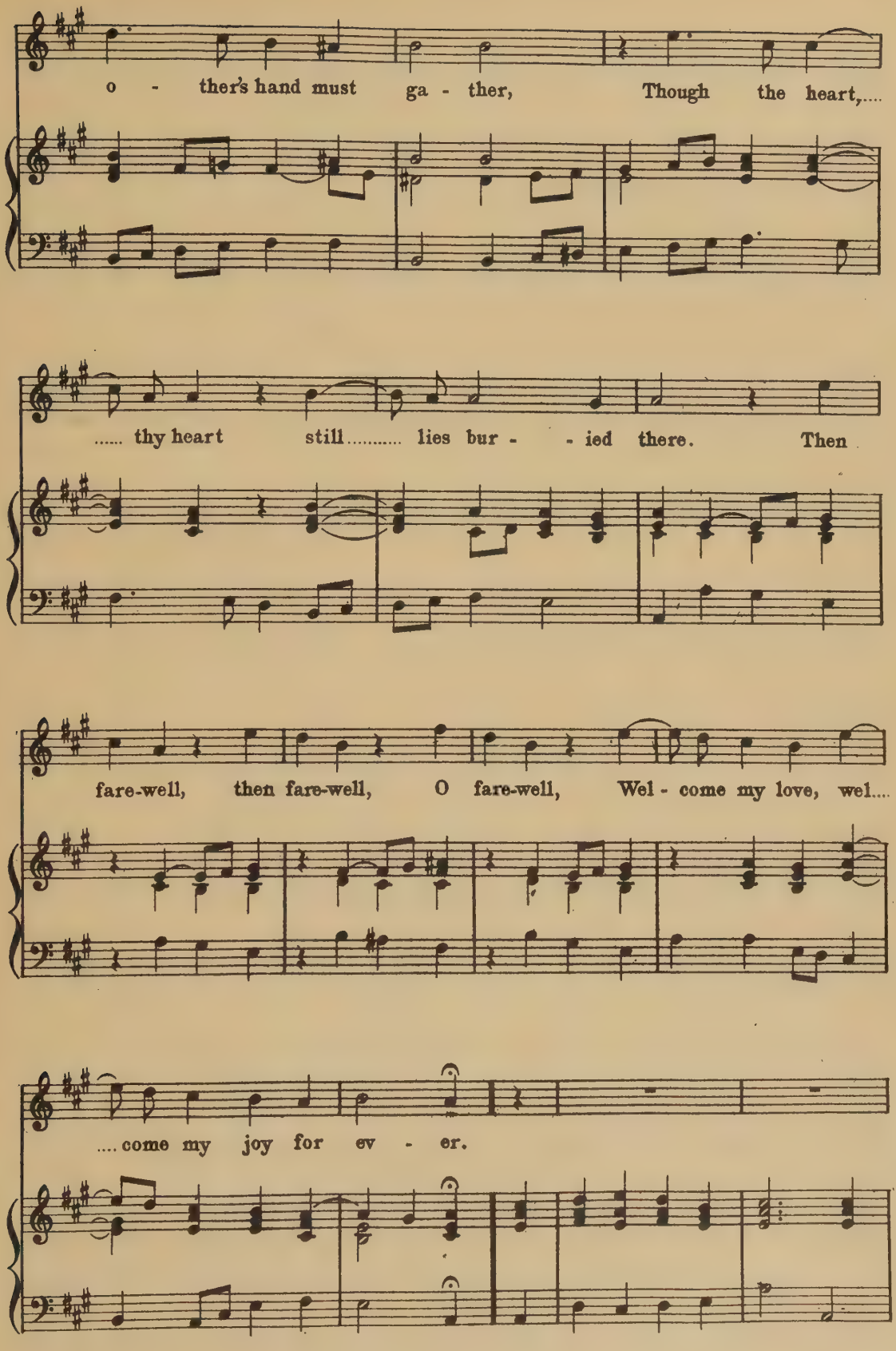

.....downe, downe I fall, downe and a-rise, downe and a-rise
I nev-er shall. But.....downe, downe, downe, downe I fall But downe, downe,
downe, downe I fall, downe, and a-rise, downe, and a-
rise .....
I nev-er shall

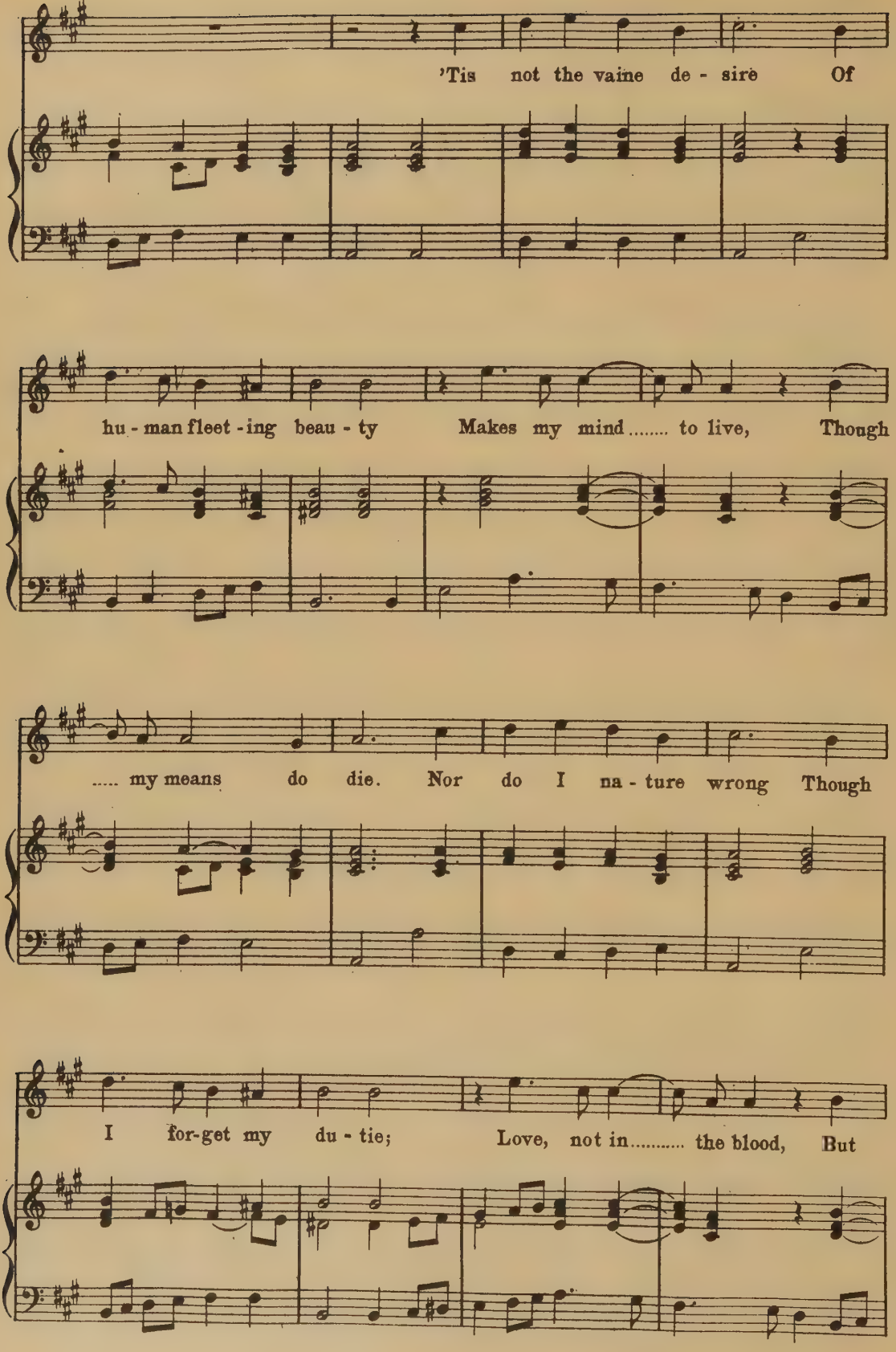
Sorrow, stay, lend true repentant teares
To a woeful, wretched wight;
Hence! despaire, with thy tormenting feares.
Do not my poor heart affright,
Pity! help me now or never.
Marke me not to endless paine,
Alas, I am condemned ever.
No hope there doth remain,
But downe I fall,
And arise I never shall.

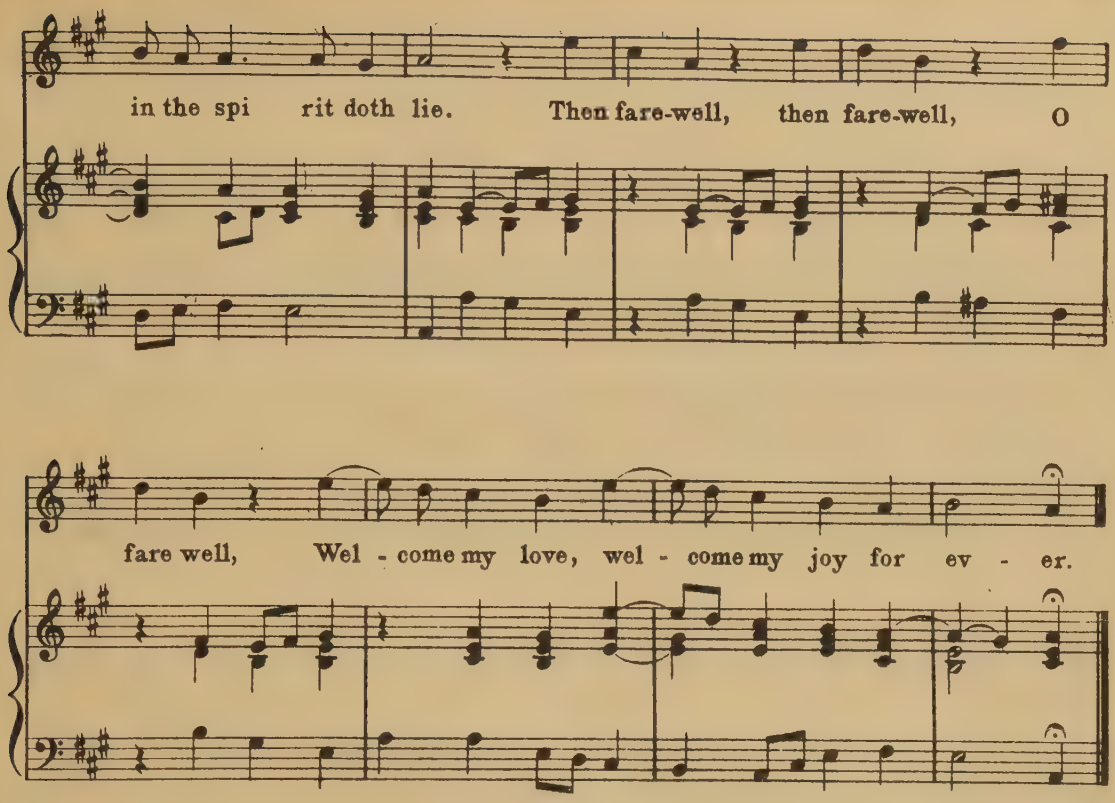
# Farewell, unkind, farewell.

JOHN DOWLAND.
3rd Booke of Ayres. 1603.


Andante moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Fare - well, un-kind, fare - well! To me no more a
fath - er, Since my heart,..... my heart holds.....
..... my love most deare. The wealth which thou dost reape An


o - ther's hand must ga - ther, Though the heart,....
..... thy heart still..... lies bur - - ied there. Then
fare-well, then fare-well, O fare-well, Wel - come my love, wel....
....come my joy for ev - er.


'Tis not the vaine de - sire Of
hu - man fleet - ing beau - ty Makes my mind ..... to live, Though
..... my means do die. Nor do I na - ture wrong Though
I for-get my du - tie; Love, not in ..... the blood, But

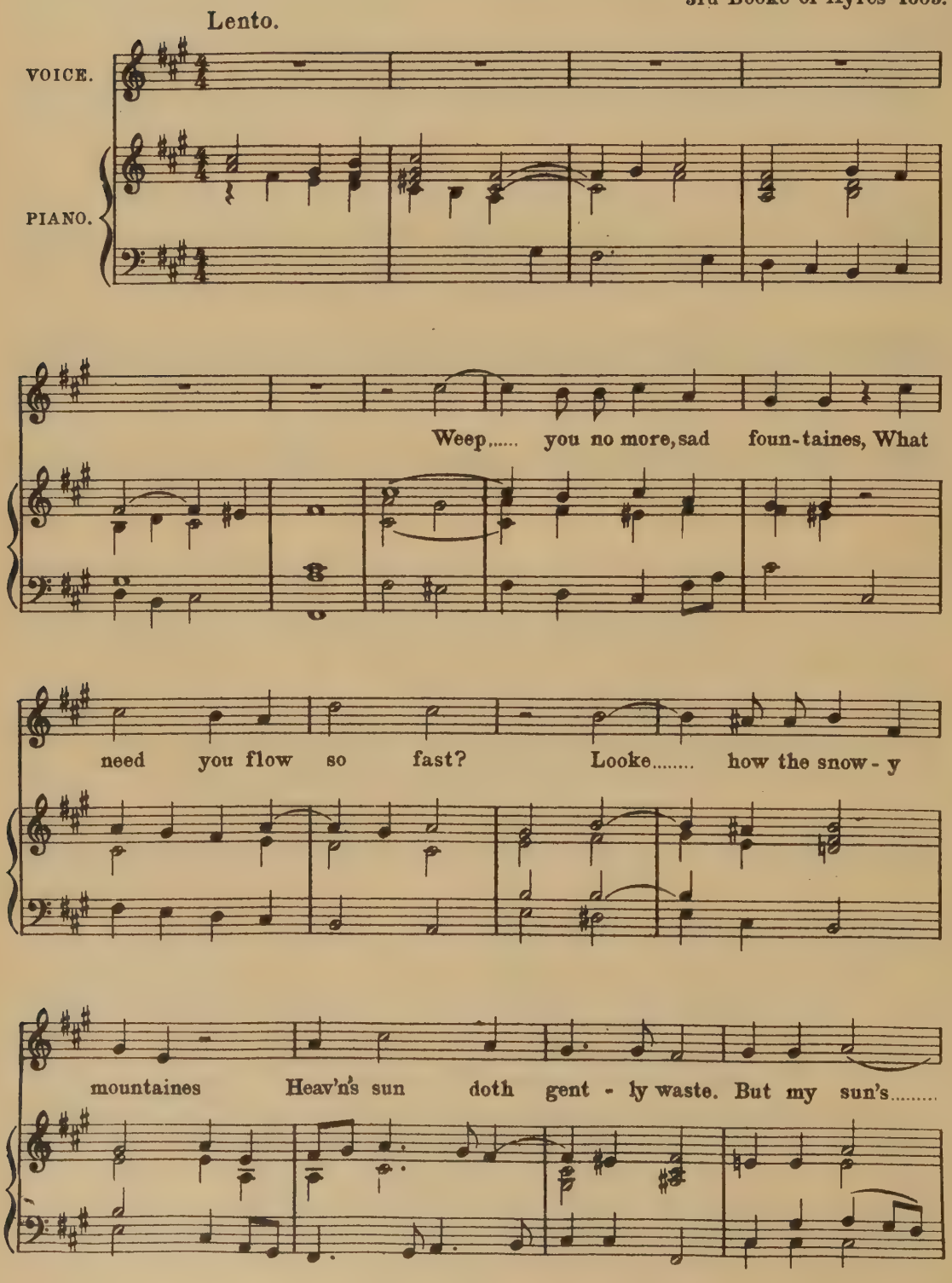


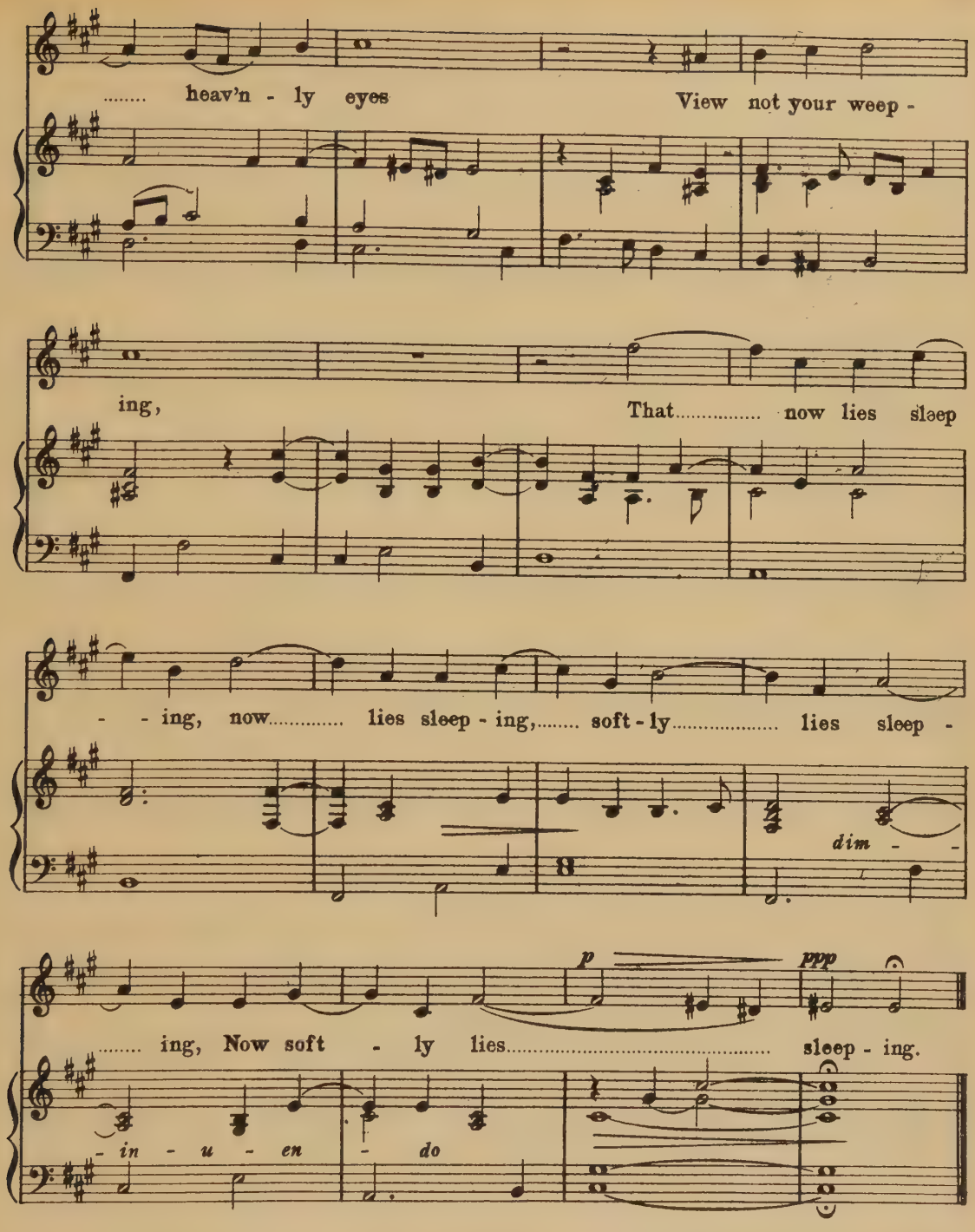

Farewell, unkind, to me no more a father,
Since my heart holds my love most deare.
The wealth which thou dost reape
Another's hand must gather,
Though my heart still lies buried there.
Then farewell, O farewell,
Welcome my love, welcome my joy for ever.

'Tis not the vaine desire
Of human fleeting beauty
Makes my mind to live,
Though my means do die.
Nor do I nature wrong
Though I forget my dutie;
Love, not in the blood,
But in the spirit doth lie.
Then farewell, O farewell,
Welcome my love, welcome my joy for ever.

# Weep you no more, sad fountaines.

JOHN DOWLAND.
3rd Booke of Ayres 1603.

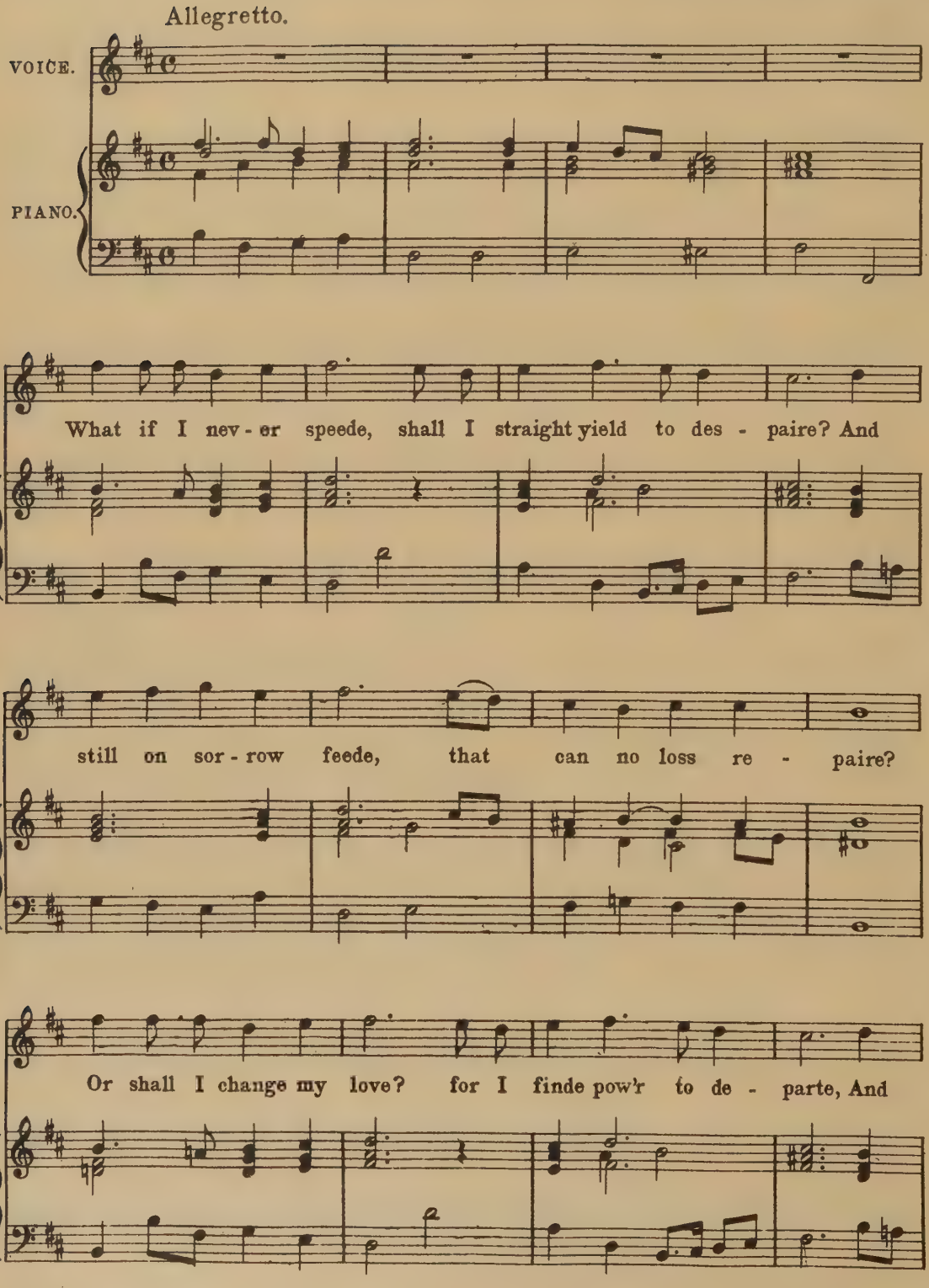

Lento.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Weep..... you no more, sad foun-taines, What
need you flow so fast? Looke..... how the snow-y
mountaines Heav'n's sun doth gent-ly waste. But my sun's.....

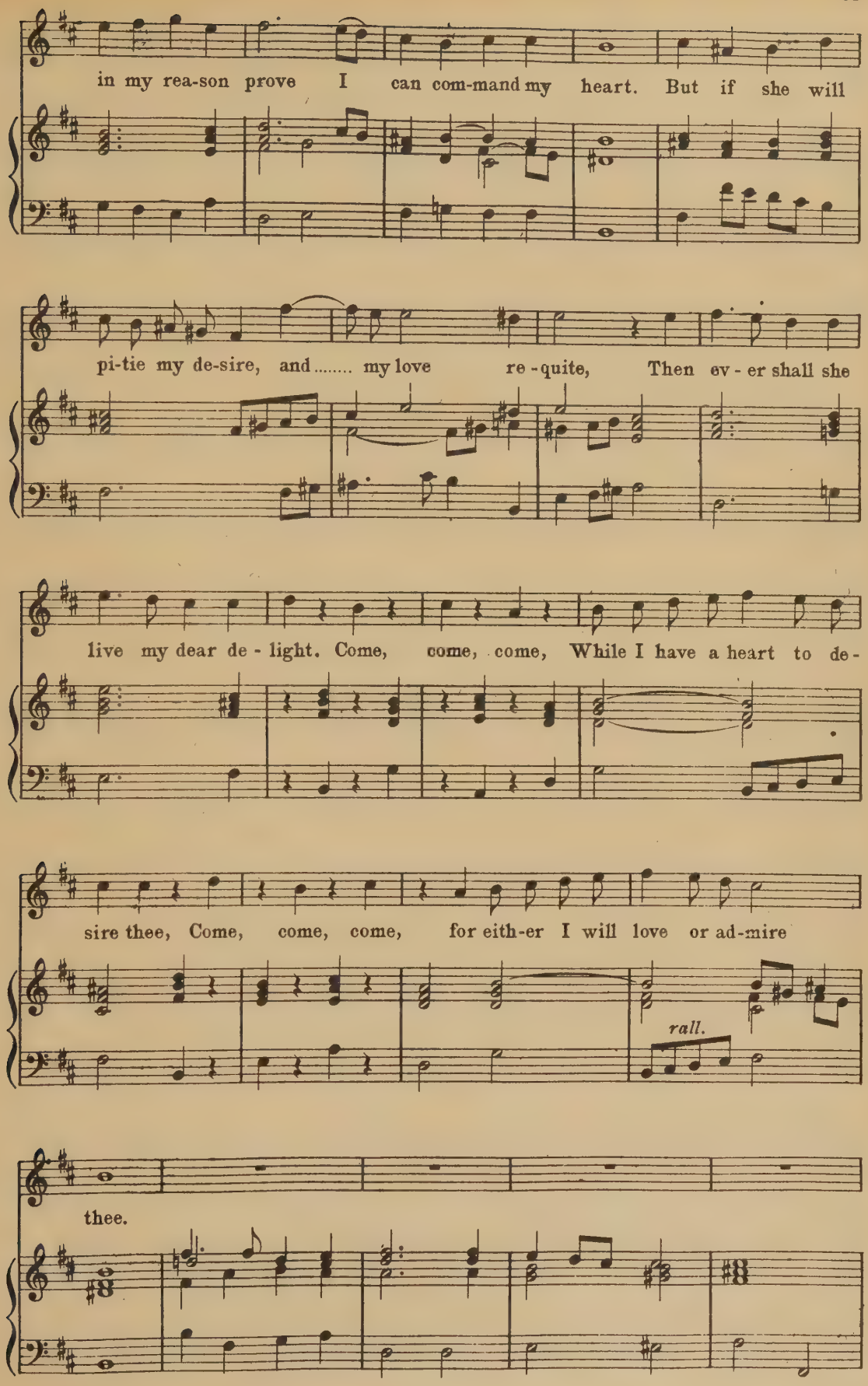

..... heav'n - ly eyes View not your weep -
ing, That..... now lies sleep
- - ing, now..... lies sleep - ing,..... soft - ly..... lies sleep -
dim - -
p
ppp
..... ing, Now soft - ly lies..... sleep - ing.
- in - u - en - do

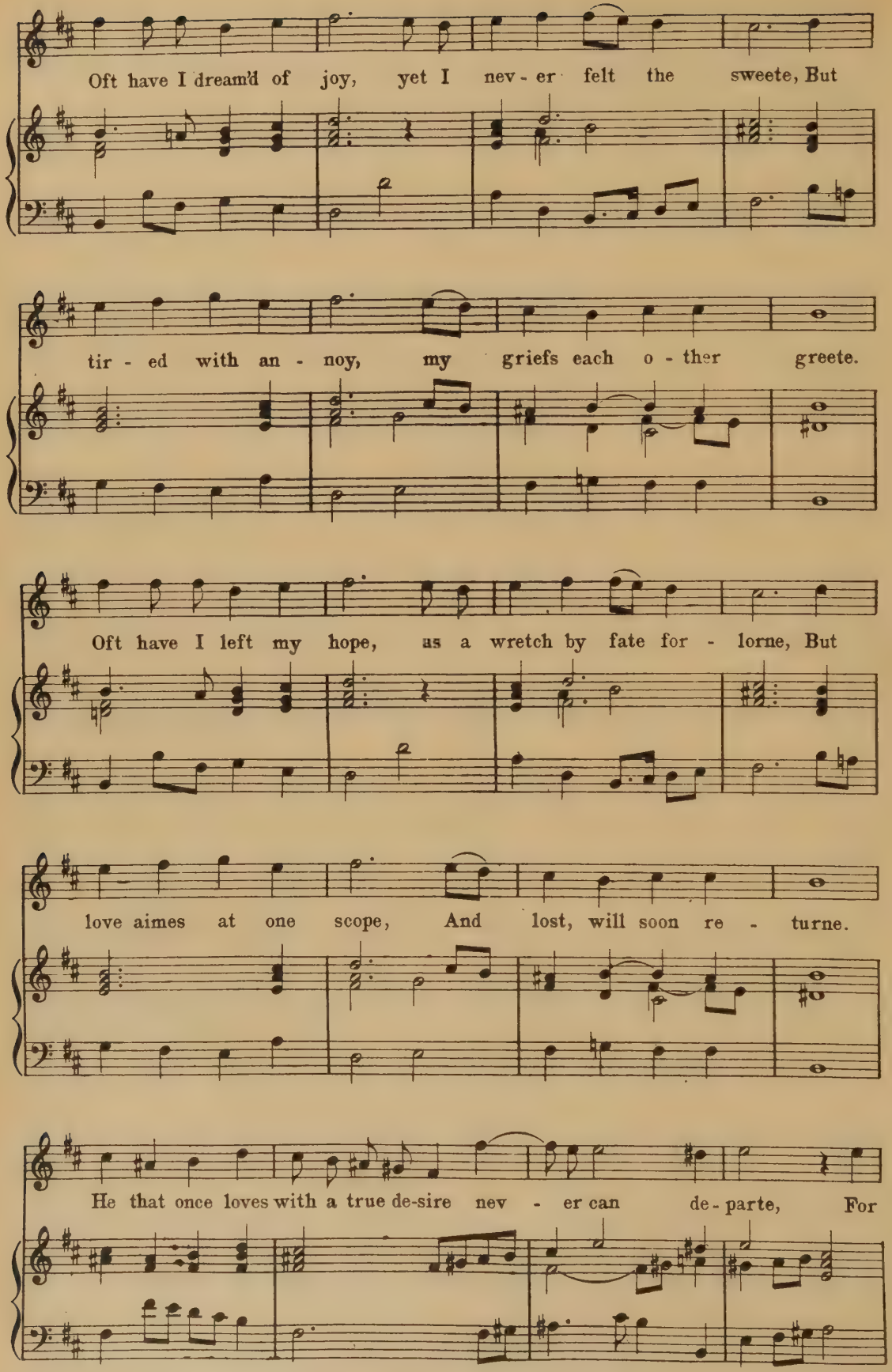
Weep you no more, sad fountaines,
What need you flow so fast?
Looke how the snowy mountaines
Heav'n's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heav'nly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Now softly lies sleeping.

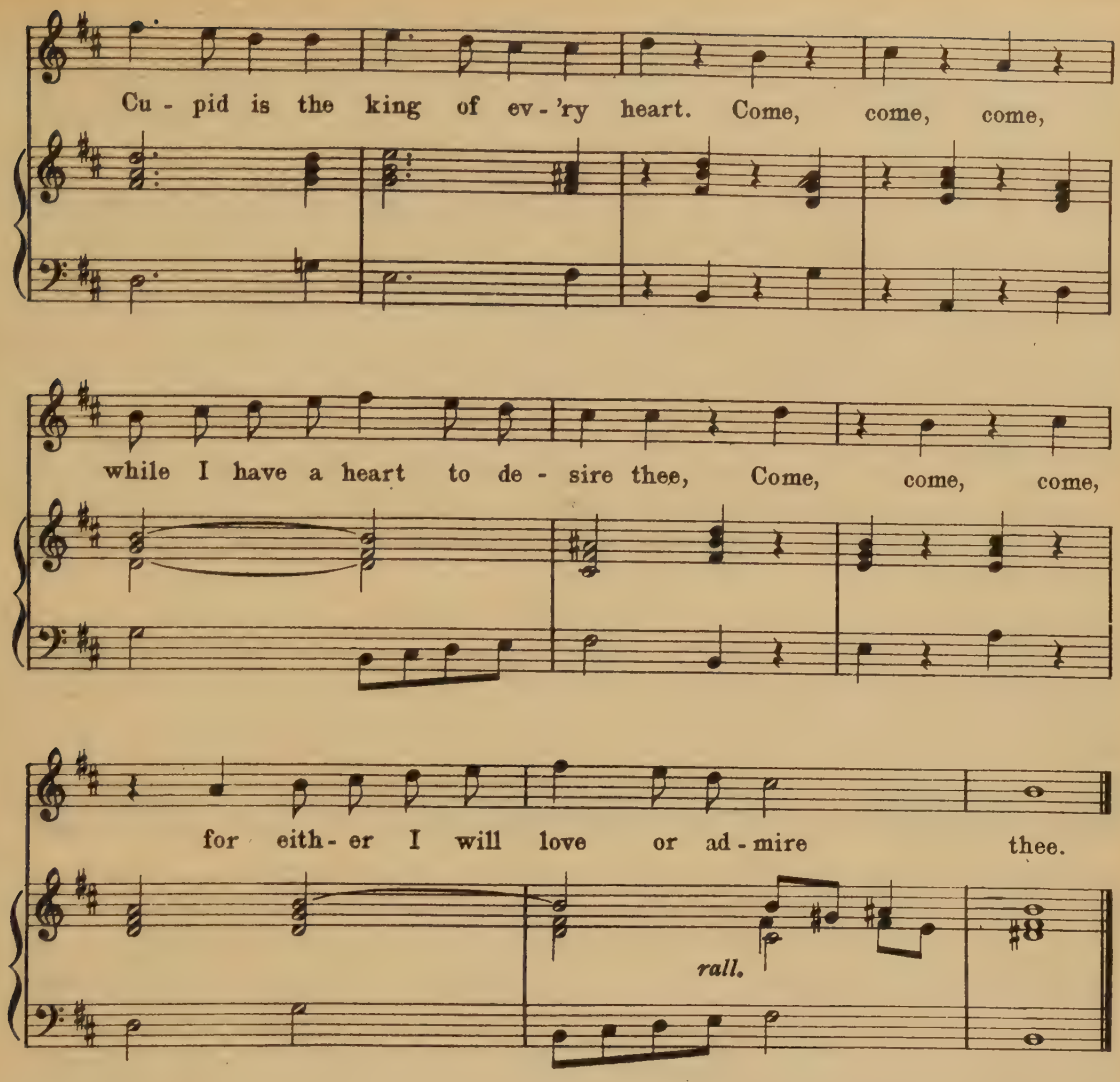
# What if I never speede?

JOHN DOWLAND.
3rd Booke of Ayres. 1603.


Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
What if I nev - er speede, shall I straight yield to des - paire? And
still on sor - row feede, that can no loss re - paire?
Or shall I change my love? for I finde pow'r to de - parte, And


in my rea-son prove I can com-mand my heart. But if she will
pi-tie my de-sire, and..... my love re-quite, Then ev-er shall she
live my dear de-light. Come, come, come, While I have a heart to de-
sire thee, Come, come, come, for eith-er I will love or ad-mire
rall.
thee.


Oft have I dream'd of joy, yet I nev - er felt the sweete, But
tir - ed with an - noy, my griefs each o - ther greete.
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for - lorne, But
love aimes at one scope, And lost, will soon re - turne.
He that once loves with a true de-sire nev - er can de - parte, For

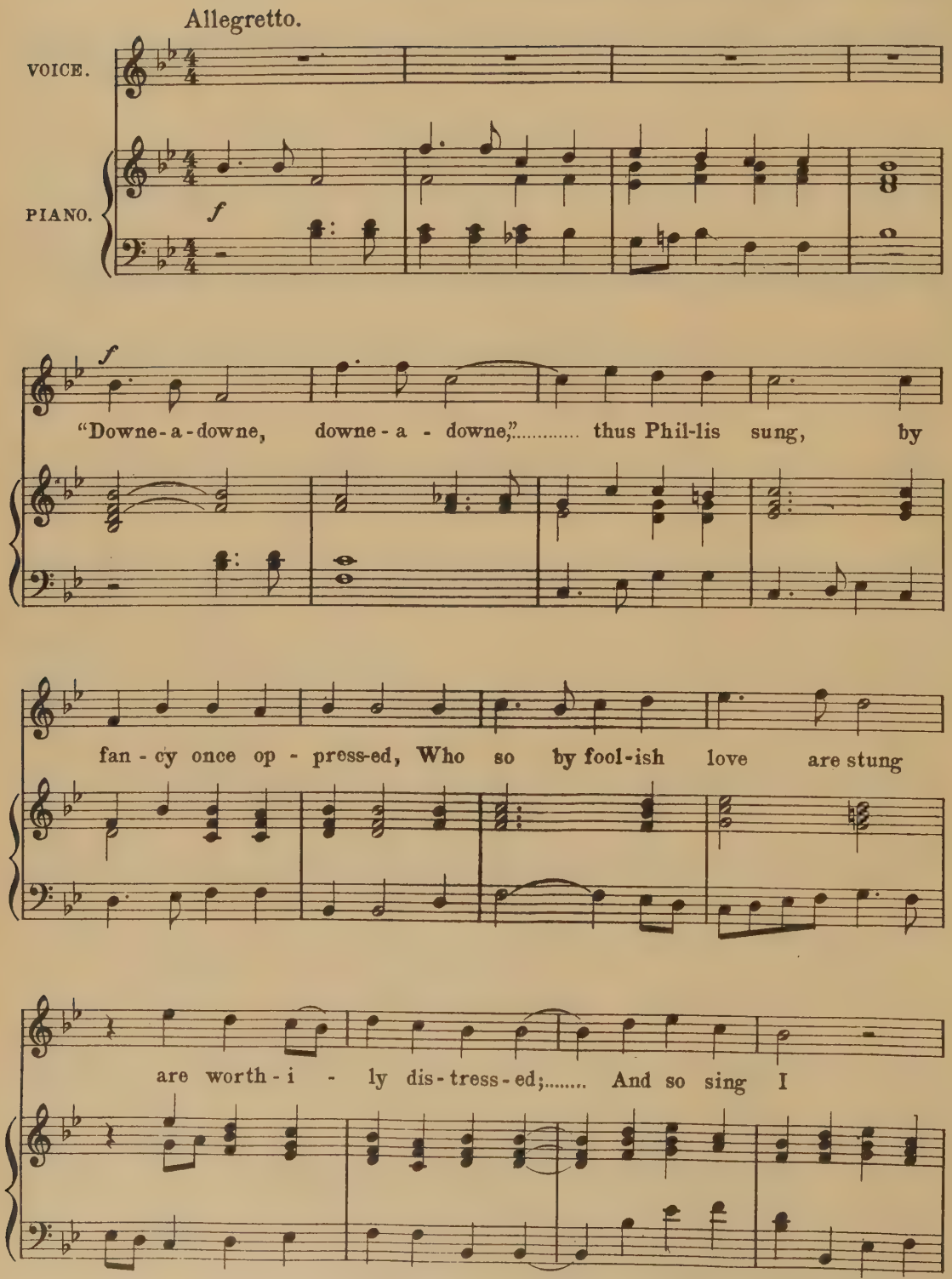

Cu - pid is the king of ev - 'ry heart. Come, come, come,
while I have a heart to de - sire thee, Come, come, come,
for eith - er I will love or ad - mire thee.
rall.

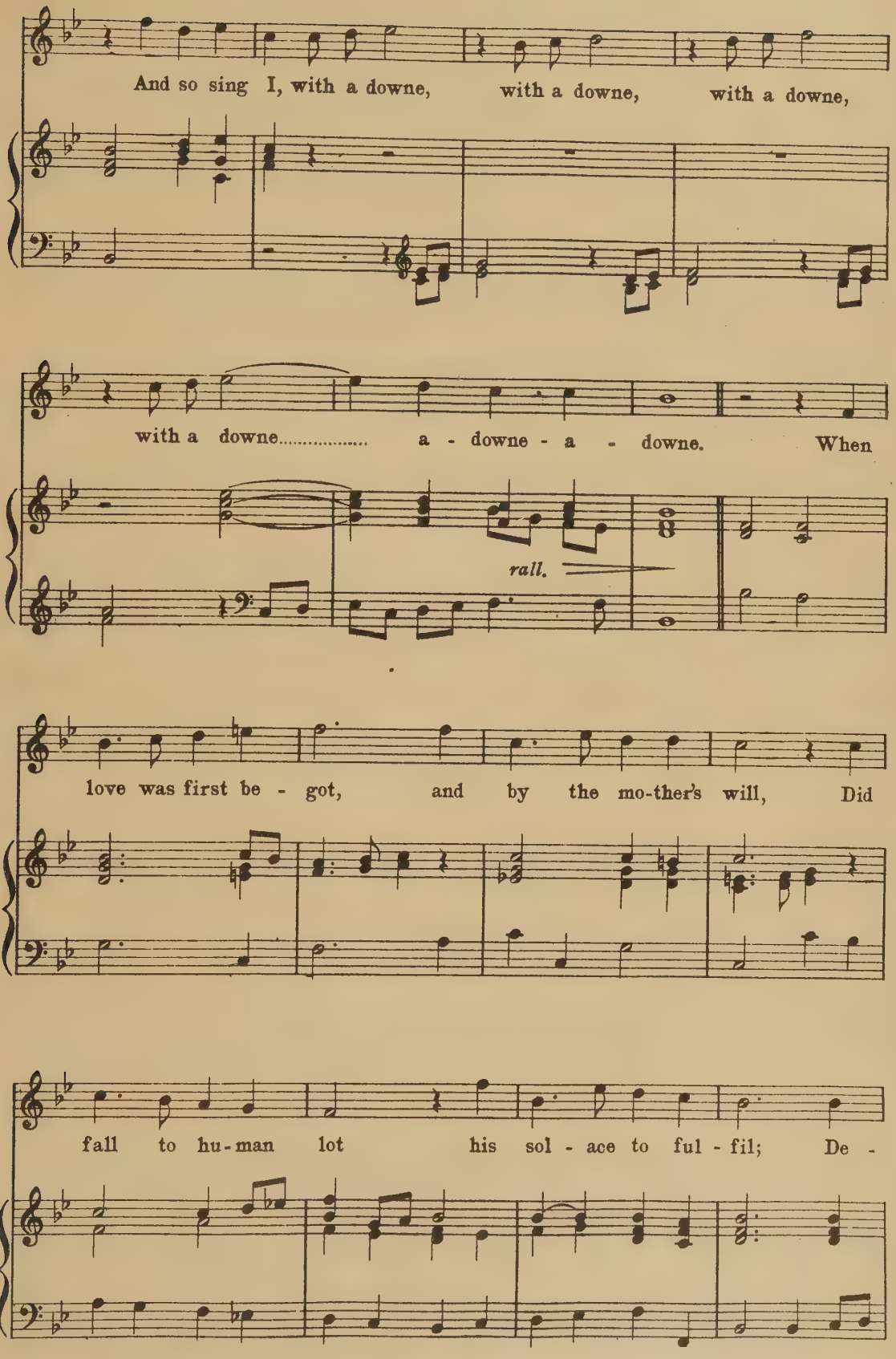
What if I never speede, shall I straight yield to despaire?
And still on sorrows feede, that can no loss repaire?
Or shall I change my love? for I find power to departe,
And in my reason prove I can command my heart.
But if she will pity my desire, and my love requite,
Then ever shall she live my dear delight.
Come, while I have a heart to desire thee,
Come, either I will love or admire thee.

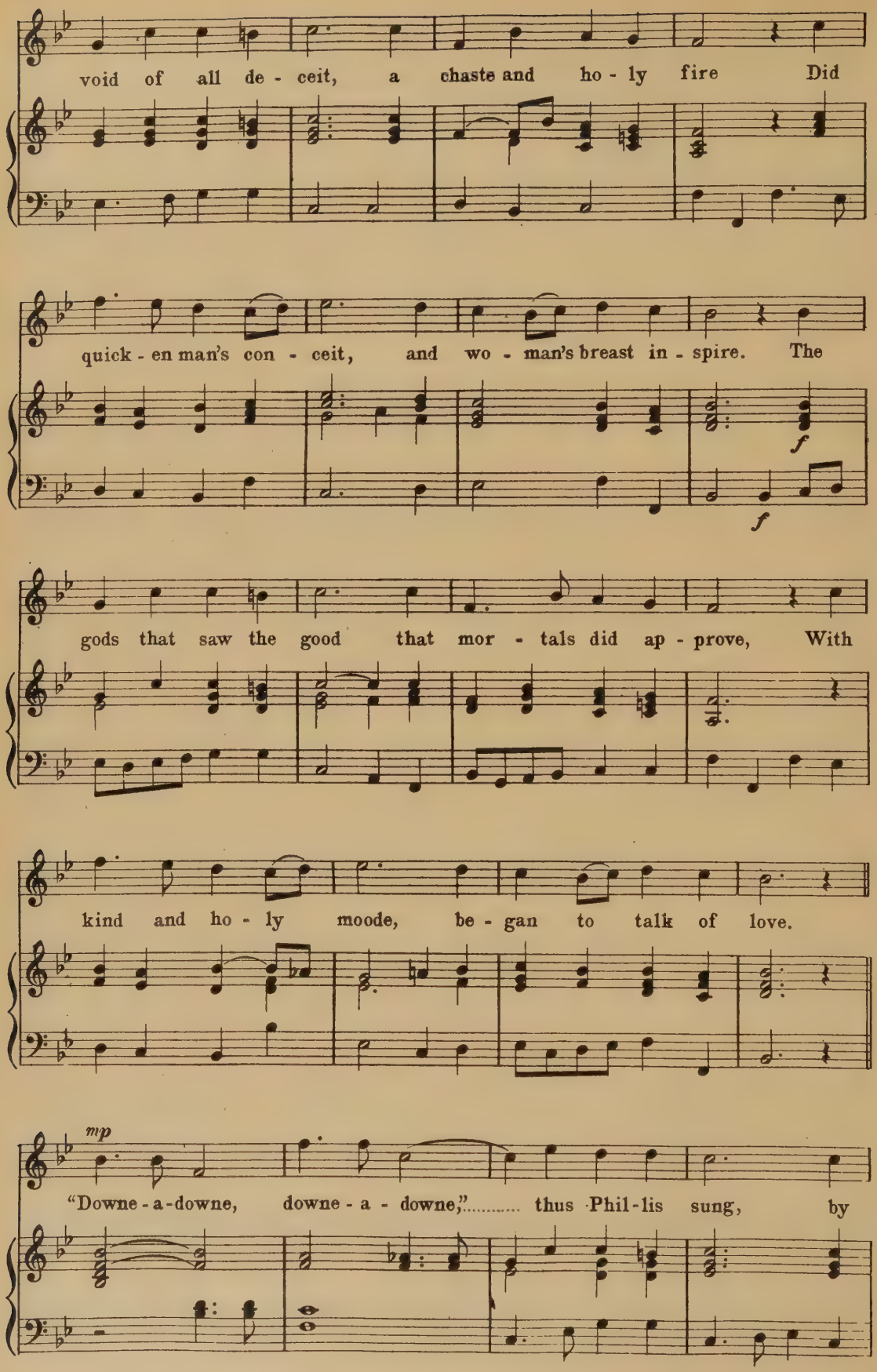
Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I never felt the sweete,
But tired with annoy, my griefs each other greete.
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate forlorne,
But love aimes at one scope, and lost, will soon returne.
He that once loves with a true desire never can departe,
For Cupid is the king of ev'ry heart.
Come, while I have a heart to desire thee,
Come, either I will love or admire thee.

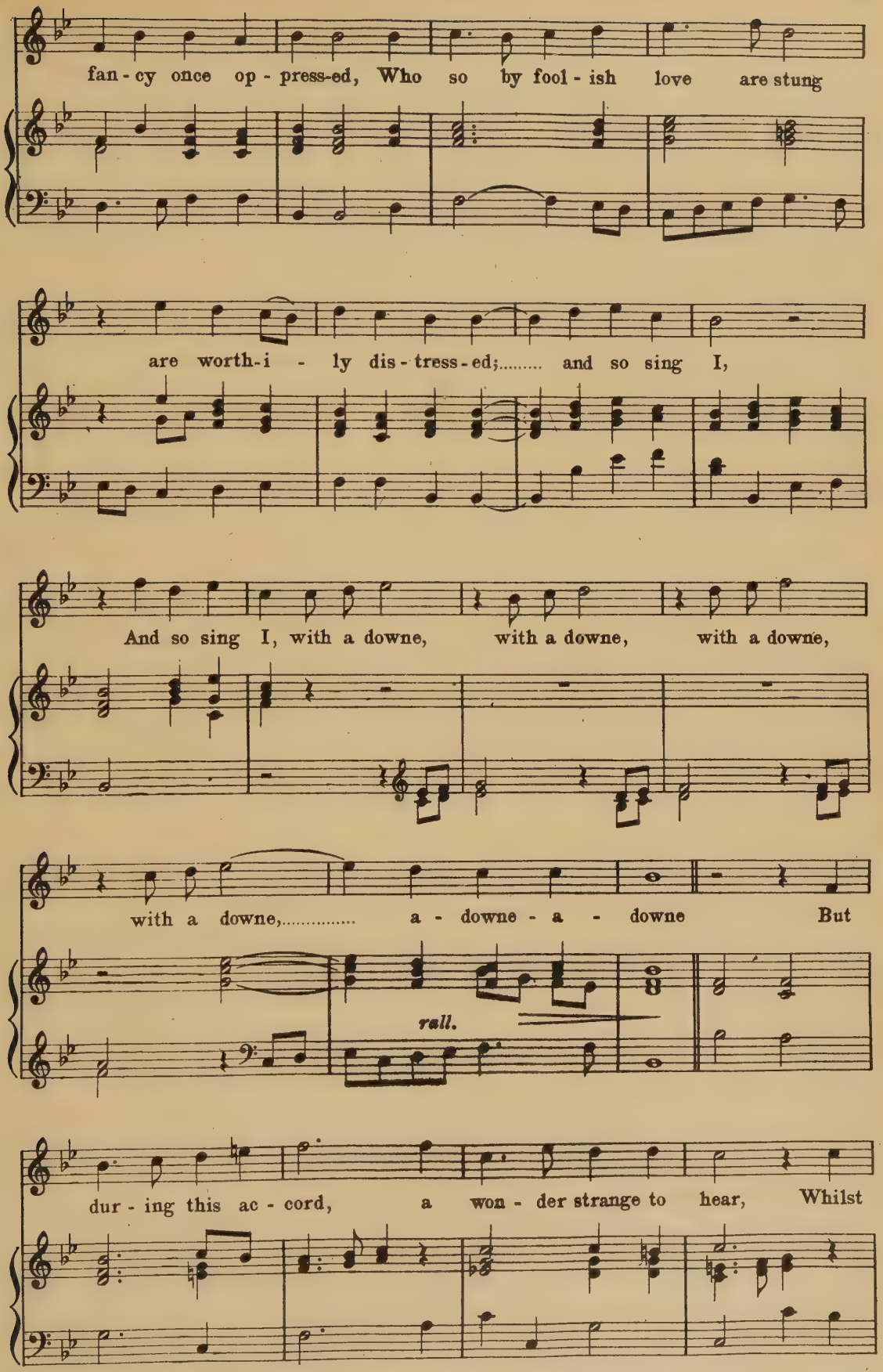
# Downe-a-downe.

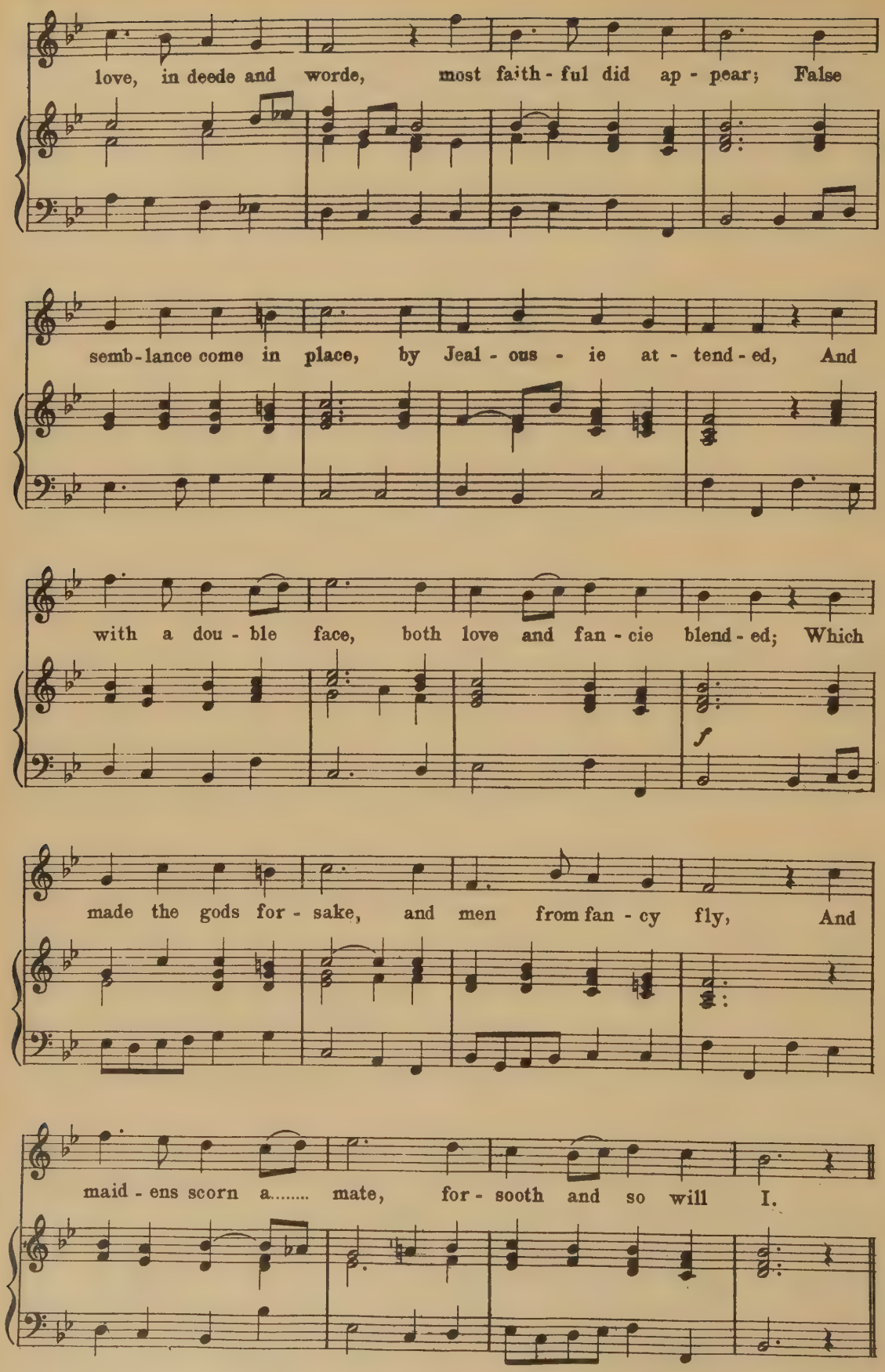
FRANCIS PILKINGTON.
The 1st Booke of Songs or Ayres. 1605.

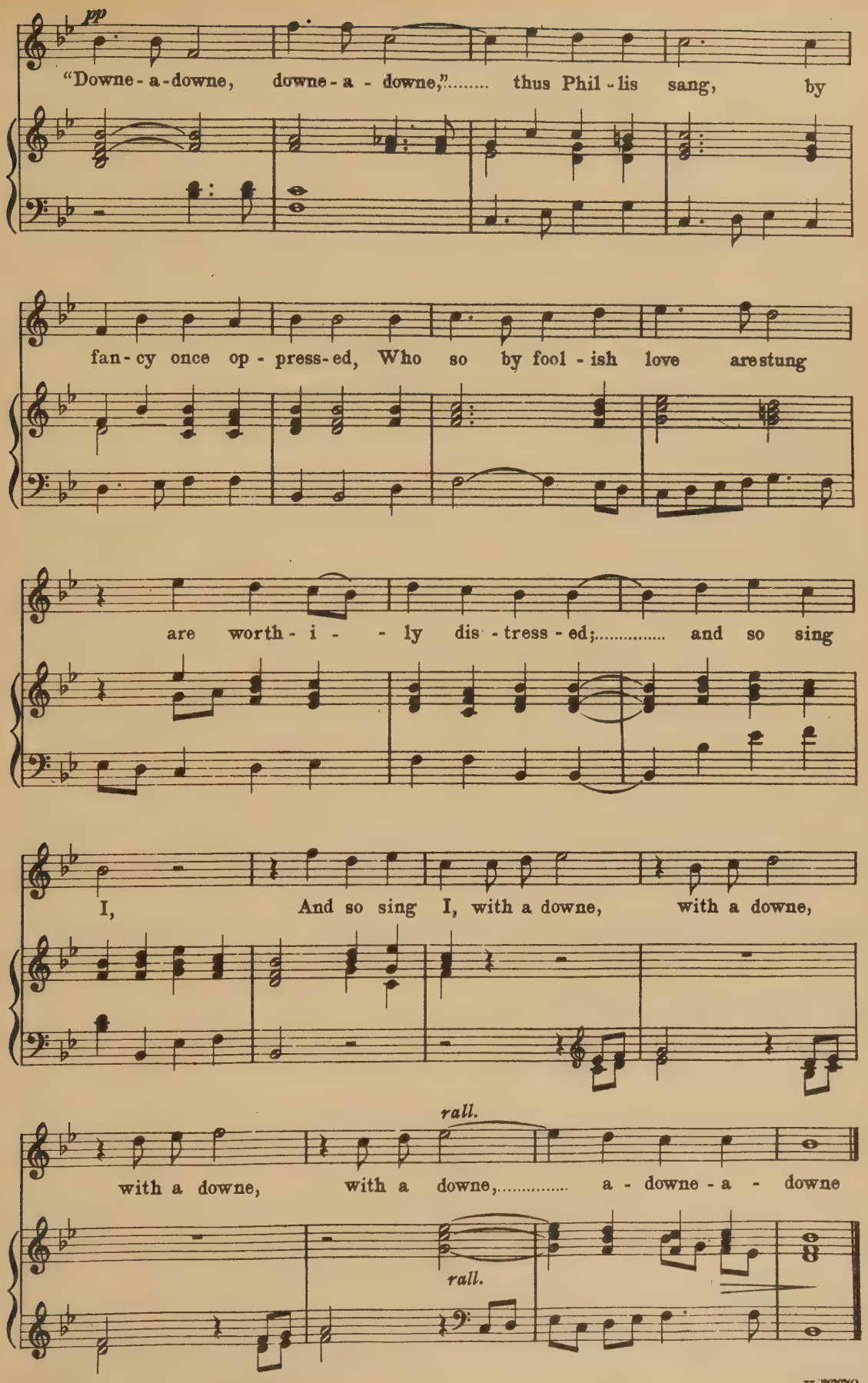

Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
"Downe-a-downe, downe-a - downe,"..... thus Phil-lis sung, by
fan-cy once op - press-ed, Who so by fool-ish love are stung
are worth-i - ly dis-tress-ed;..... And so sing I


And so sing I, with a downe, with a downe, with a downe,
with a downe..... a - downe - a - downe. When
rall.
love was first be - got, and by the mo-ther's will, Did
fall to hu-man lot his sol - ace to ful - fil; De -


void of all de - ceit, a chaste and ho - ly fire Did
quick - en man's con - ceit, and wo - man's breast in - spire. The
f
f
gods that saw the good that mor - tals did ap - prove, With
kind and ho - ly moode, be - gan to talk of love.
mp
"Downe - a - downe, downe - a - downe,"..... thus Phil - lis sung, by


fan - cy once op - press-ed, Who so by fool - ish love are stung
are worth-i - ly dis - tress - ed;..... and so sing I,
And so sing I, with a downe, with a downe, with a downe,
with a downe,..... a - downe - a - downe But
rall.
dur - ing this ac - cord, a won - der strange to hear, Whilst


love, in deede and worde, most faith-ful did ap-pear; False
semb-lance come in place, by Jeal-ous-ie at-tend-ed, And
with a dou-ble face, both love and fan-cie blend-ed; Which
f
made the gods for-sake, and men from fan-cy fly, And
maid-ens scorn a..... mate, for-sooth and so will I.


pp
"Downe - a - downe, downe - a - downe,"..... thus Phil - lis sang, by
fan - cy once op - press - ed, Who so by fool - ish love arestung
are worth - i - - ly dis - tress - ed;..... and so sing
I, And so sing I, with a downe, with a downe,
rall.
with a downe, with a downe,..... a - downe - a - downe
rall.

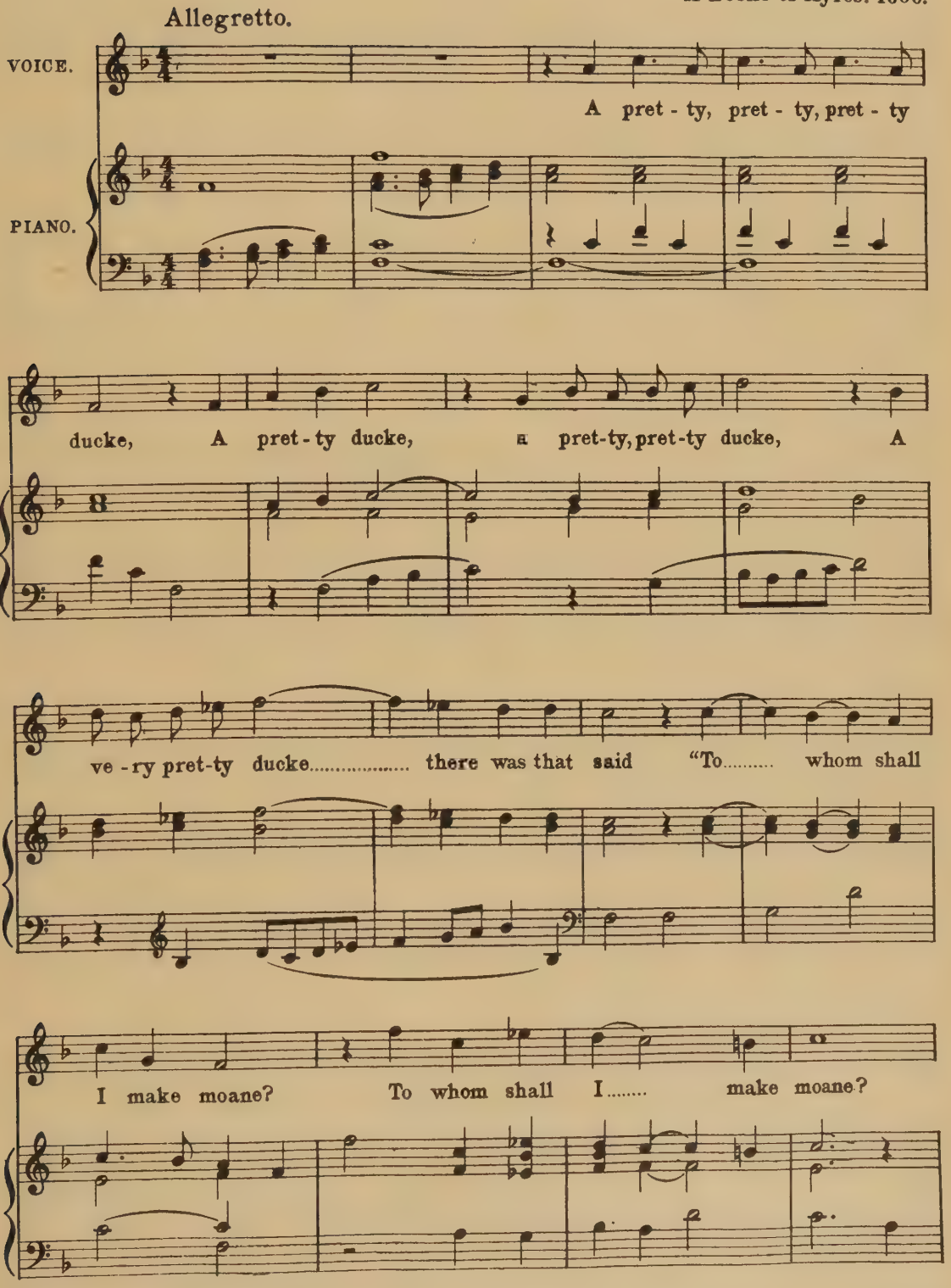
"Downe a downe," thus Phillis sung, by fancy once oppressed,
Who so by foolish love are stung are worthily distressed;
And so sing I, with a downe-a-downe.

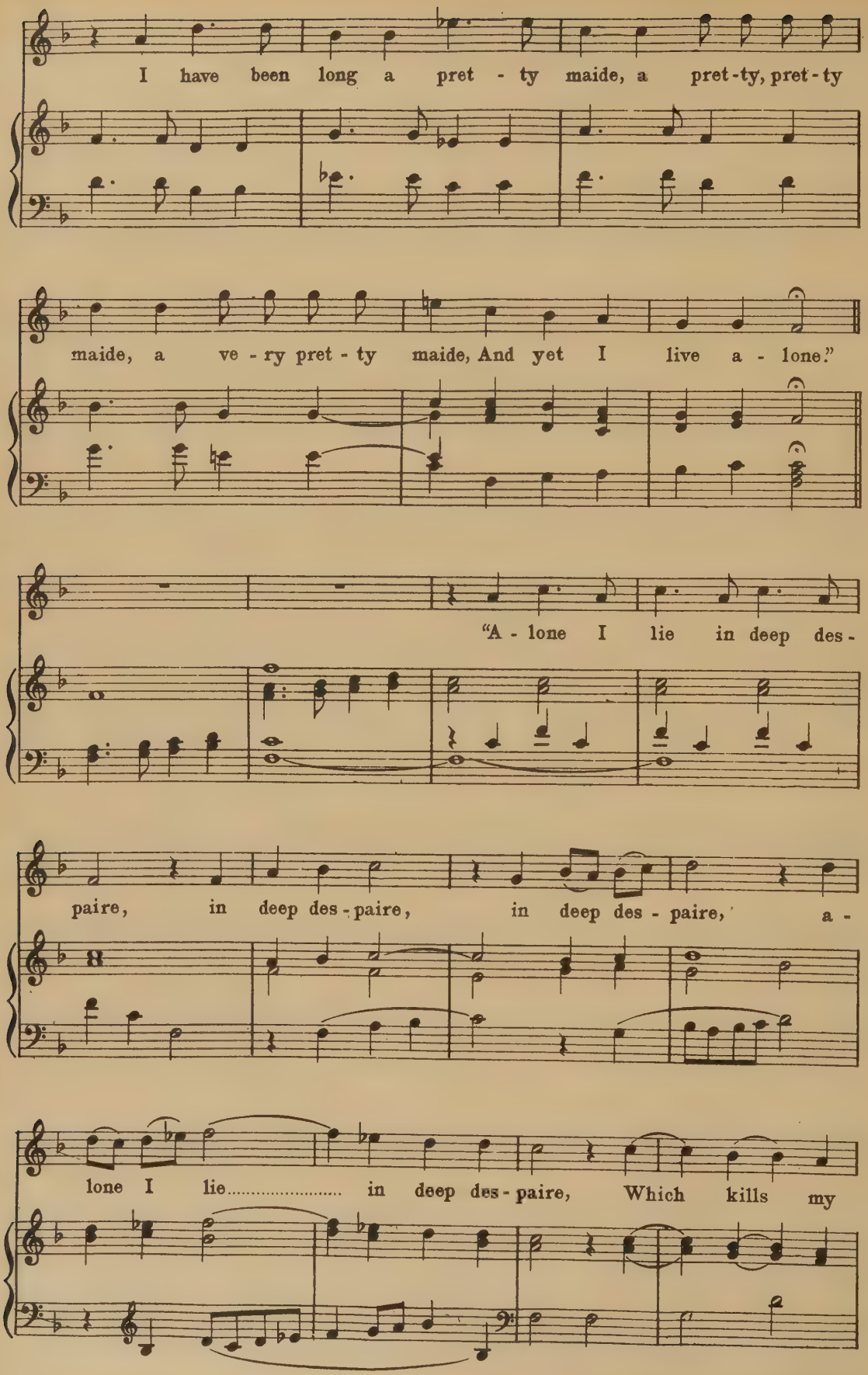
When love was first begot, and, by the mother's will,
Did fall to human lot his solace to fulfil;
Devoid of all deceit, a chaste and holy fire
Did quicken man's conceit, and woman's breast inspire.
The Gods that saw the good that mortals did approve,
With kind and holy moode began to talk of love.
Downe-a-downe. etc.

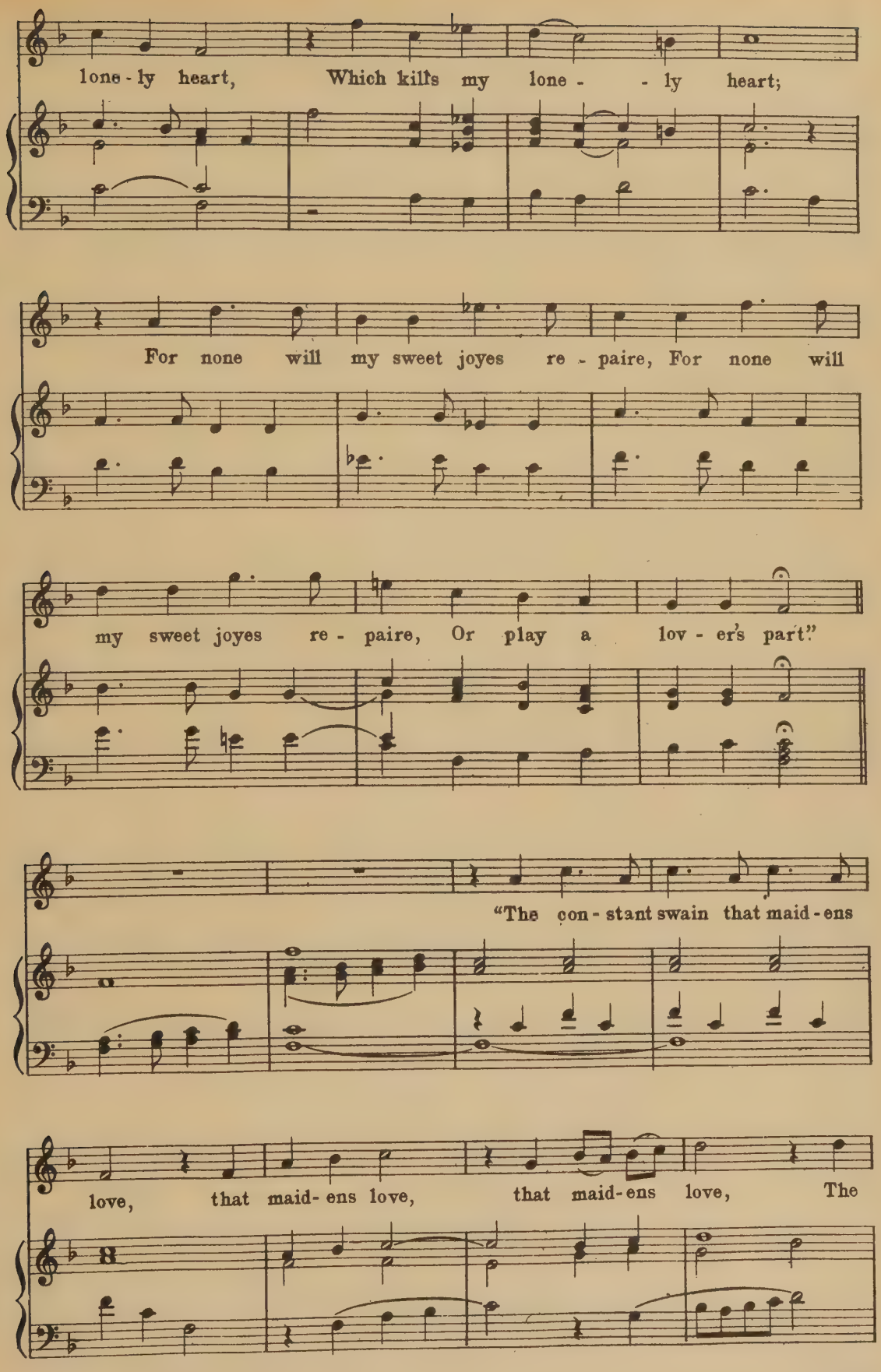
But during this accord, a wonder strange to hear,
Whilst love, in deede and worde, most faithful did appear;
False semblance came in place by Jealousie attended,
And with a double face both love and fancie blended;
Which made the Gods forsake and men from fancy fly,
And maidens scorn a mate, forsooth and so will I.
Downe-a-downe etc.

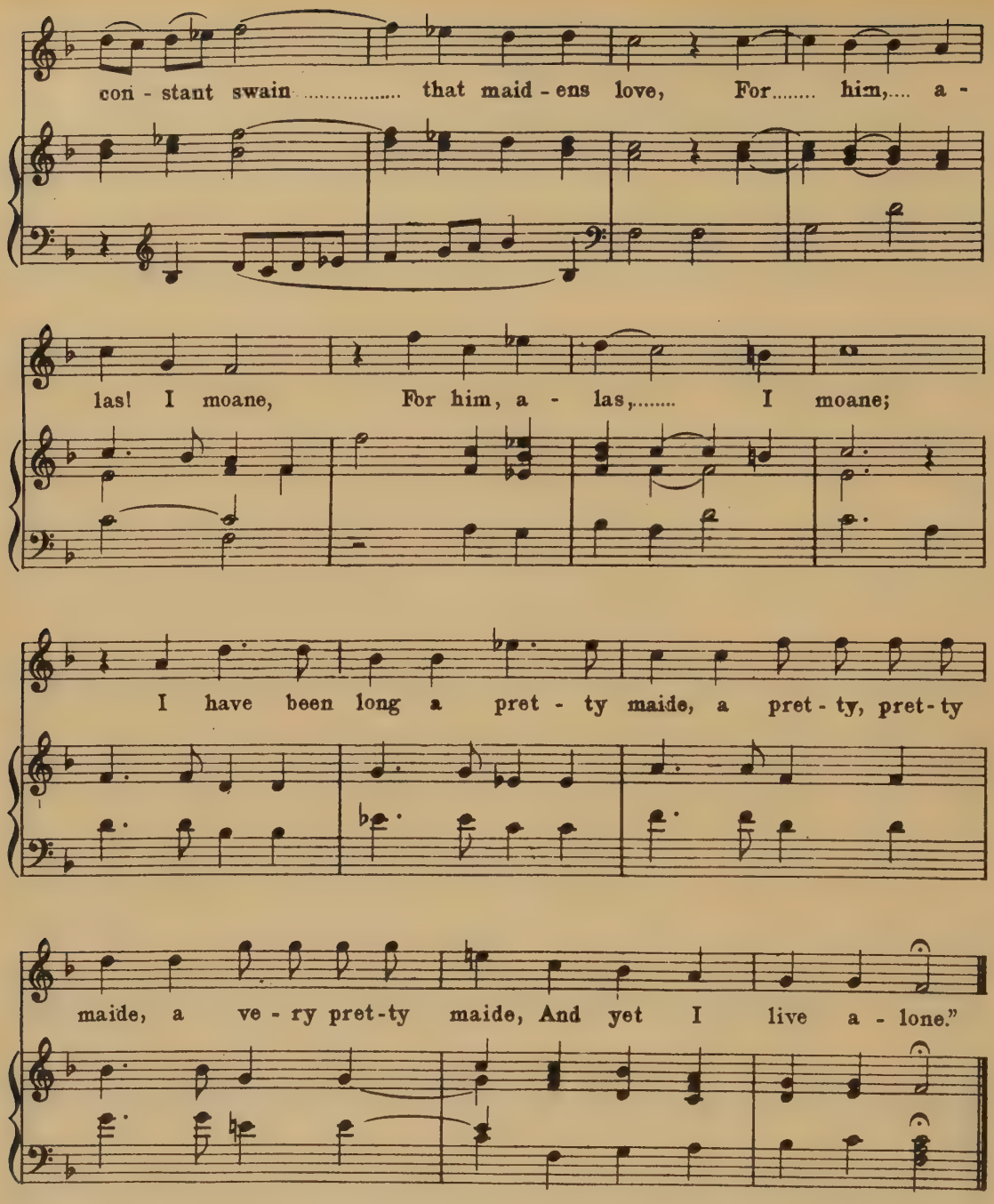
# A pretty, pretty ducke.

JOHN BARTLET.
A Booke of Ayres. 1606.


Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
A pret - ty, pret - ty, pret - ty
ducke, A pret - ty ducke, a pret-ty, pret-ty ducke, A
ve - ry pret-ty ducke..... there was that said "To..... whom shall
I make moane? To whom shall I..... make moane?


I have been long a pret - ty maide, a pret-ty, pret-ty
maide, a ve - ry pret - ty maide, And yet I live a - lone."
"A - lone I lie in deep des -
paire, in deep des - paire, in deep des - paire, a -
lone I lie..... in deep des - paire, Which kills my


lone-ly heart, Which kills my lone- - ly heart;
For none will my sweet joyes re-paire, For none will
my sweet joyes re-paire, Or play a lov-er's part."
"The con-stant swain that maid-ens
love, that maid-ens love, that maid-ens love, The


con - stant swain ..... that maid - ens love, For..... him,.... a -
las! I moane, For him, a - las,..... I moane;
I have been long a pret - ty maide, a pret - ty, pret - ty
maide, a ve - ry pret - ty maide, And yet I live a - lone."

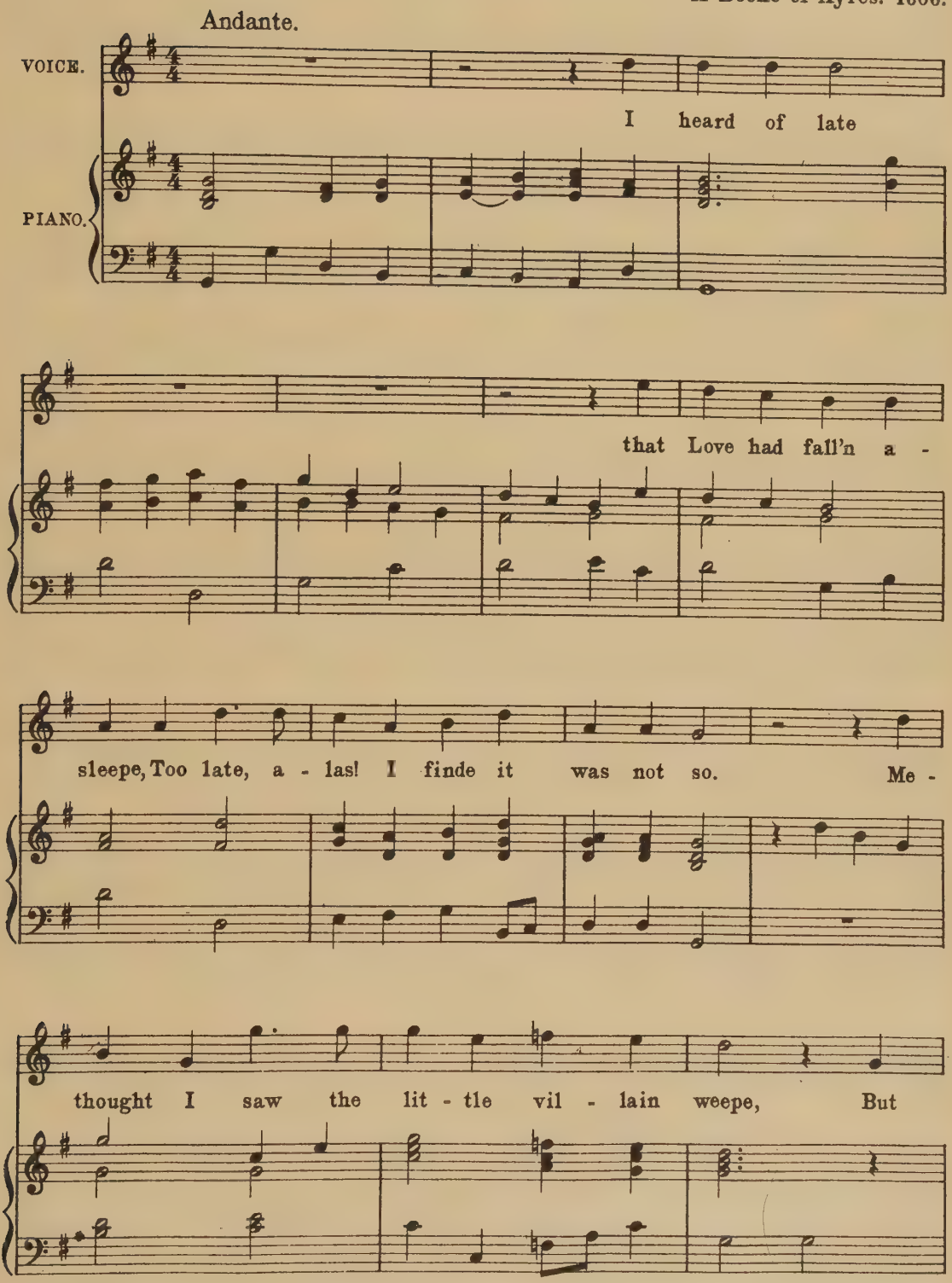
A pretty ducke there was that said
"To whom shall I make moane?
I have been long a pretty maide,
And yet I live alone."

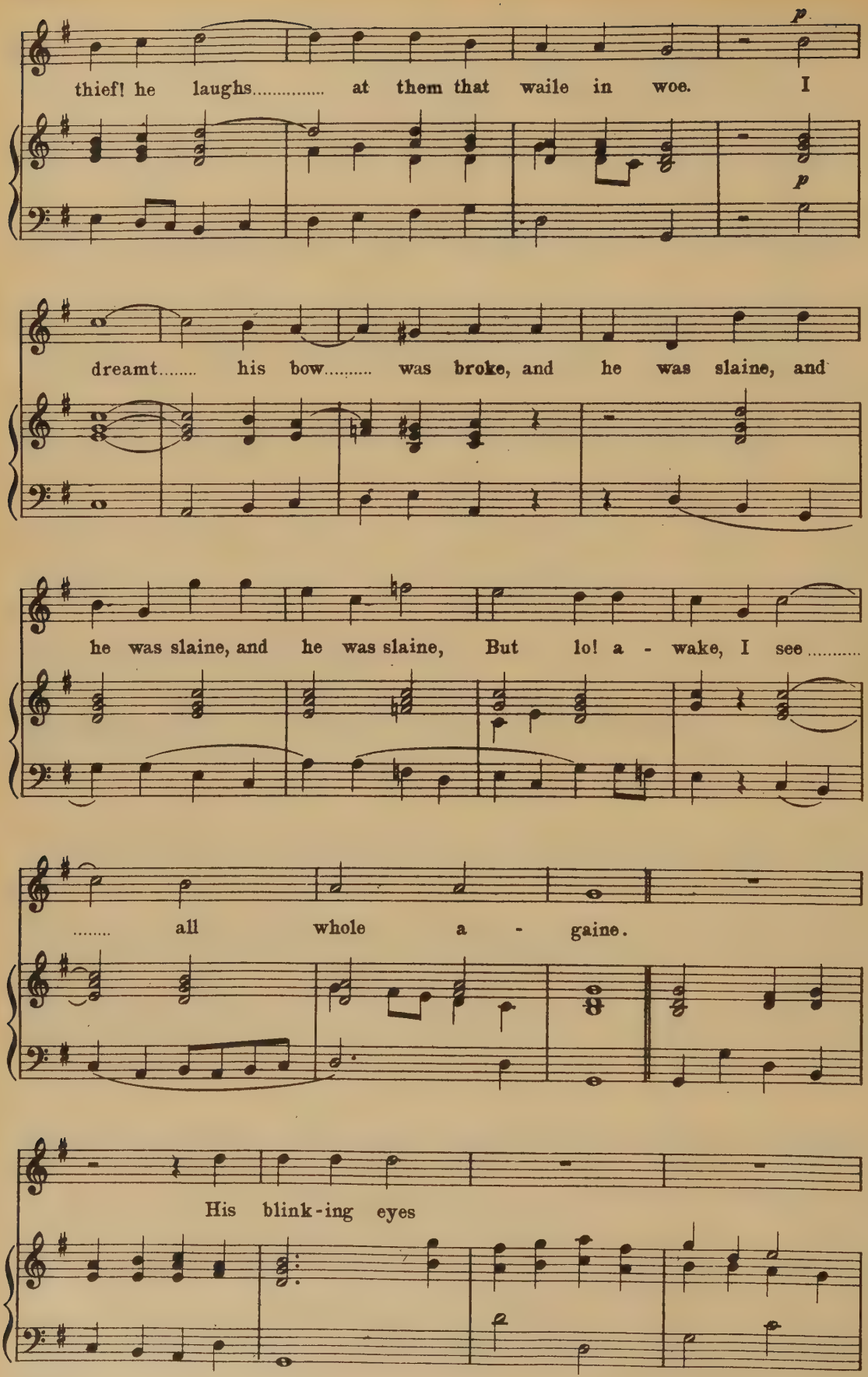
"Alone I lie in deep despaire,
Which kills my lonely heart;
For none will my sweet joyes repaire,
Or play a lover's part."

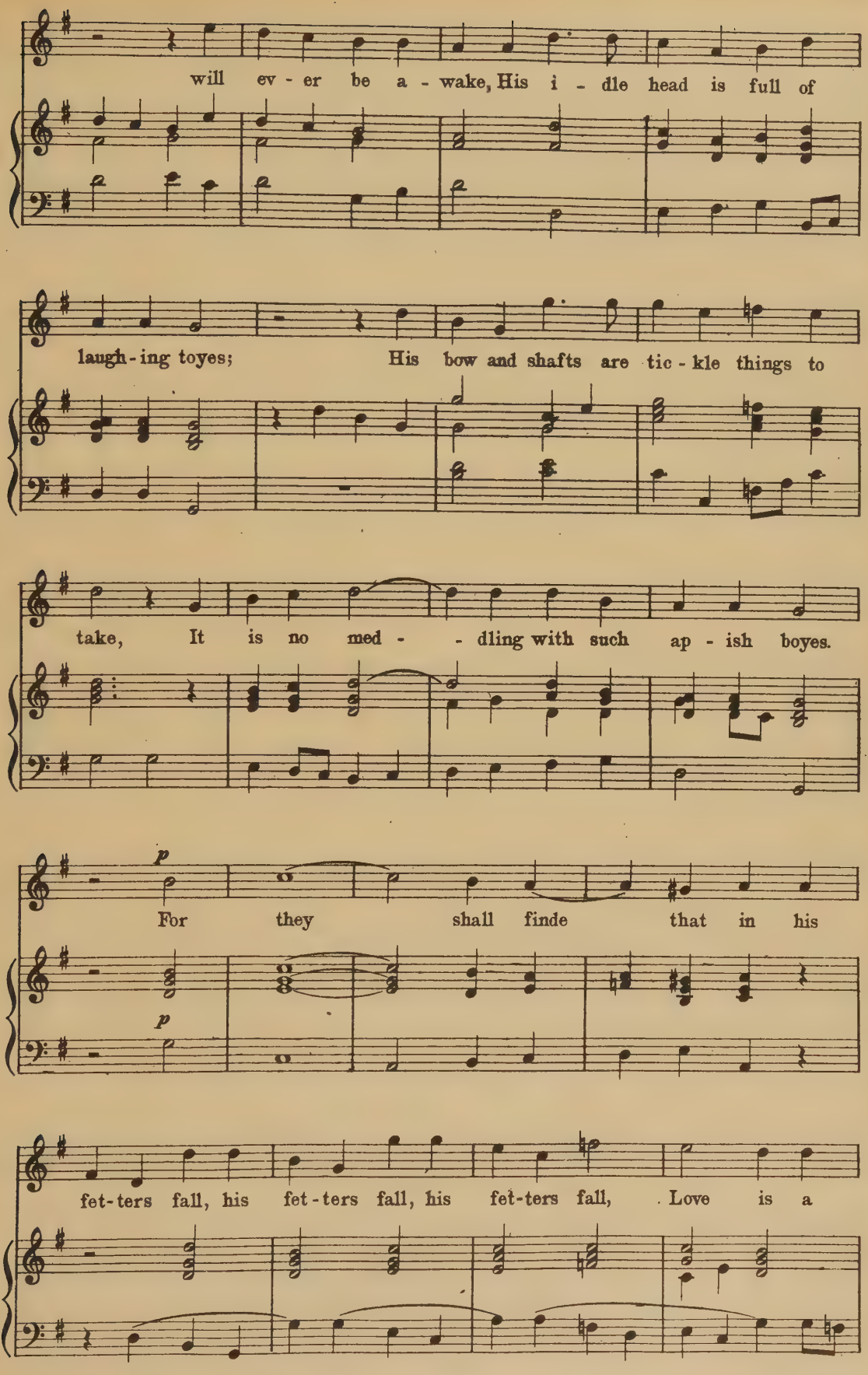
"The constant swain that maidens love,
For him, alas! I moane;
I have been long a pretty maide,
And yet I live alone."

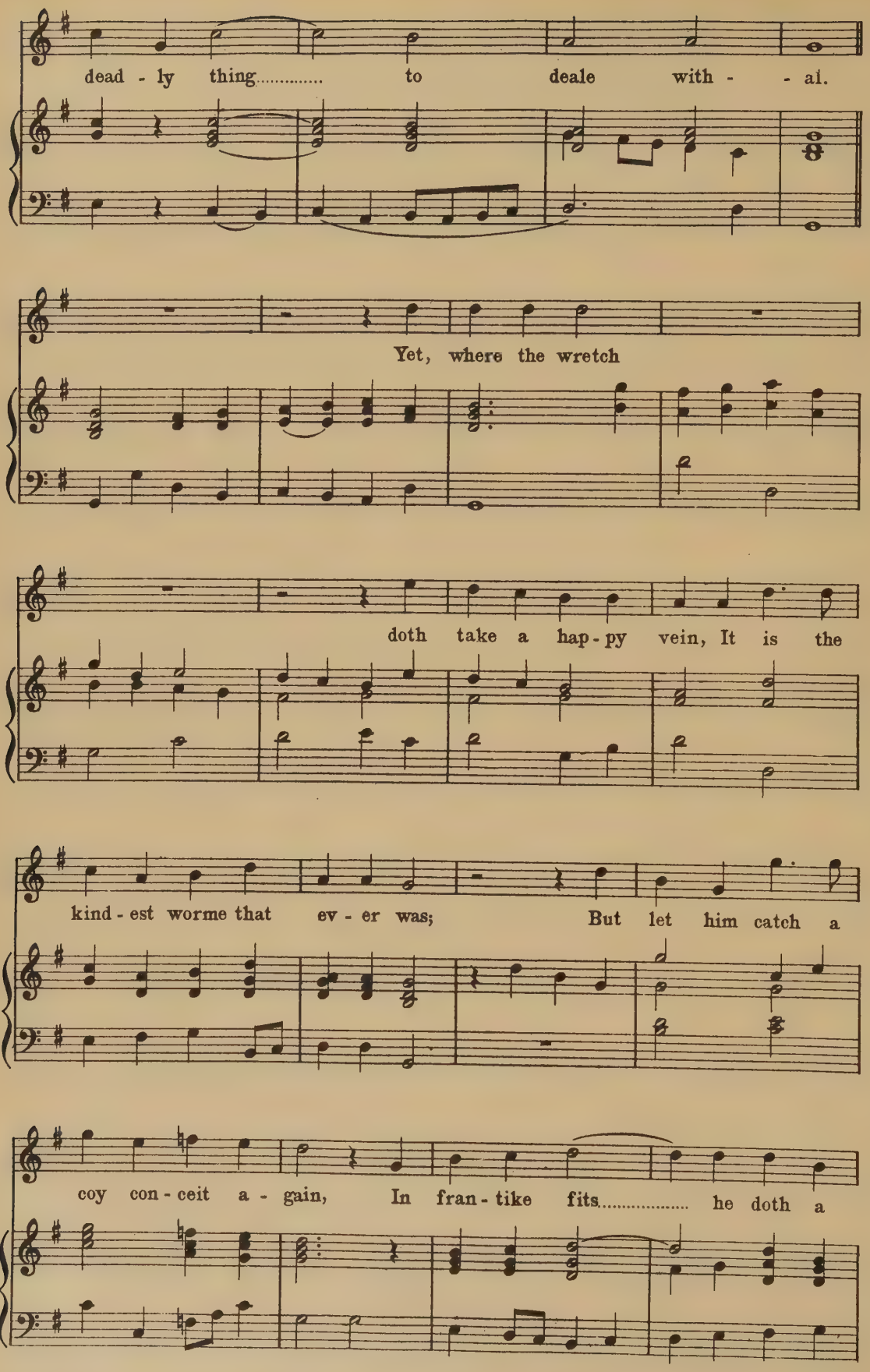
# I heard of late.

JOHN BARTLET.
A Booke of Ayres. 1606.

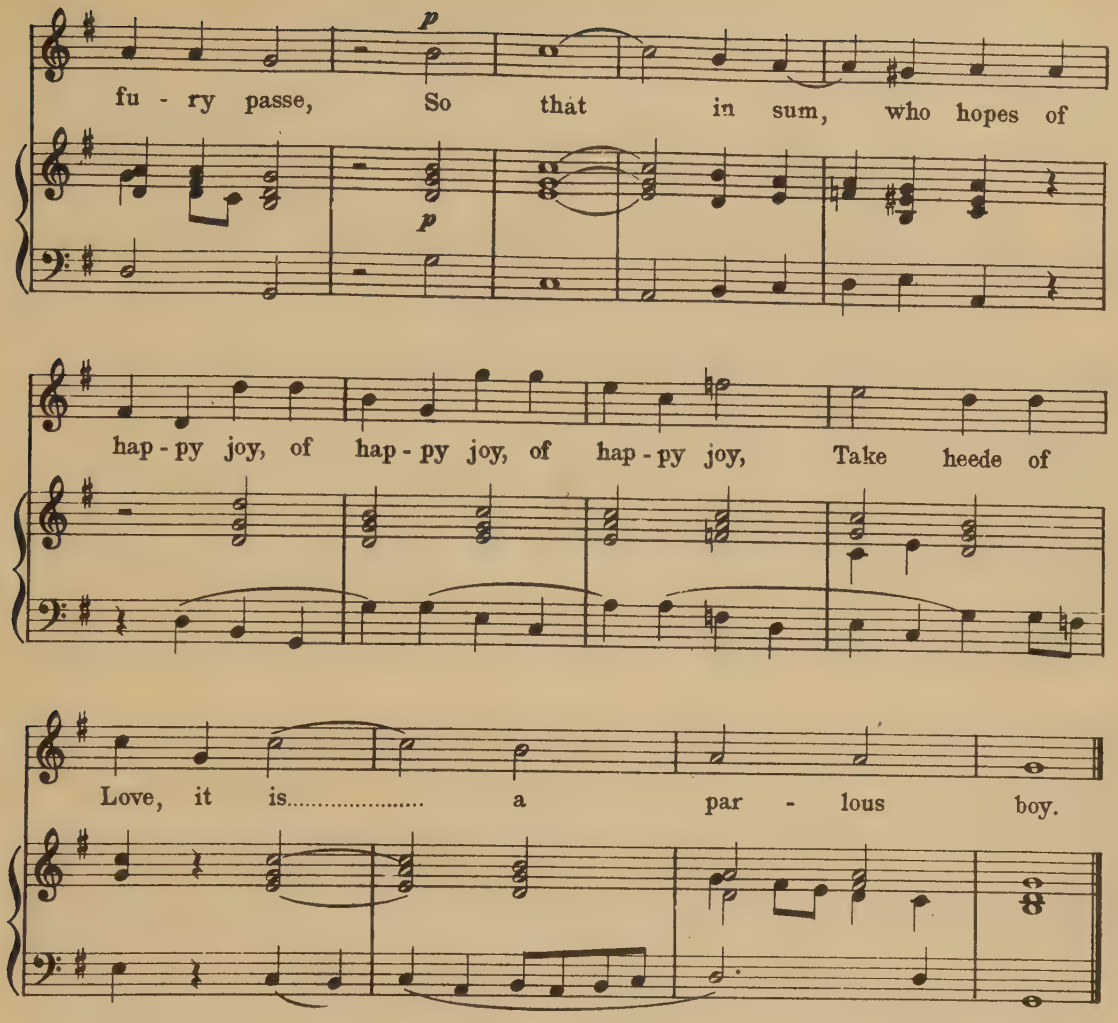

Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
I heard of late
that Love had fall'n a -
sleepe, Too late, a - las! I finde it was not so. Me -
thought I saw the lit - tle vil - lain weepe, But


p
thief! he laughs..... at them that waile in woe. I
p
dreamt..... his bow..... was broke, and he was slaine, and
he was slaine, and he was slaine, But lo! a - wake, I see.....
..... all whole a - gaine.
His blink-ing eyes


will ev - er be a - wake, His i - dle head is full of
laugh - ing toyes; His bow and shafts are tic - kle things to
take, It is no med - - dling with such ap - ish boyes.
p
For they shall finde that in his
p
fet - ters fall, his fet - ters fall, his fet - ters fall, Love is a


dead - ly thing..... to deale with - - al.
Yet, where the wretch
doth take a hap - py vein, It is the
kind - est worme that ev - er was; But let him catch a
coy con - ceit a - gain, In fran - tike fits..... he doth a

RACHEL DAY
BEMENT, ILL.


I heard of late that Love had fall'n asleepe,
Too late, alas! I finde it was not so.
Methought I saw the little villain weepe,
But thief! he laughs at them that waile in woe.
I dreamt his bow was broke, and he was slaine,
But lo! awake, I see all whole againe.

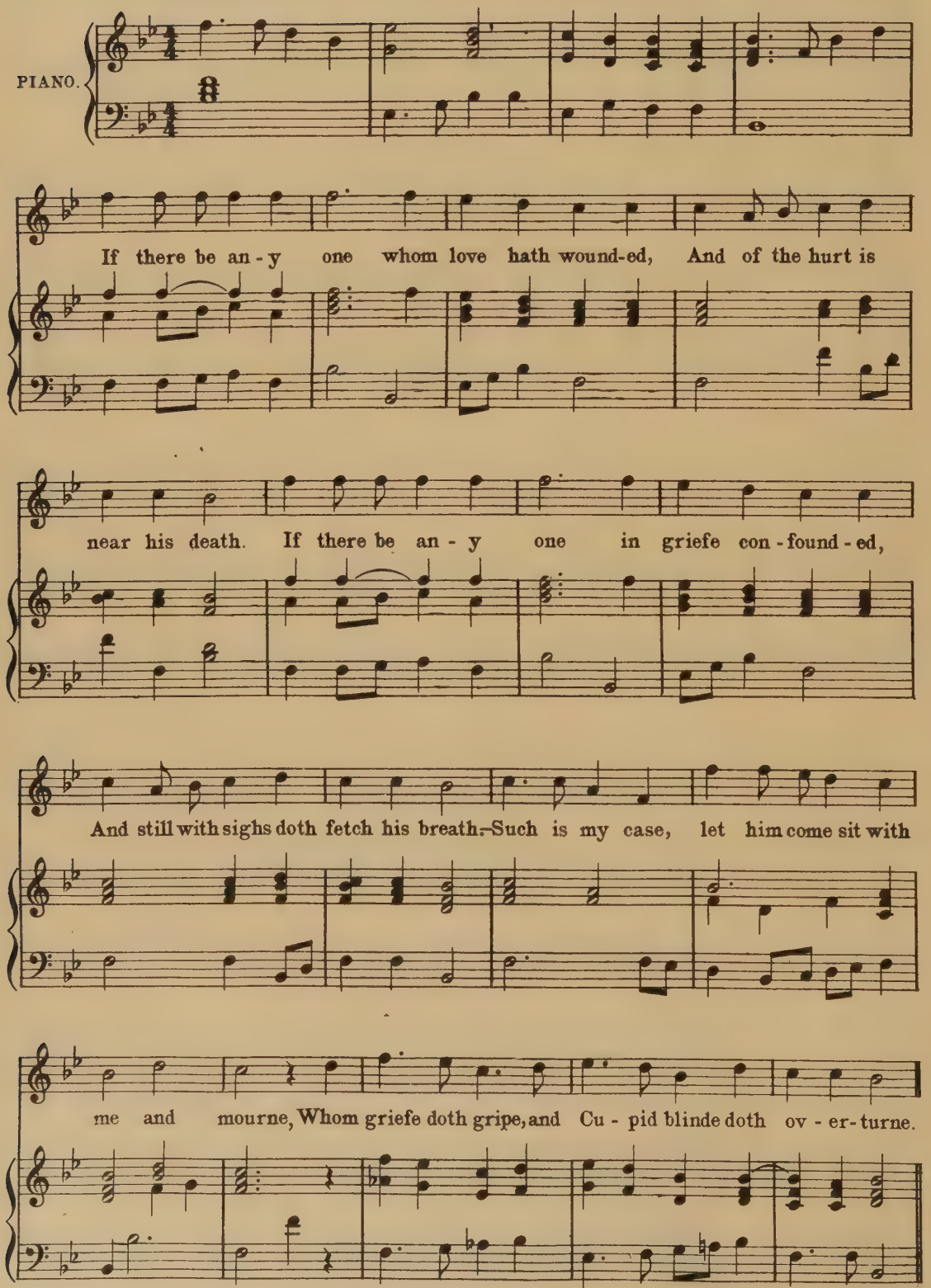
His blinking eyes will ever be awake,
His idle head is full of laughing toyes;
His bow and shafts are tickle things to take,
It is no meddling with such apish boyes.
For they shall finde that in his fetters fall,
Love is a deadly thing to deale withal.

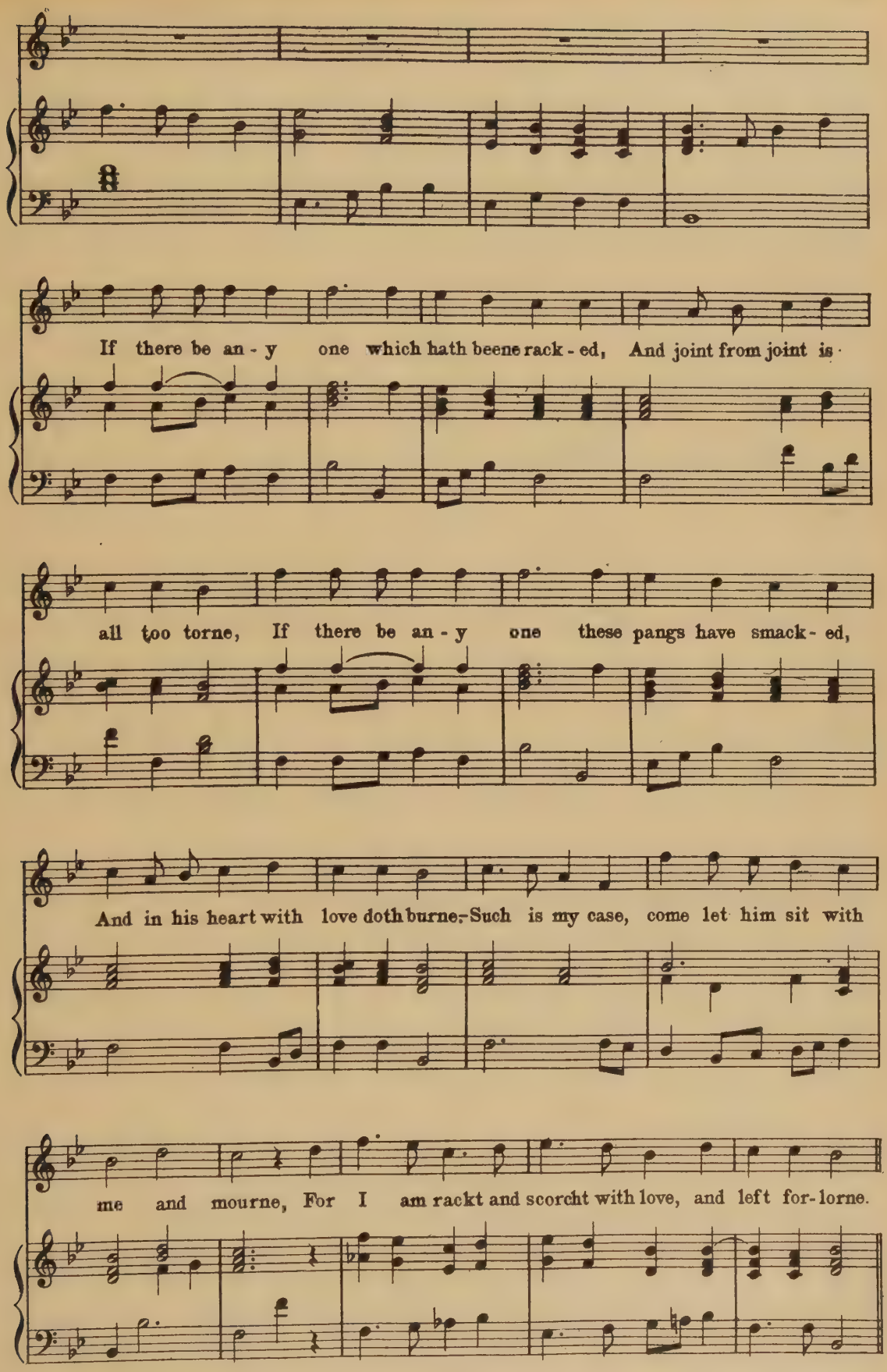
Yet, where the wretch doth take a happy vein,
It is the kindest worme that ever was;
But let him catch a coy conceit again,
In frantike fits he doth a fury passe.
So that in sum, who hopes of happy joy,
Take heede of Love, it is a parlous boy.

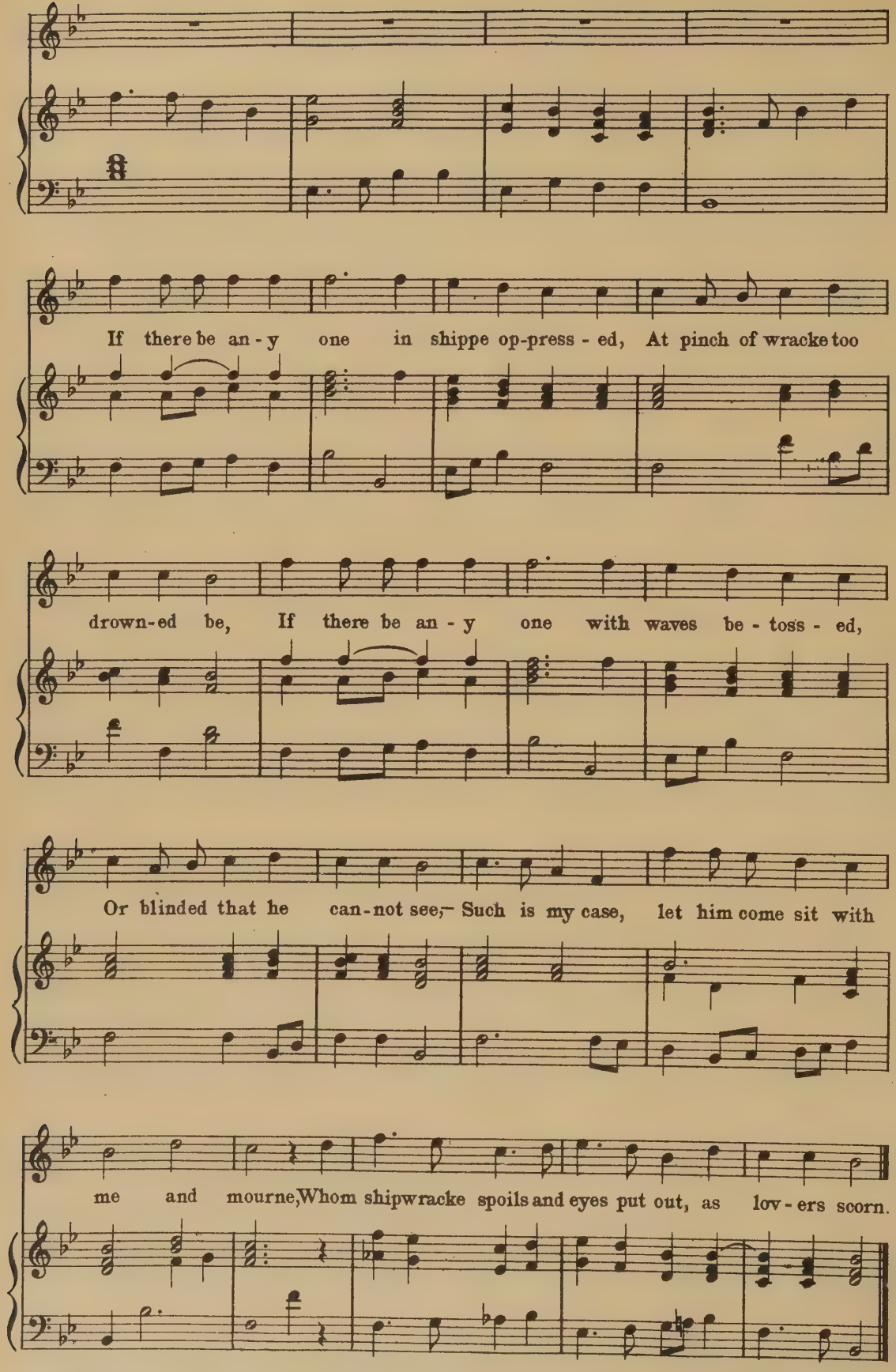
# If there be any one.

JOHN BARTLET.
A Booke of Ayres. 1606.

Allegretto.


PIANO.
If there be an - y one whom love hath wound-ed, And of the hurt is
near his death. If there be an - y one in griefe con - found - ed,
And still with sighs doth fetch his breath. Such is my case, let him come sit with
me and mourne, Whom griefe doth gripe, and Cu - pid blinde doth ov - er - turne.


If there be an - y one which hath beene rack - ed, And joint from joint is
all too torne, If there be an - y one these pangs have smack - ed,
And in his heart with love doth burne; Such is my case, come let him sit with
me and mourne, For I am rackt and scorcht with love, and left for-lorne.


If there be an - y one in shippe op-press - ed, At pinch of wracke too
drown-ed be, If there be an - y one with waves be - toss - ed,
Or blinded that he can-not see,— Such is my case, let him come sit with
me and mourne, Whom shipwracke spoils and eyes put out, as lov - ers scorn.

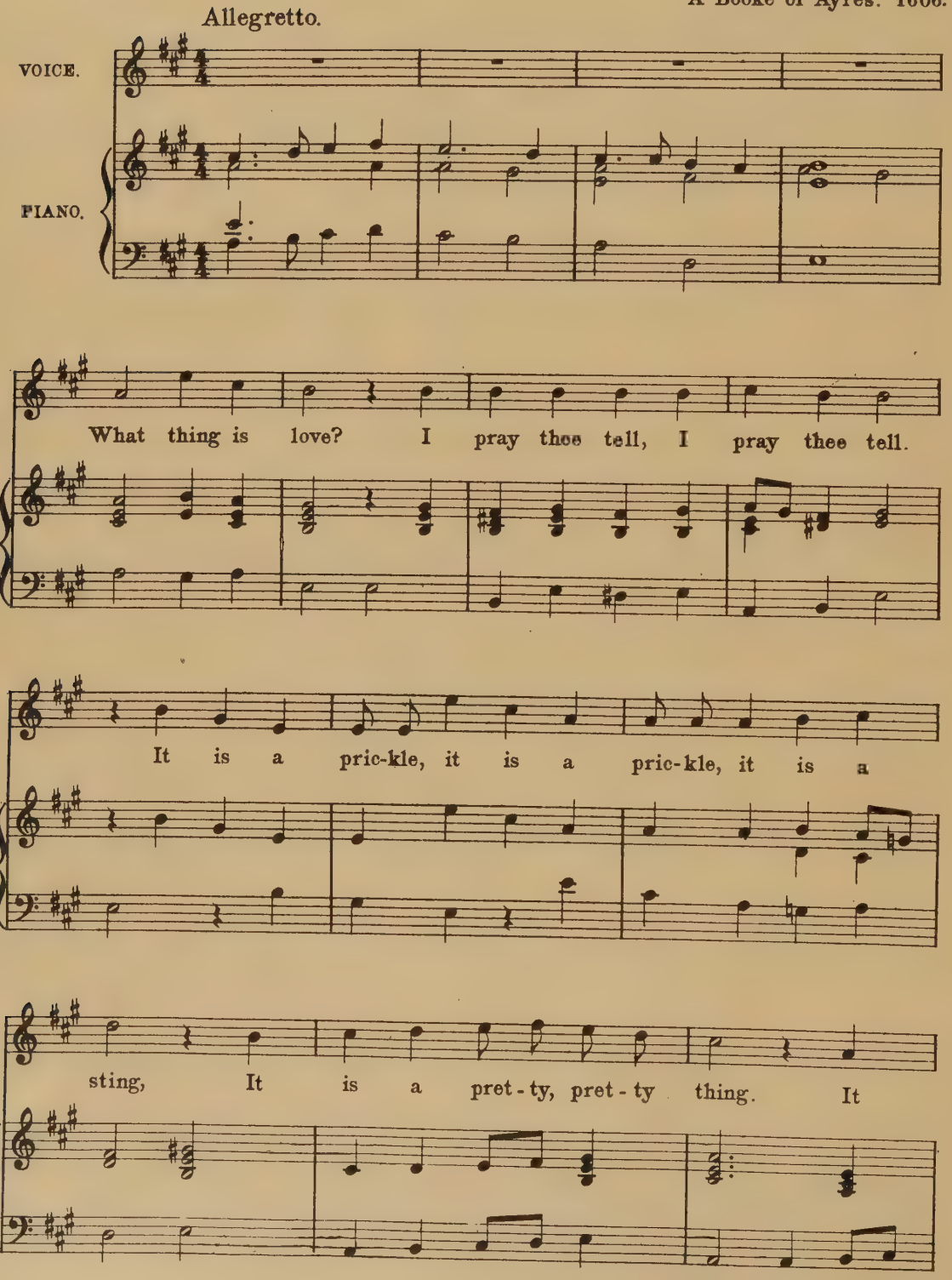
If there be any one whom love hath wounded,
And of the hurt is near his death,—
If there be any one in griefe confounded,
And still with sighs doth fetch his breath,—
Such is my case, let him come sit with me and mourne,
Whom griefe doth gripe, and Cupid blind doth overturne.

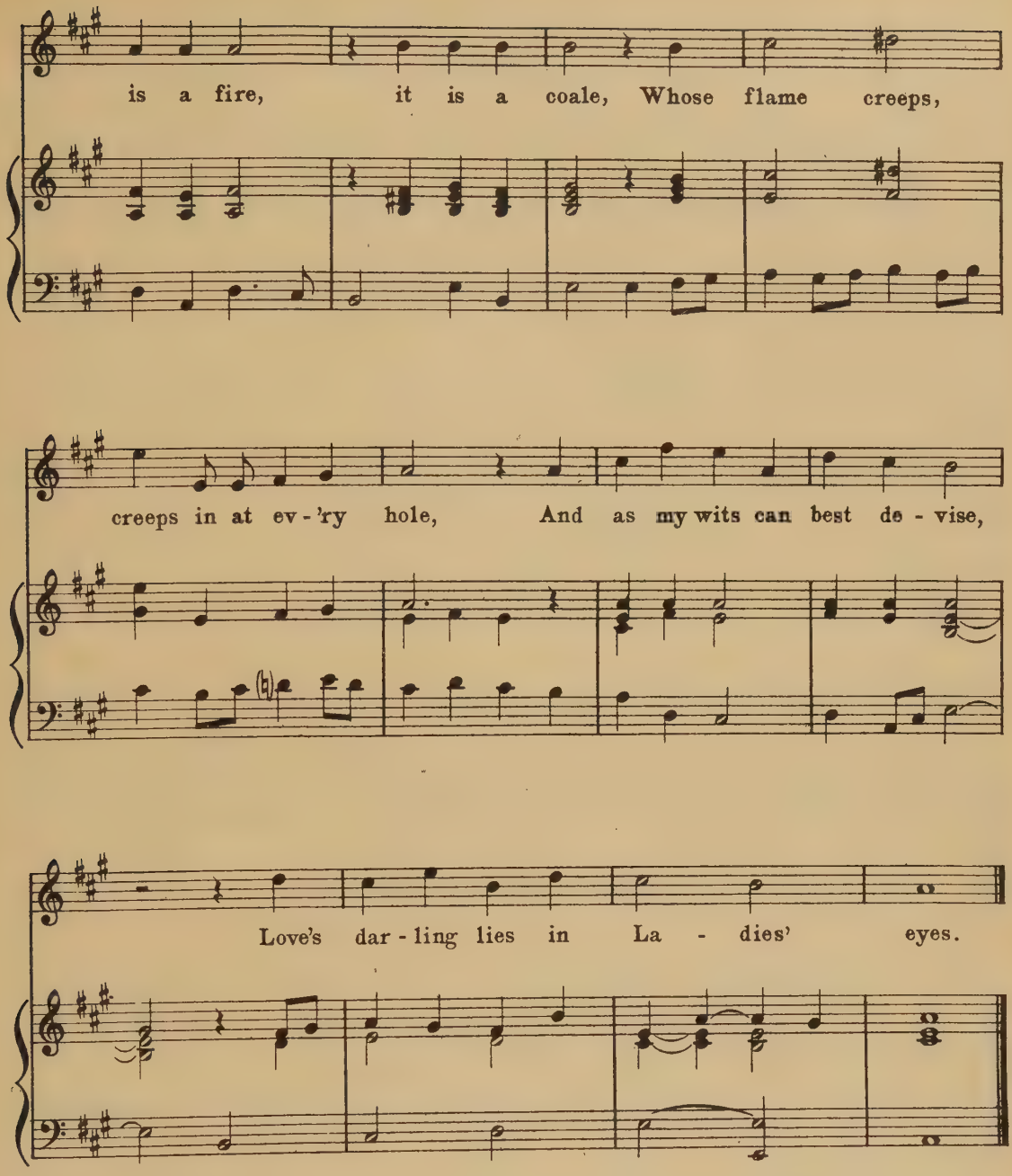
If there be any one which hath beene racked,
And joint from joint is all too torne,—
If there be any one these pangs have smacked,
And in his heart with love doth burne,—
Such is my case, let him come sit with me and mourne,
For I am rackte and scorcht with love, and left forlorne.

If there be any one in shippe oppressed,
At pinch of wracke too drowned be,
If there be any one with waves betossed,
Or blinded that he cannot see,—
Such is my case, let him come sit with me and mourne,
Whom shipwracke spoils, and eyes put out, as lovers scorn.

# What thing is love?

JOHN BARTLET.
A Booke of Ayres. 1606.

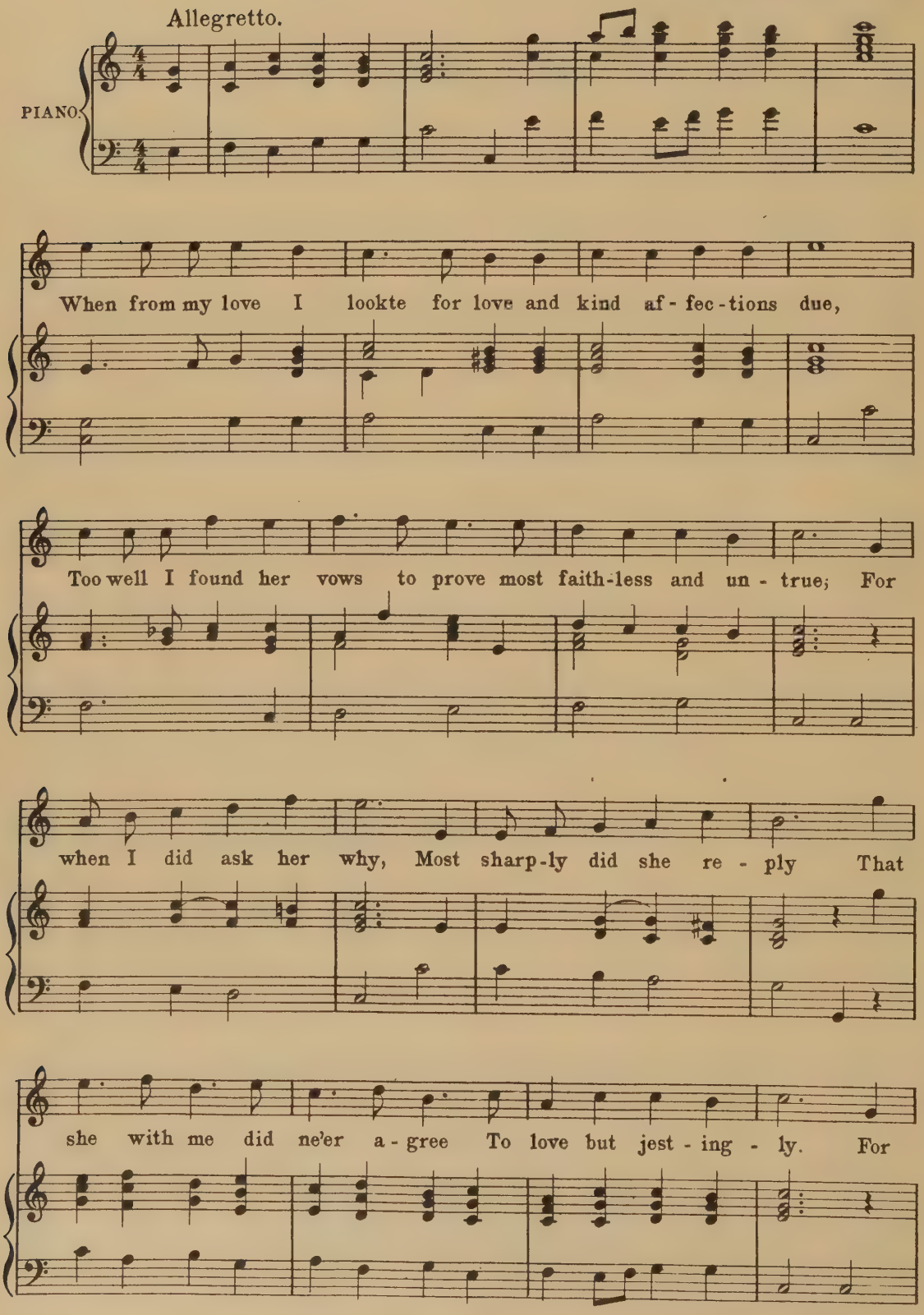

Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
What thing is love? I pray thee tell, I pray thee tell.
It is a pric-kle, it is a pric-kle, it is a
sting, It is a pret-ty, pret-ty thing. It

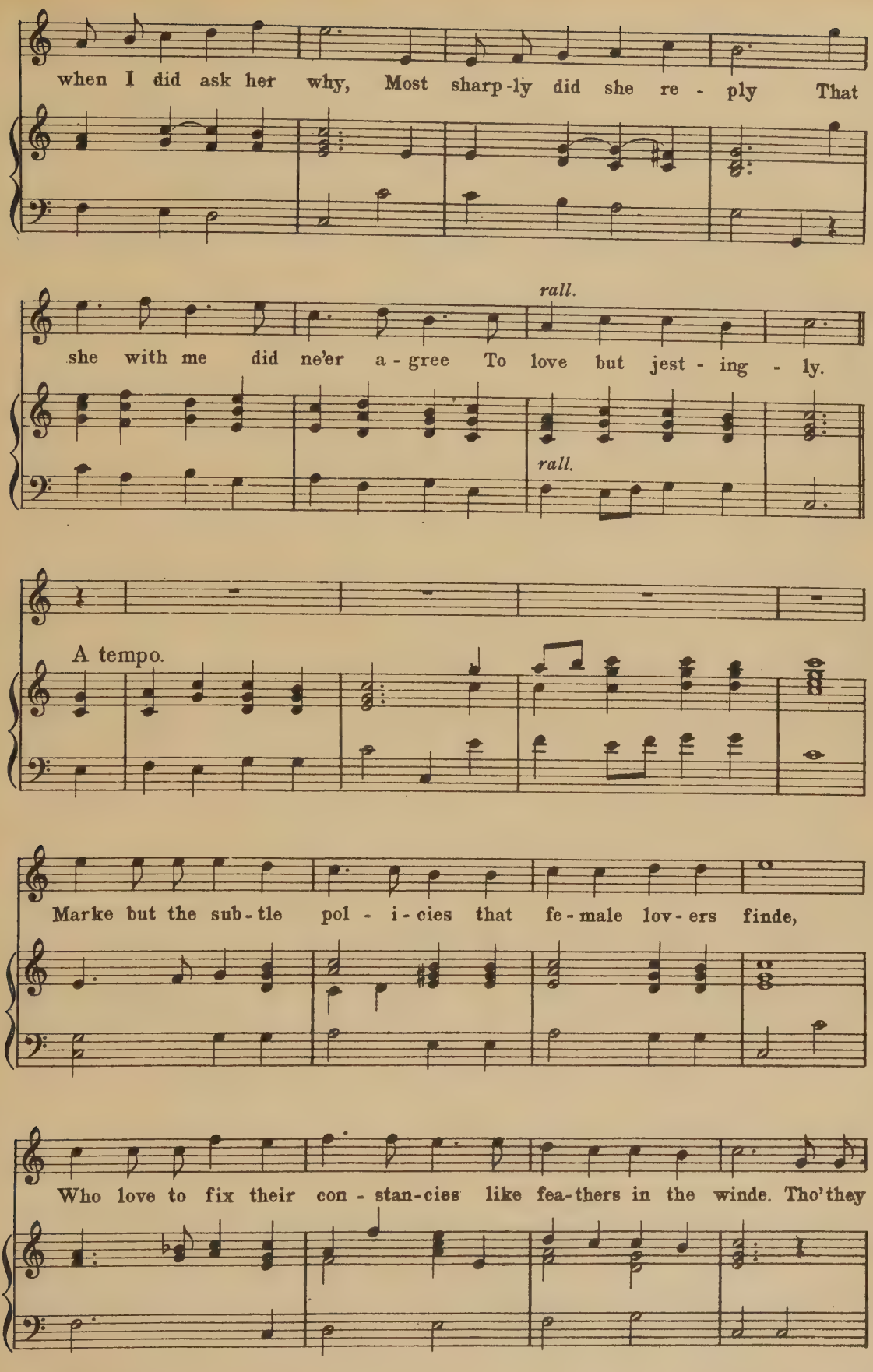

is a fire, it is a coale, Whose flame creeps,
creeps in at ev-'ry hole, And as my wits can best de-vise,
Love's dar-ling lies in La-dies' eyes.

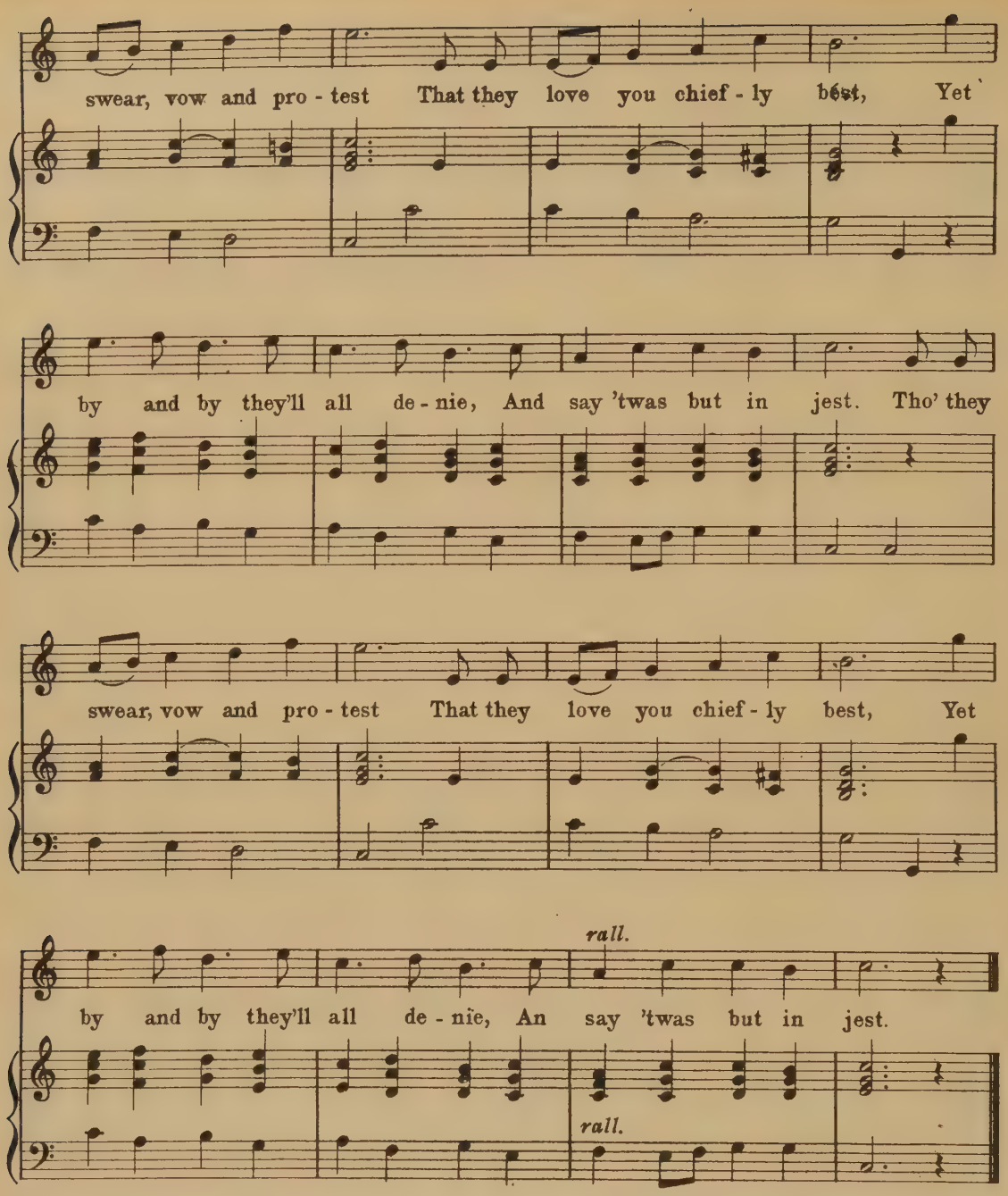
What thing is love? I pray thee tell.
It is a prickle, it is a sting,
It is a pretty thing.
It is a fire, it is a coale,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole,
And as my wits can best devise,
Love's darling lies in Ladies' eyes.

# When from my love I lookte.

JOHN BARTLET.
A Booke of Ayres. 1606.


Allegretto.
PIANO.
When from my love I lookte for love and kind af-fec-tions due,
Too well I found her vows to prove most faith-less and un-true; For
when I did ask her why, Most sharp-ly did she re-ply That
she with me did ne'er a-gree To love but jest-ing-ly. For


when I did ask her why, Most sharp-ly did she re - ply That
rall.
she with me did ne'er a - gree To love but jest - ing - ly.
rall.
A tempo.
Marke but the sub-tle pol - i - cies that fe-male lov-ers finde,
Who love to fix their con - stan-cies like fea-thers in the winde. Tho' they

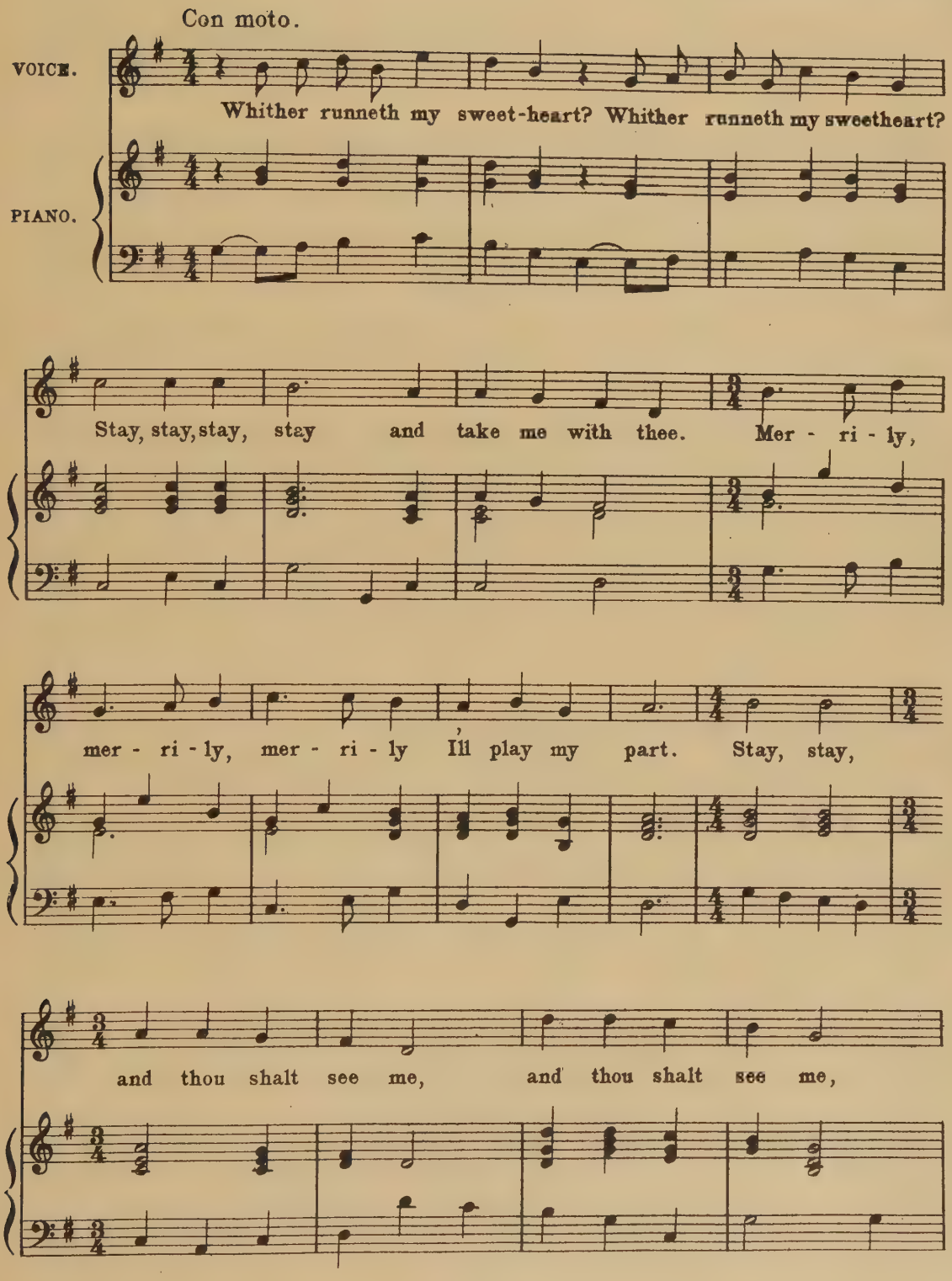

swear, vow and pro - test That they love you chief - ly best, Yet
by and by they'll all de - nie, And say 'twas but in jest. Tho' they
swear, vow and pro - test That they love you chief - ly best, Yet
rall.
by and by they'll all de - nie, An say 'twas but in jest.
rall.

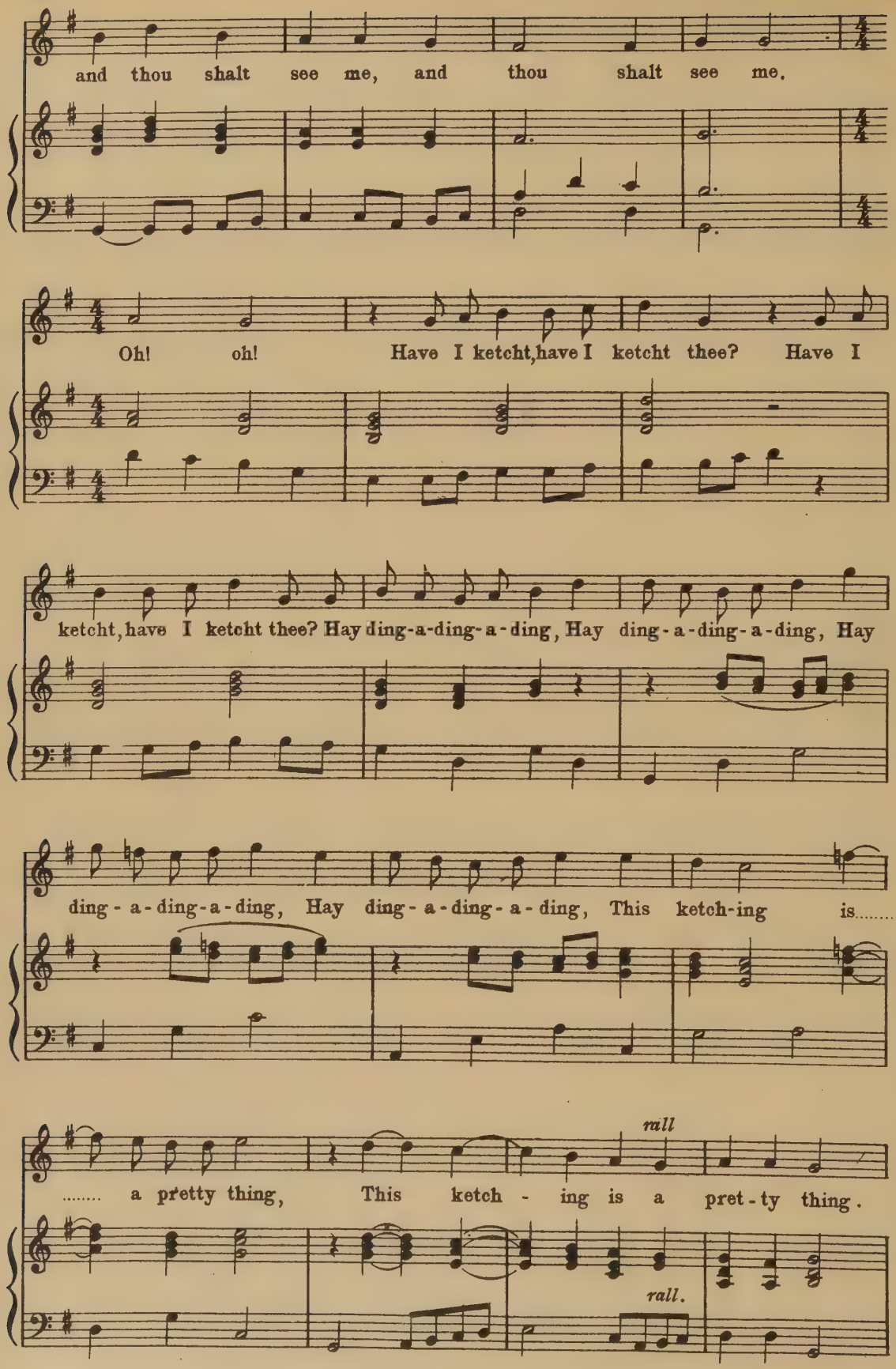
When from my love I lookte for love and kind affections due,
Too well I found her vows to prove most faithless and untrue;
For when I did ask her why,
Most sharply did she reply
That she with me did ne'er agree
To love but jestingly.

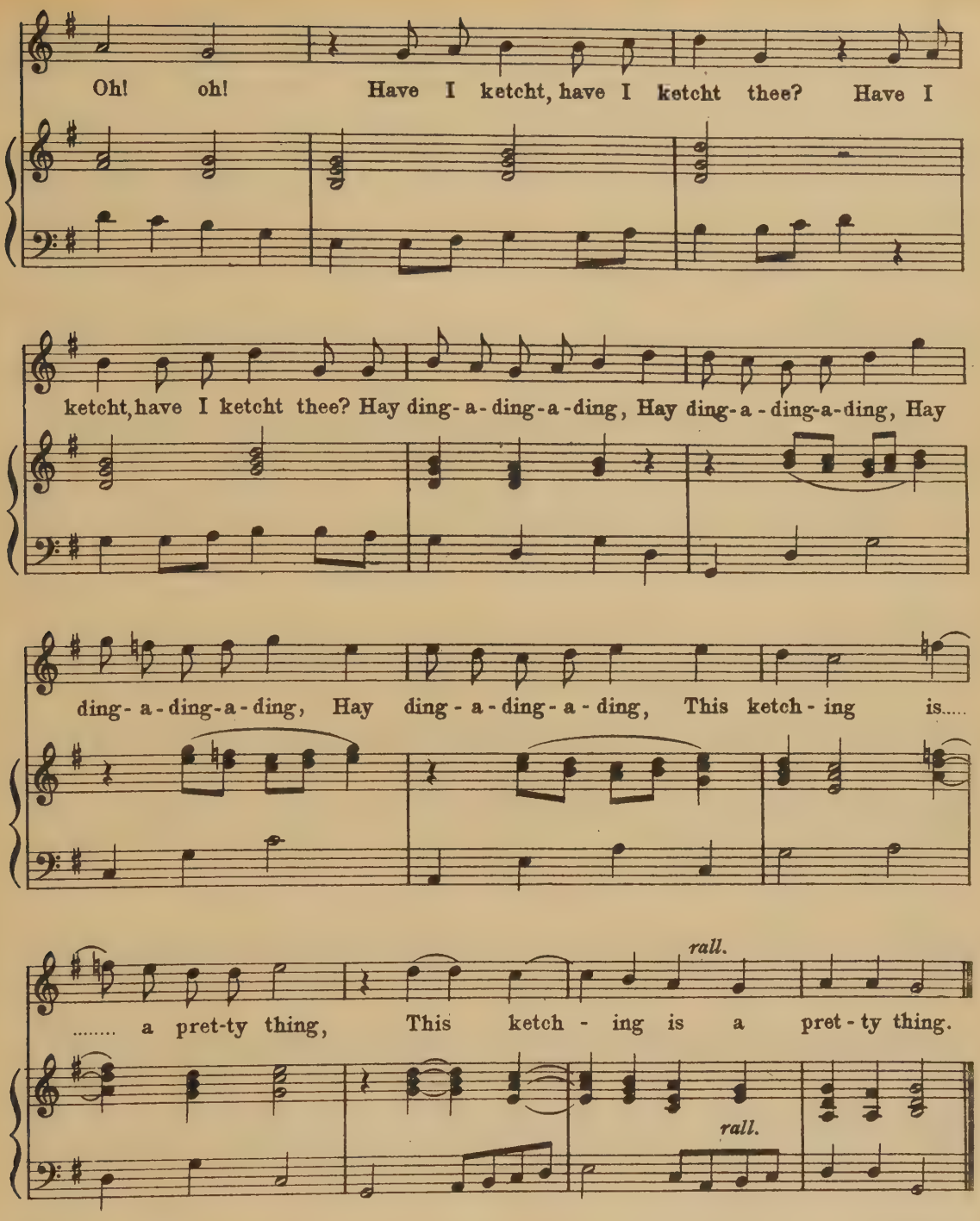
Marke but the subtle policies that female lovers finde,
Who love to fix their constancies like feathers in the winde.
Though they swear, vow and protest
That they love you chiefly best,
Yet by and by they'll all denie,
And say 'twas but in jest

# Whither runneth my sweetheart?

JOHN BARTLET.
A Booke of Ayres. 1606.


Con moto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Whither runneth my sweet-heart? Whither runneth my sweetheart?
Stay, stay, stay, stay and take me with thee. Mer - ri - ly,
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly Ill play my part. Stay, stay,
and thou shalt see me, and thou shalt see me,

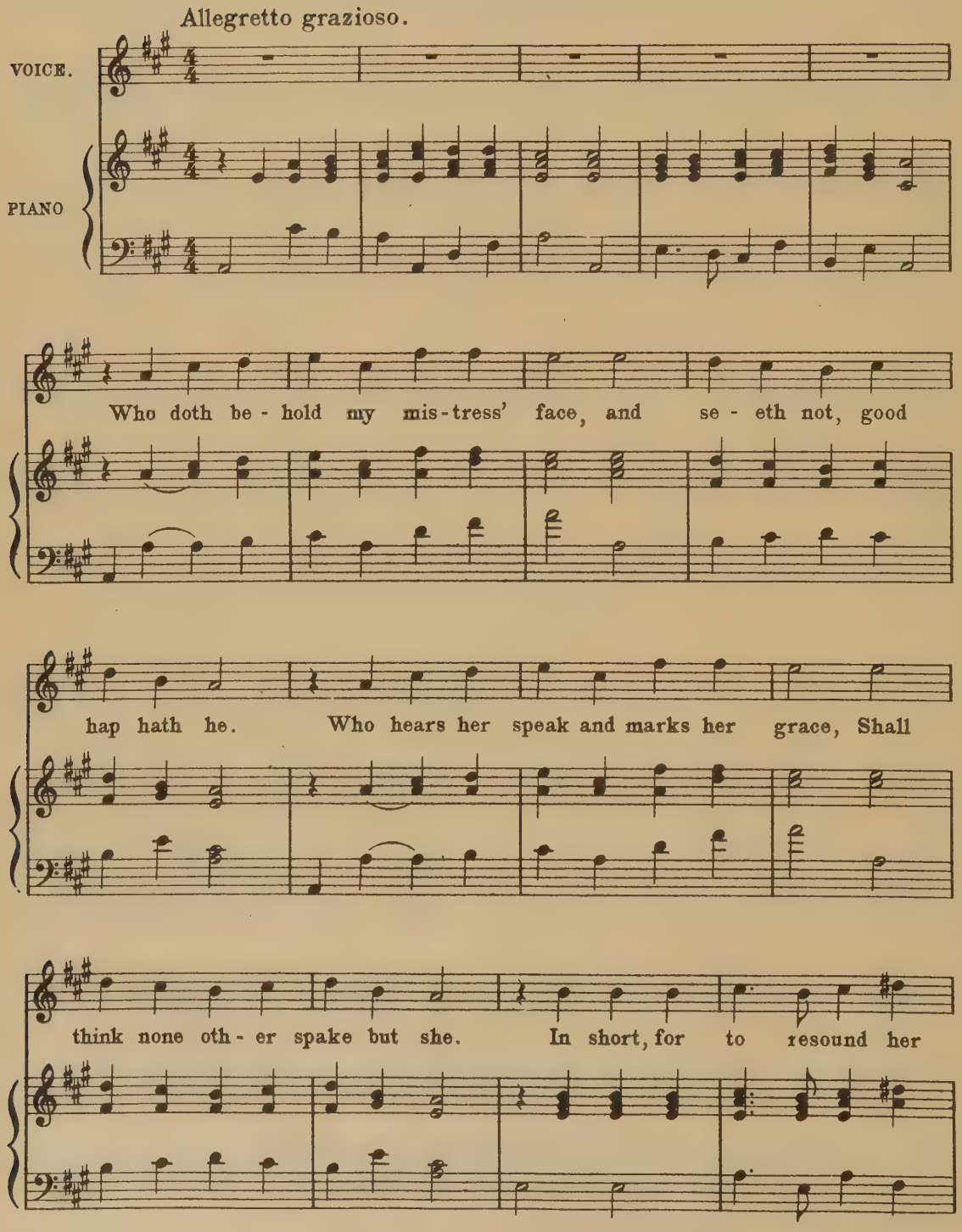

and thou shalt see me, and thou shalt see me.
Oh! oh! Have I ketcht, have I ketcht thee? Have I
ketcht, have I ketcht thee? Hay ding-a-ding-a-ding, Hay ding-a-ding-a-ding, Hay
ding-a-ding-a-ding, Hay ding-a-ding-a-ding, This ketch-ing is.....
..... a pretty thing, This ketch-ing is a pret-ty thing.
rall
rall.

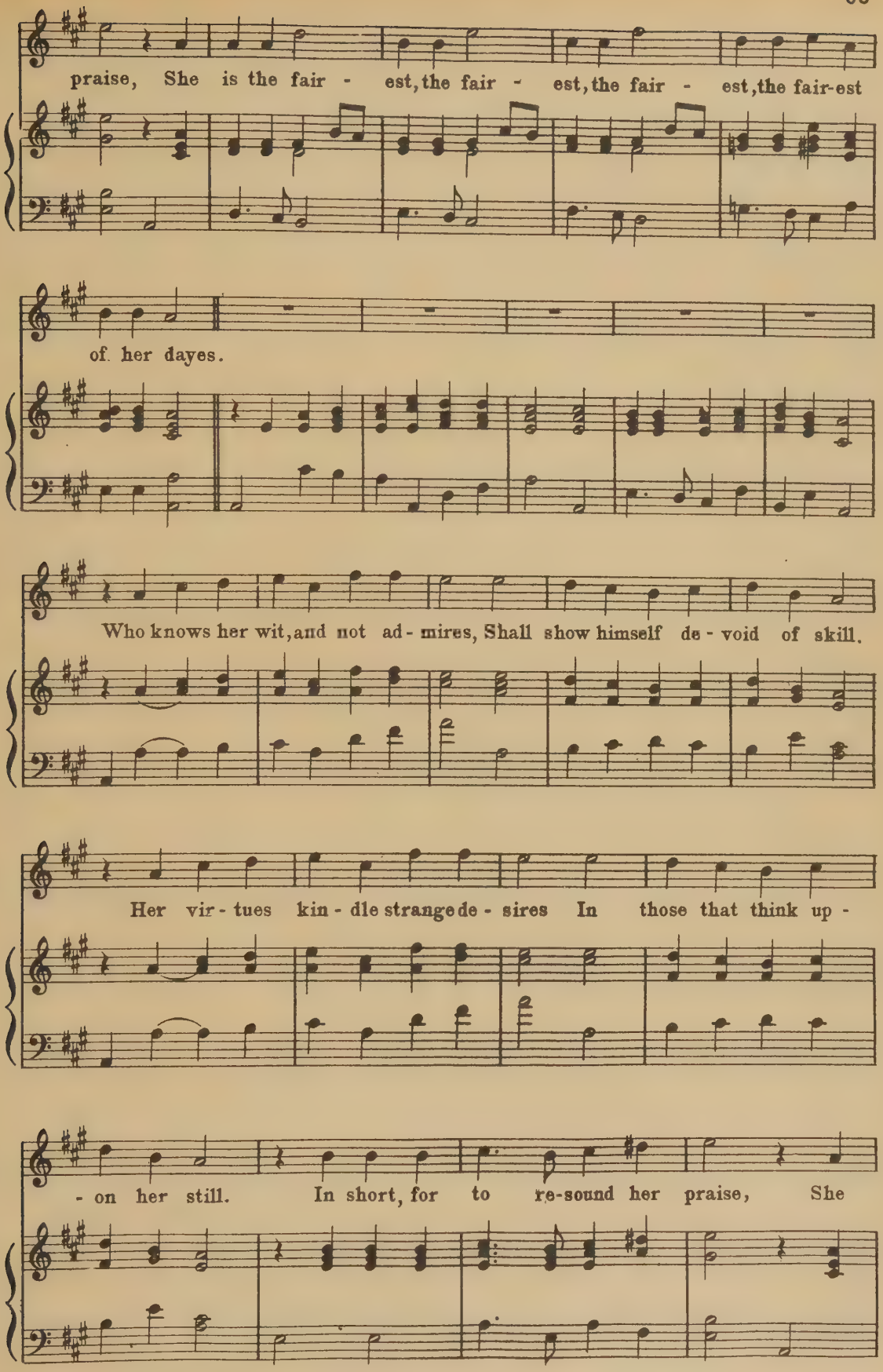

Oh! oh! Have I ketcht, have I ketcht thee? Have I
ketcht, have I ketcht thee? Hay ding-a-ding-a-ding, Hay ding-a-ding-a-ding, Hay
ding-a-ding-a-ding, Hay ding-a-ding-a-ding, This ketch-ing is.....
..... a pret-ty thing, This ketch-ing is a pret-ty thing.
rall.
rall.

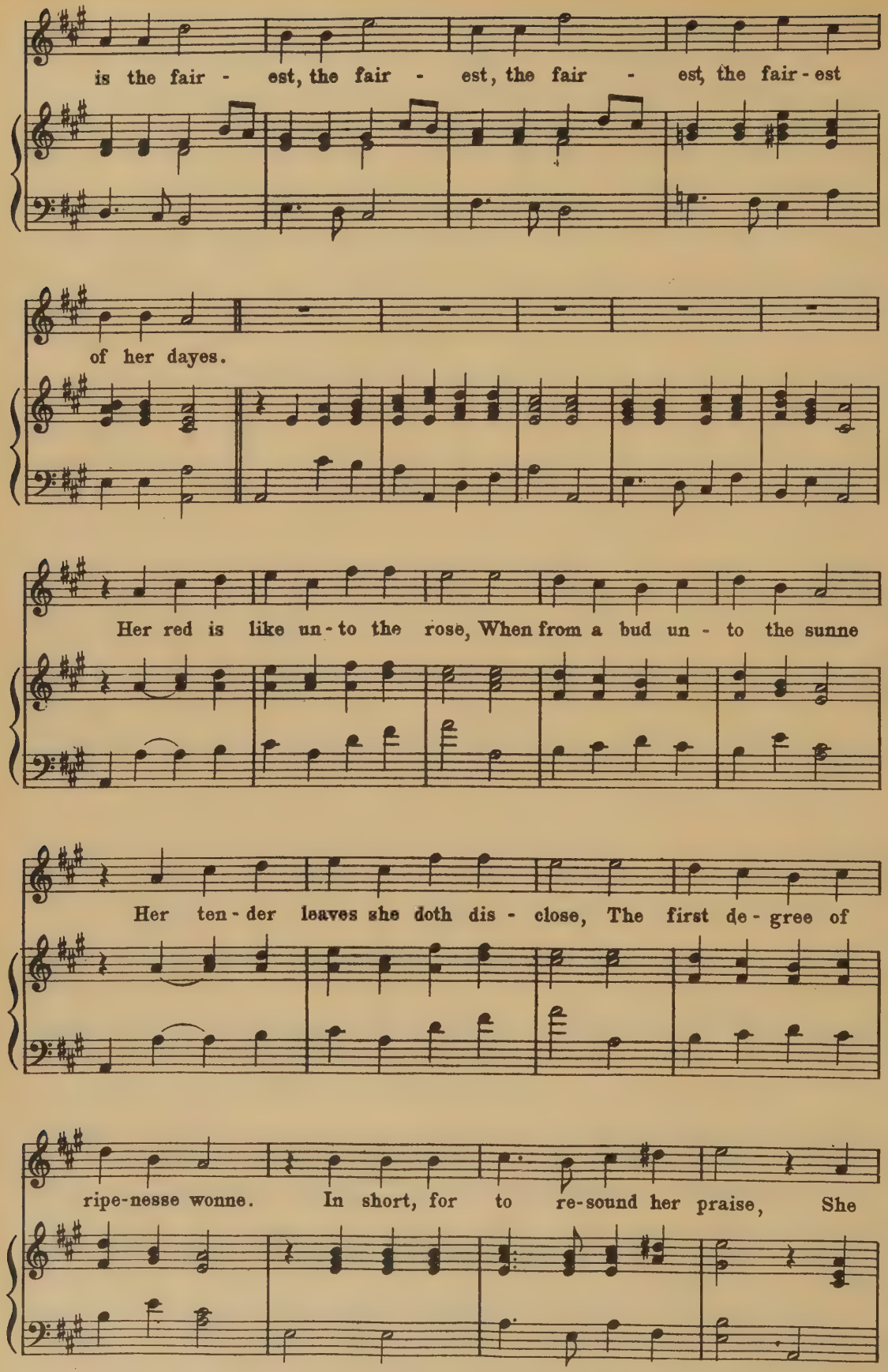
Whither runneth my sweetheart?
Stay and take me with thee;
Merrily I'll play my part,
Stay, and thou shalt see me.
Oh! have I ketcht thee? Hay ding-a-ding,
This ketching is a pretty thing.

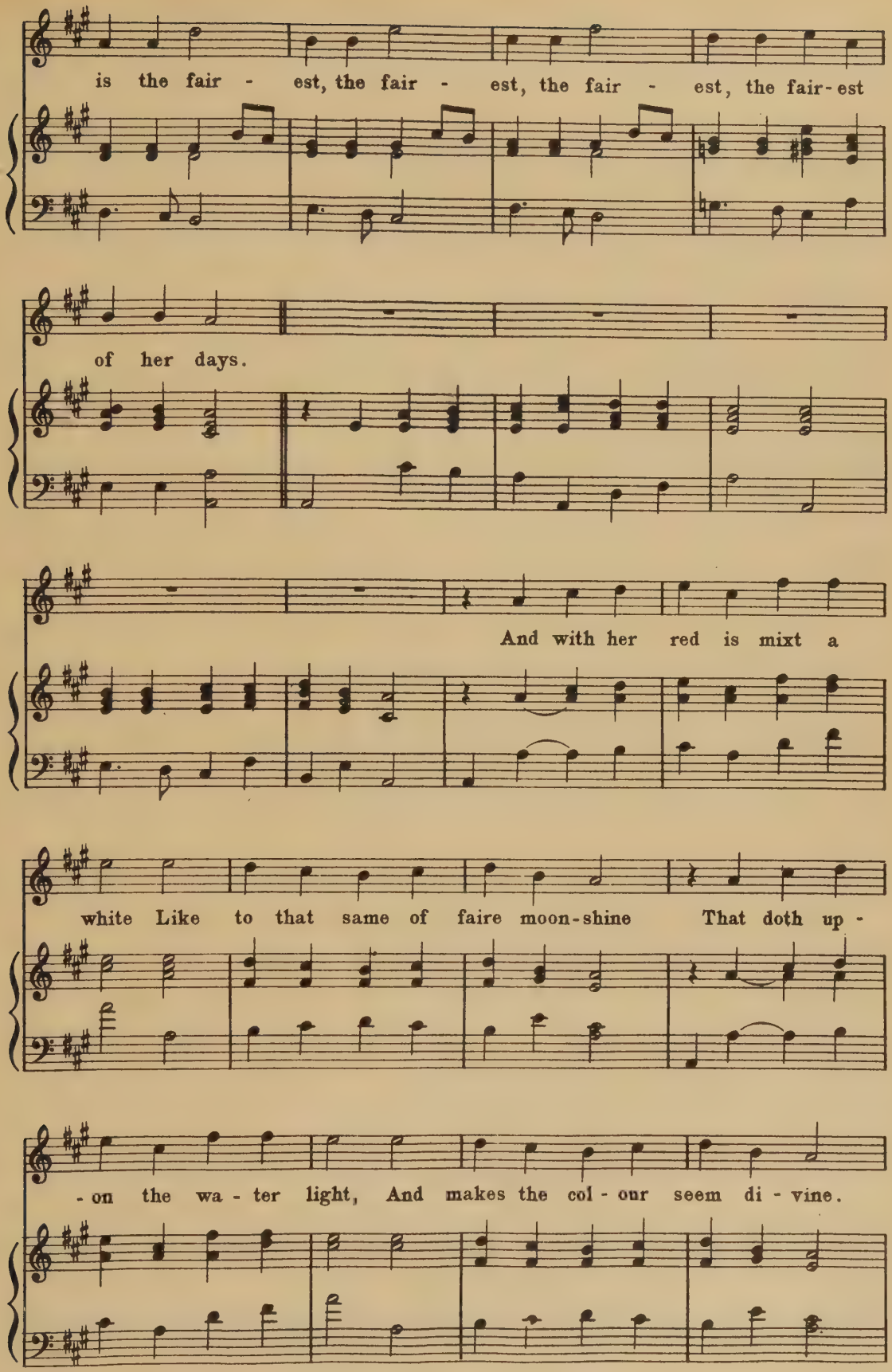
# Who doth behold my mistress' face.

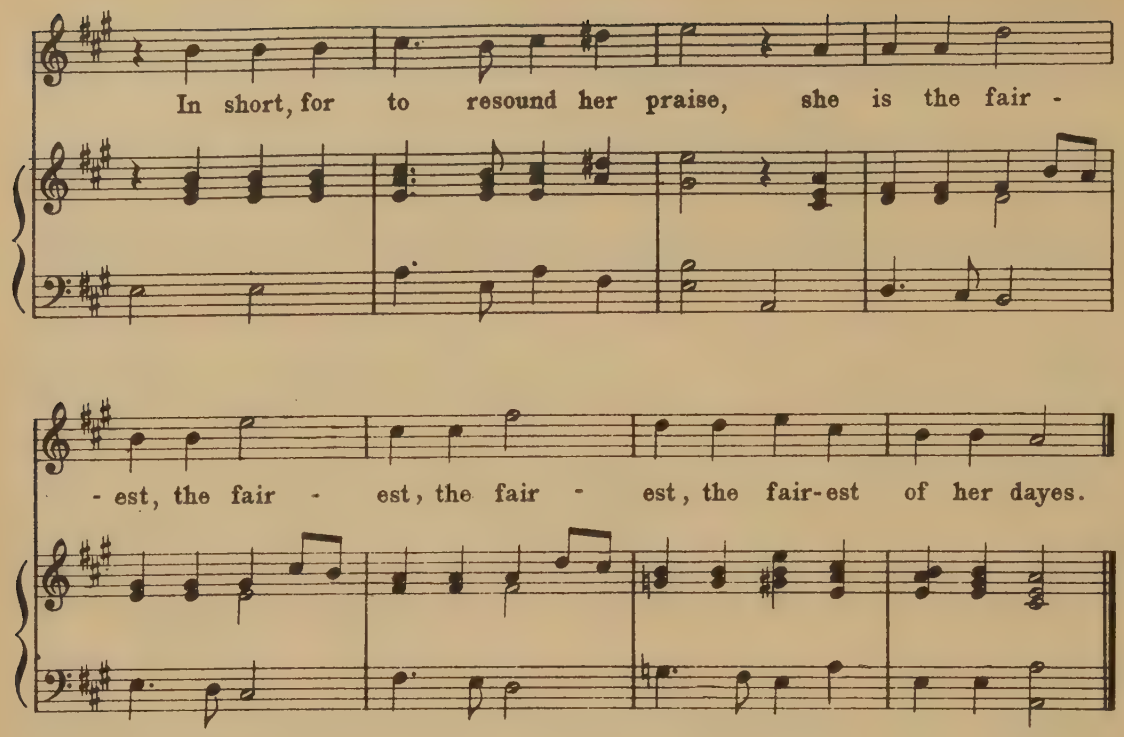
JOHN BARTLET.
A Booke of Ayres 1606.


Allegretto grazioso.
VOICE.
PIANO
Who doth be - hold my mis-tress' face, and se - eth not, good
hap hath he. Who hears her speak and marks her grace, Shall
think none oth - er spake but she. In short, for to resound her


praise, She is the fair - est, the fair - est, the fair - est, the fair-est
of her dayes.
Who knows her wit, and not ad - mires, Shall show himself de - void of skill.
Her vir - tues kin - dle strange de - sires In those that think up -
- on her still. In short, for to re-sound her praise, She


is the fair - est, the fair - est, the fair - est, the fair - est
of her dayes.
Her red is like un - to the rose, When from a bud un - to the sunne
Her ten - der leaves she doth dis - close, The first de - gree of
ripe-nesse wonne. In short, for to re-sound her praise, She


is the fair - est, the fair - est, the fair - est, the fair-est
of her days.
And with her red is mixt a
white Like to that same of faire moon-shine That doth up -
- on the wa - ter light, And makes the col - our seem di - vine.




Who doth behold my mistress' face,
And seeth not, good hap hath he.
Who hears her speak and marks her grace,
Shall think none other spake but she.
In short, for to resound her praise,
She is the fairest of her dayes.

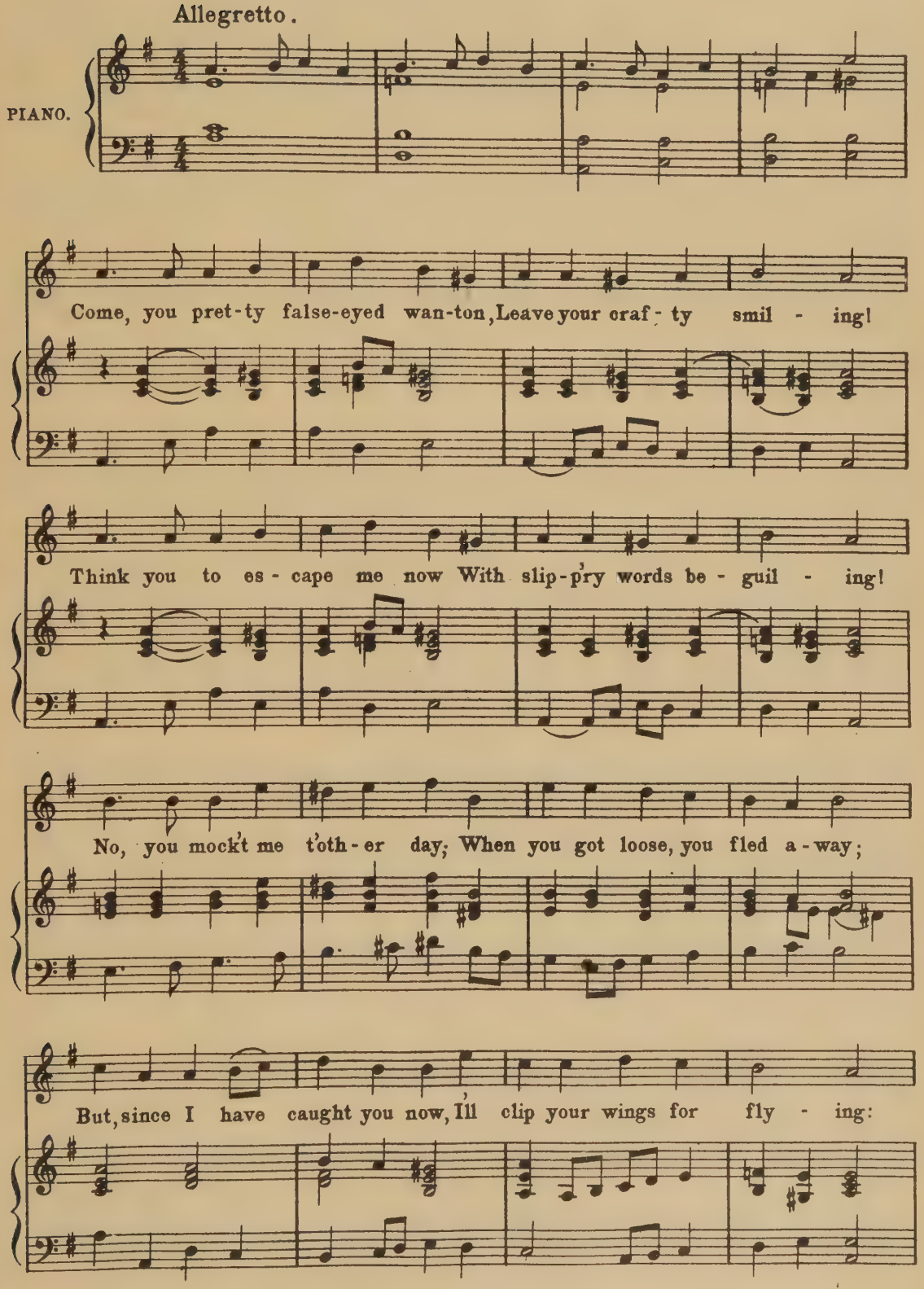
Who knows her wit, and not admires,
Shall show himself devoid of skill.
Her virtues kindle strange desires
In those that think upon her still.
In short, etc.

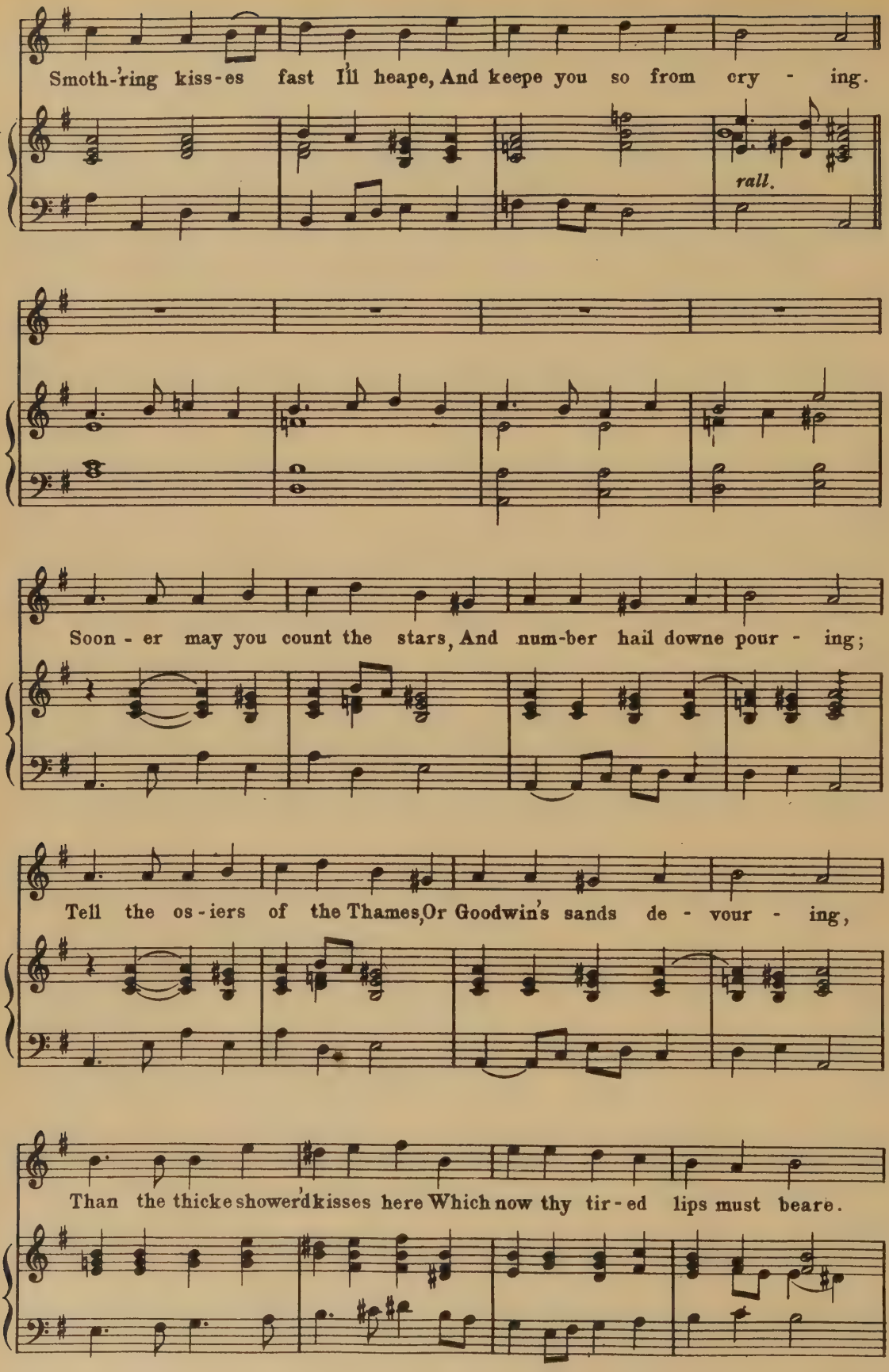
Her red is like unto the rose,
When from a bud unto the sunne
Her tender leaves she doth disclose,
The first degree of ripenesse wonne.
In short, etc.

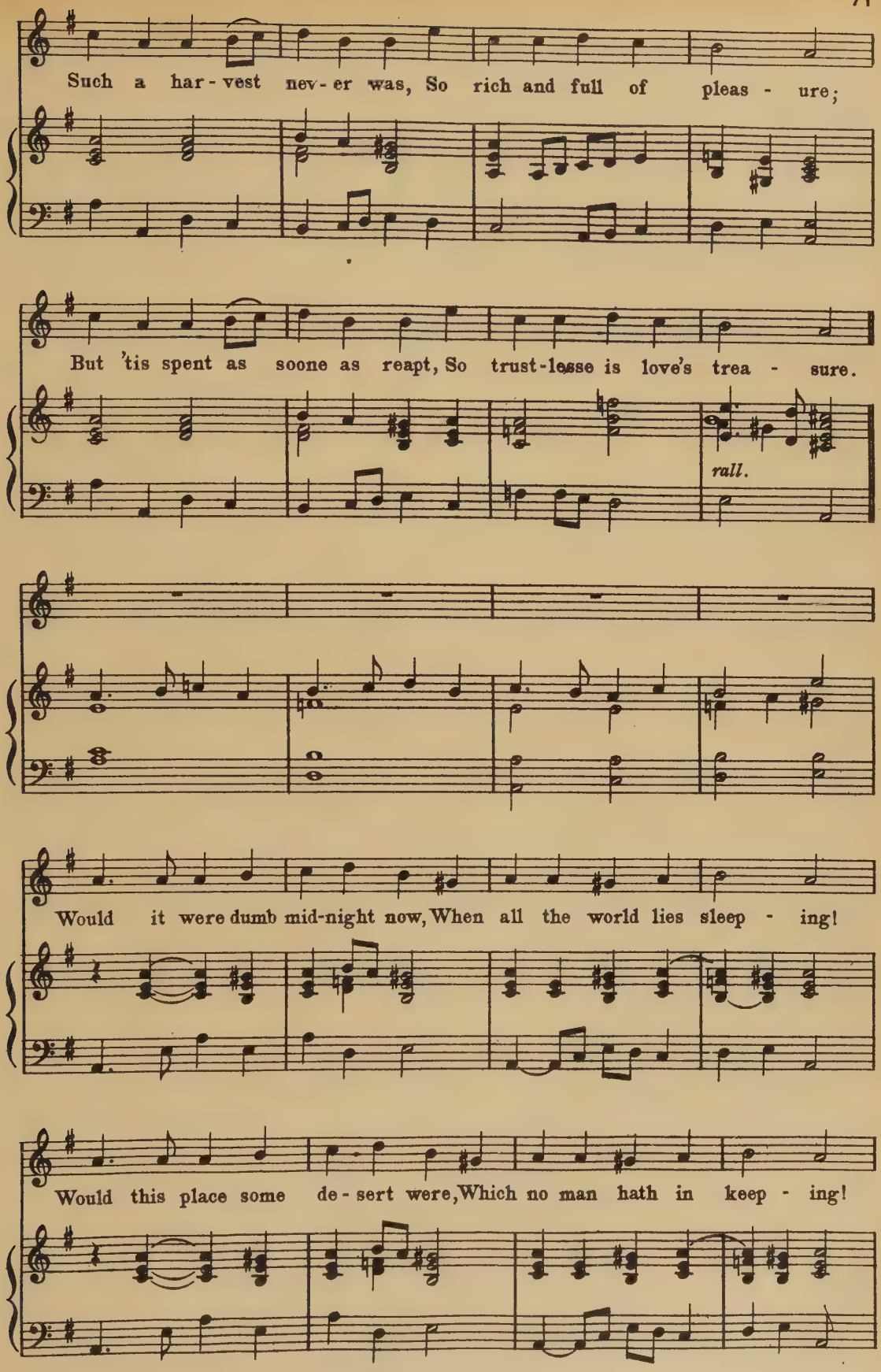
And with her red is mixt a white,
Like to that same of faire moonshine
That doth upon the water light,
And makes the colour seem divine.
In short, etc.

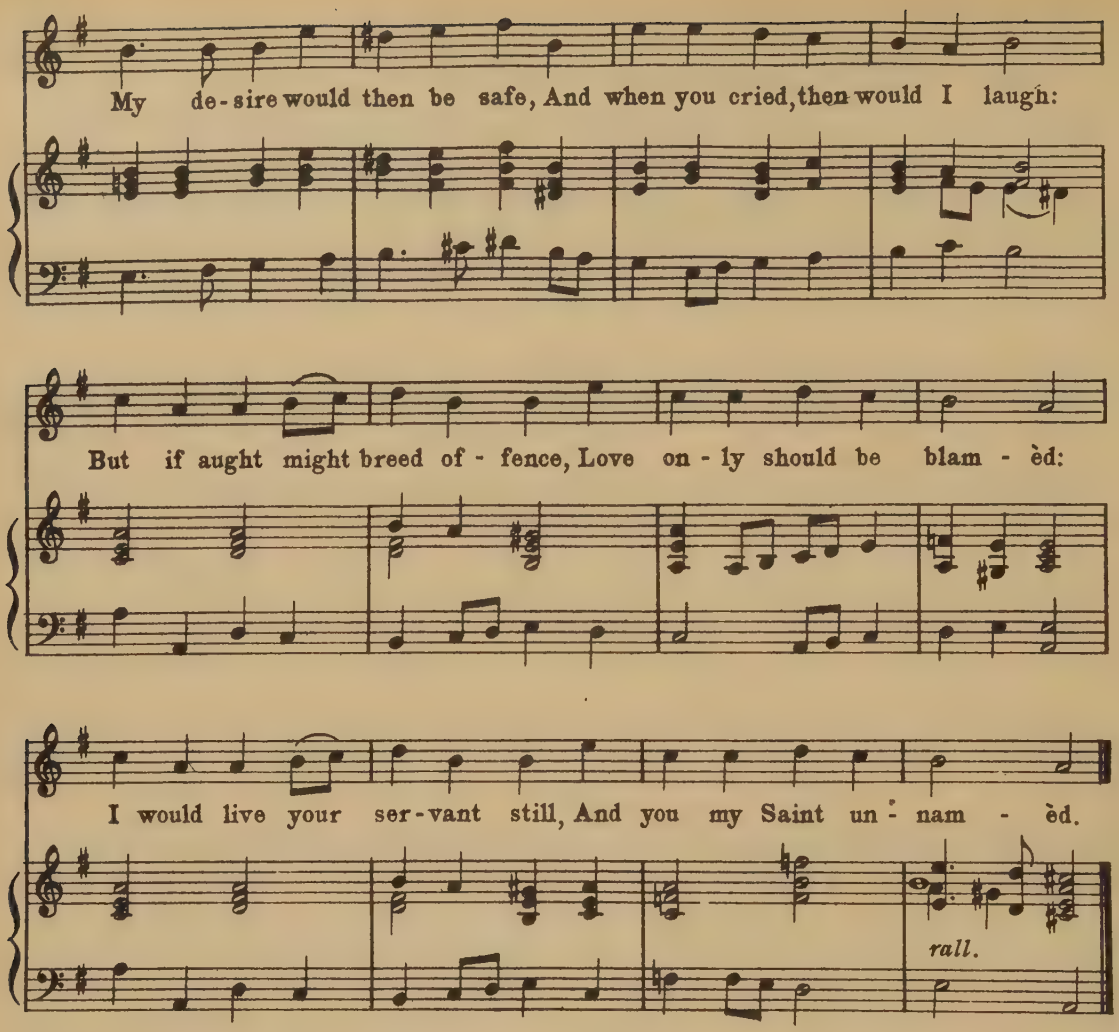
# Come, you pretty false-eyed wanton.

THOMAS CAMPION.
2nd Booke of Ayres. 1610.


Allegretto.
PIANO.
Come, you pret-ty false-eyed wan-ton, Leave your craf-ty smil-ing!
Think you to es-cape me now With slip-pry words be-guil-ing!
No, you mock't me t'oth-er day; When you got loose, you fled a-way;
But, since I have caught you now, I'll clip your wings for fly-ing:


Smoth-'ring kiss-es fast I'll heape, And keepe you so from cry - ing.
rall.
Soon - er may you count the stars, And num-ber hail downe pour - ing;
Tell the os-iers of the Thames, Or Goodwin's sands de - vour - ing,
Than the thicke showerd kisses here Which now thy tir-ed lips must beare.


Such a har - vest nev - er was, So rich and full of pleas - ure;
But 'tis spent as soone as reapt, So trust-lesse is love's trea - sure.
rall.
Would it were dumb mid-night now, When all the world lies sleep - ing!
Would this place some de - sert were, Which no man hath in keep - ing!


My de-sire would then be safe, And when you cried, then would I laugh:
But if aught might breed of-fence, Love on-ly should be blam-èd:
I would live your ser-vant still, And you my Saint un-nam-èd.
rall.

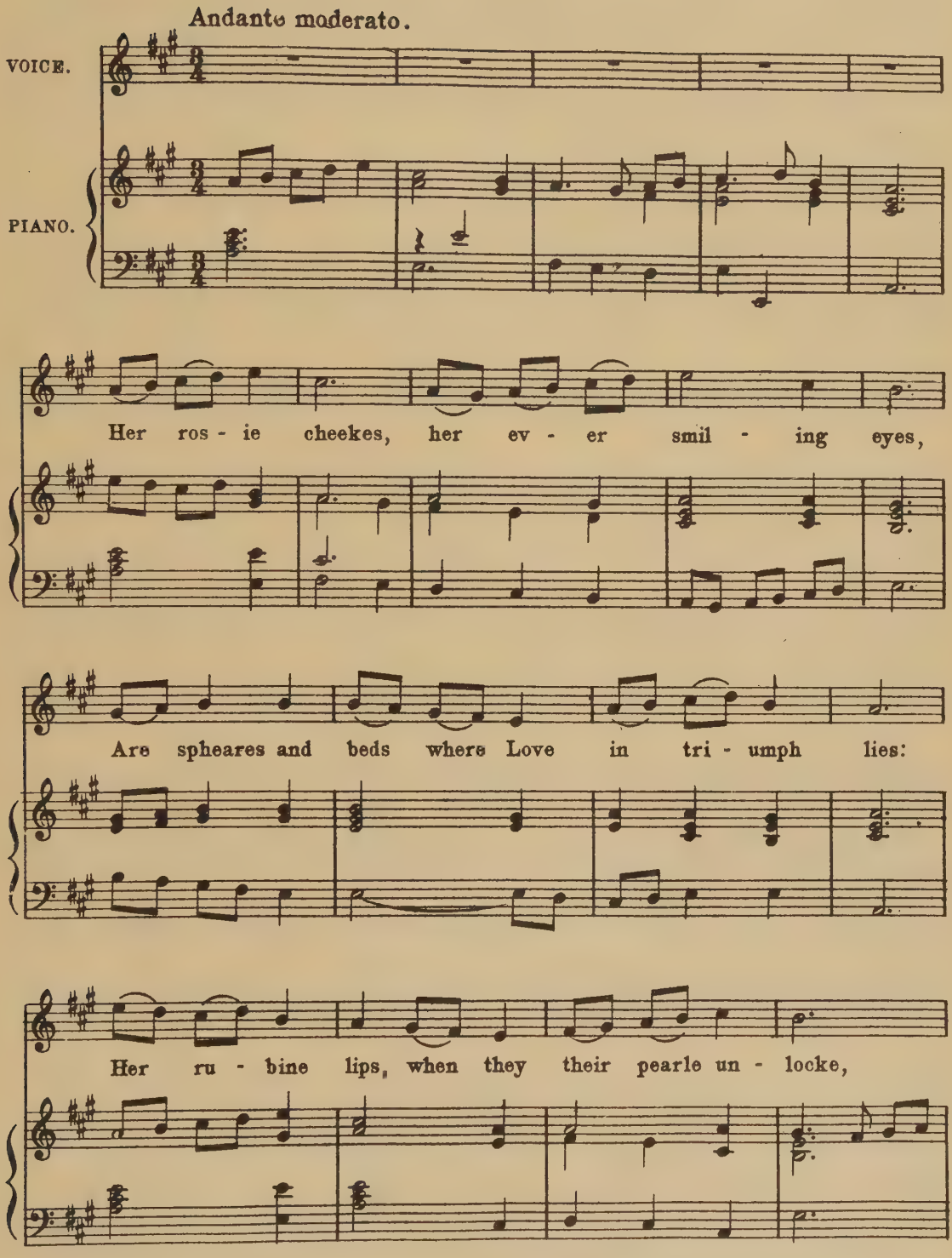
Come, you pretty false eyed wanton,
Leave your crafty smiling!
Think you to escape me now
With slipp'ry words beguiling!
No, you mockt me t'other day,
When you got loose, you fled away;
But, since I have caught you now,
I'll clip your wings for flying:
Smoth'ring kisses fast I'll heape,
And keepe you so from crying.

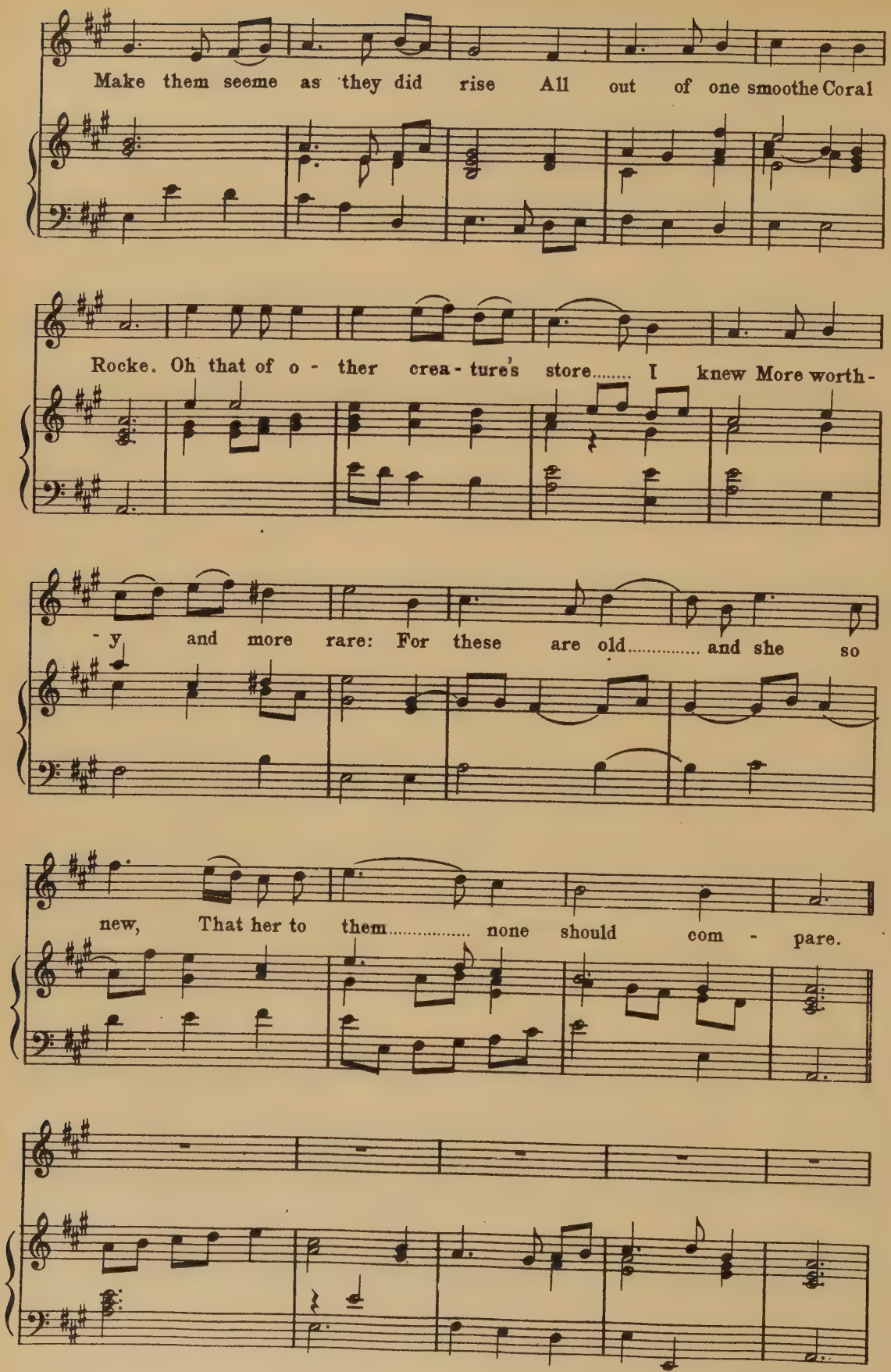
Sooner may you count the stars,
And number hail downe pouring;
Tell the osiers of the Thames,
Or Goodwin's Sands devouring,
Than the thicke showerd kisses here
Which now thy tired lips must beare.
Such a harvest never was,
So rich and full of pleasure;
But 'tis spent as soone as reapt,
So trustlesse is love's treasure.

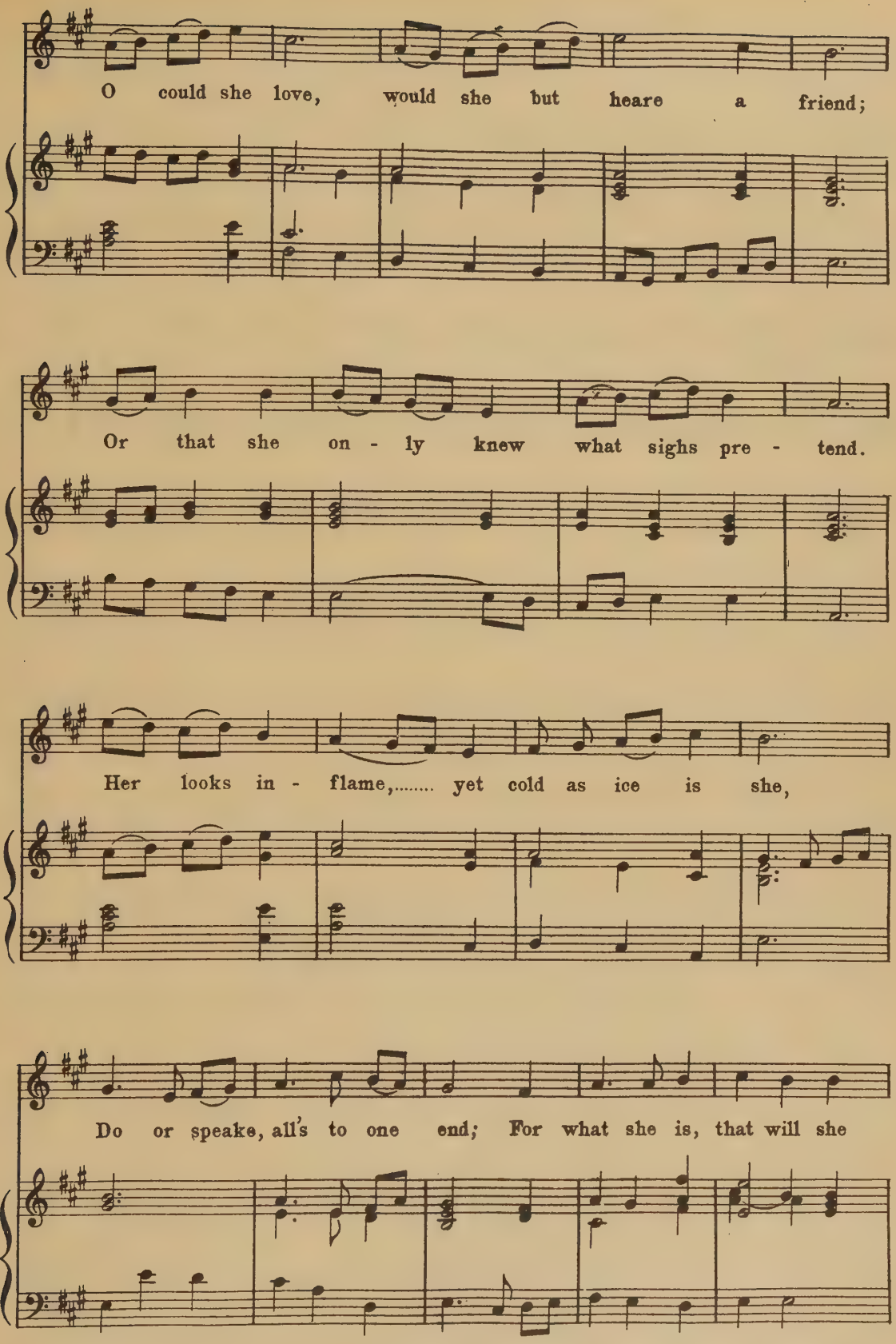
Would it were dumb midnight now,
When all the world lies sleeping!
Would this place some desert were,
Which no man hath in keeping!
My desire would then be safe,
And when you cried then would I laugh:
But if aught might breed offence,
Love only should be blamèd:
I would live your servant still,
And you my Saint unamèd.

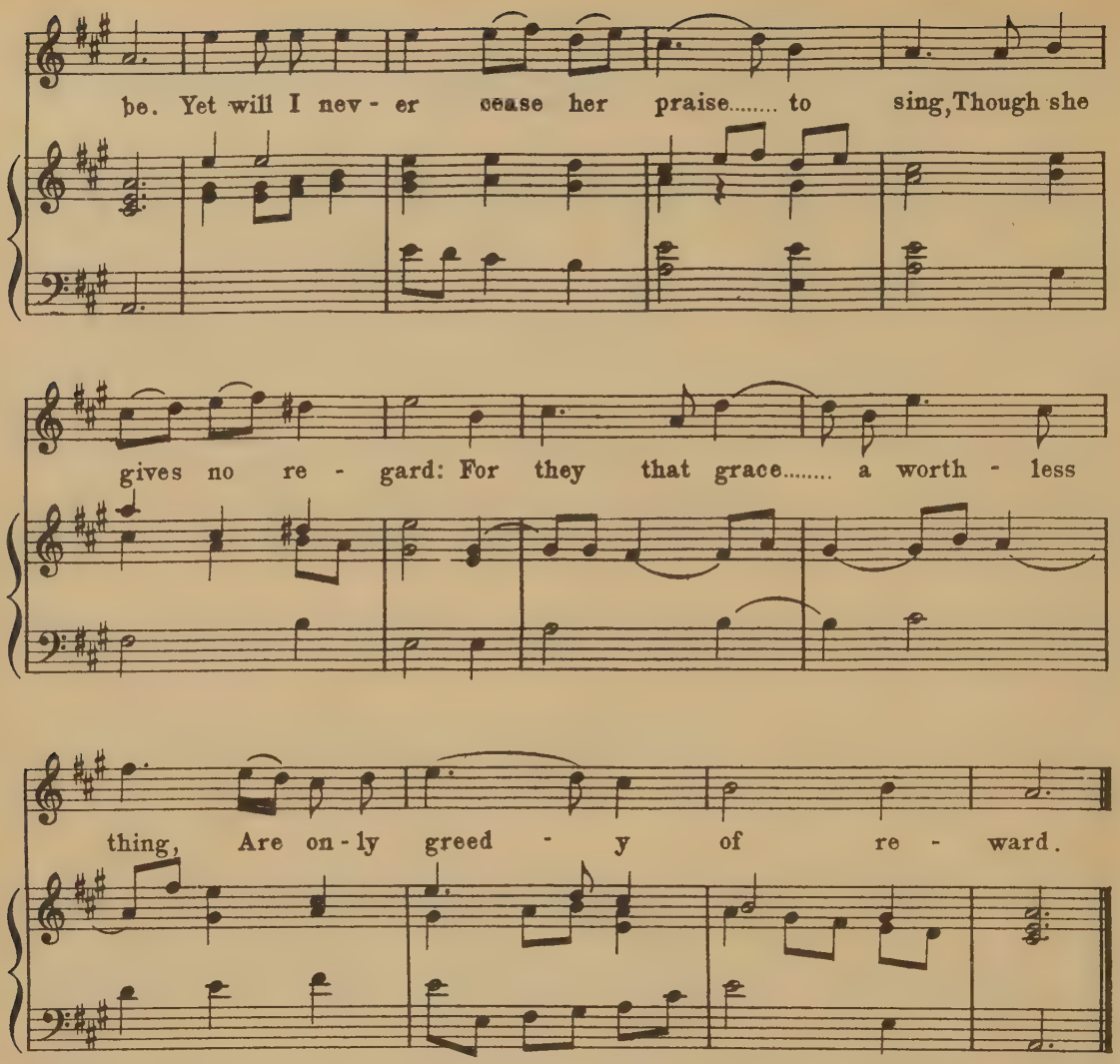
# Her rosie cheekes.

THOMAS CAMPION.
2nd Booke of Ayres. 1610.


Andante moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Her ros - ie cheekes, her ev - er smil - ing eyes,
Are spheares and beds where Love in tri - umph lies:
Her ru - bine lips, when they their pearle un - locke,


Make them seeme as they did rise All out of one smoothe Coral
Rocke. Oh that of o - ther crea - ture's store..... I knew More worth -
- y and more rare: For these are old..... and she so
new, That her to them..... none should com - pare.


O could she love, would she but heare a friend;
Or that she on - ly knew what sighs pre - tend.
Her looks in - flame,..... yet cold as ice is she,
Do or speake, all's to one end; For what she is, that will she


be. Yet will I nev - er cease her praise..... to sing, Though she
gives no re - gard: For they that grace..... a worth - less
thing, Are on - ly greed - y of re - ward.

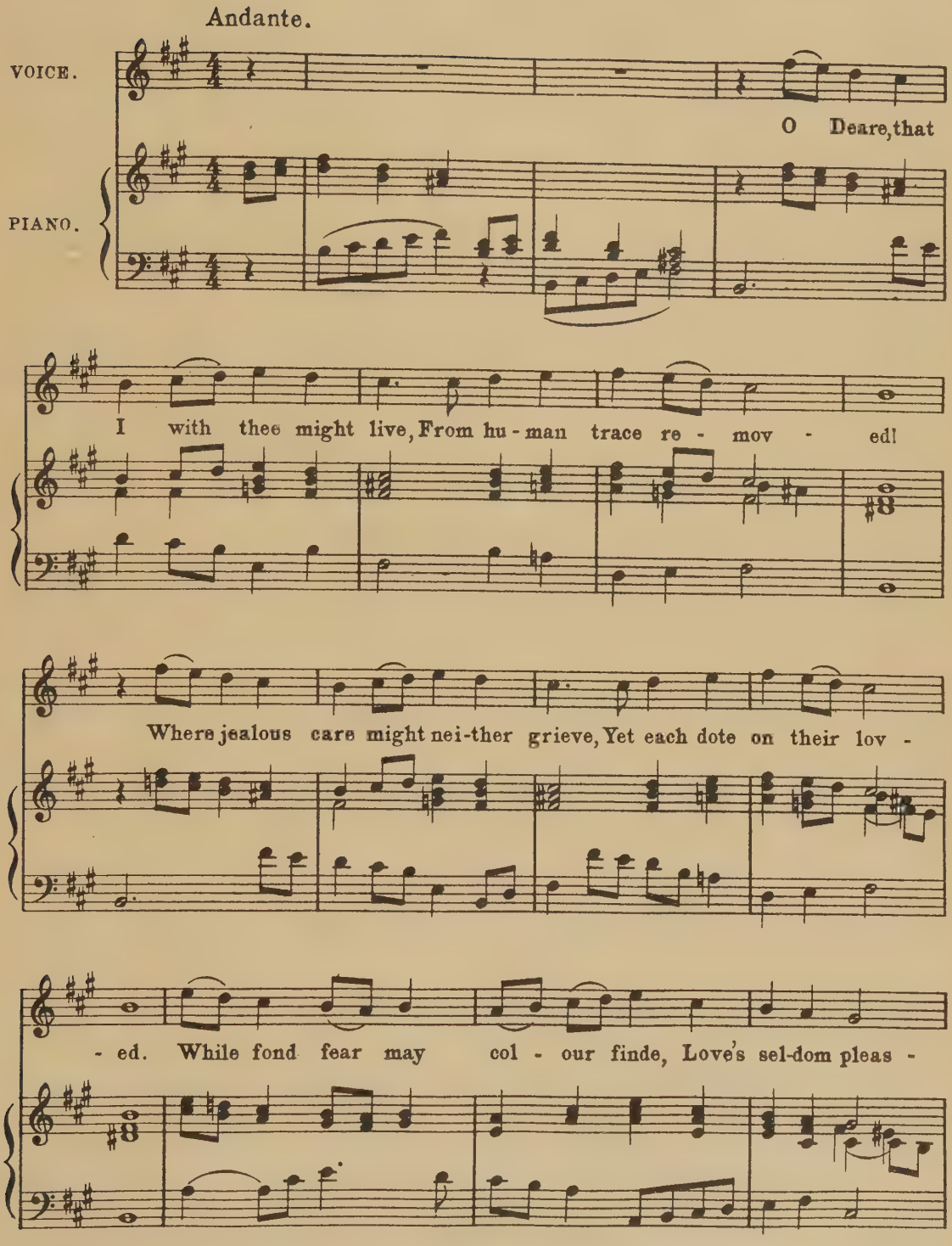
Her rosie cheekes, her ever smiling eyes,
Are spheares and beds where Love in triumph lies:
Her rubine lips, when they their pearle unlocke,
Make them seeme as they did rise
All out of one smoothe Coral Rocke.
Oh that of other creatures' store I knew
More worthy and more rare:
For these are old, and she is new,
That her to them none should compare.

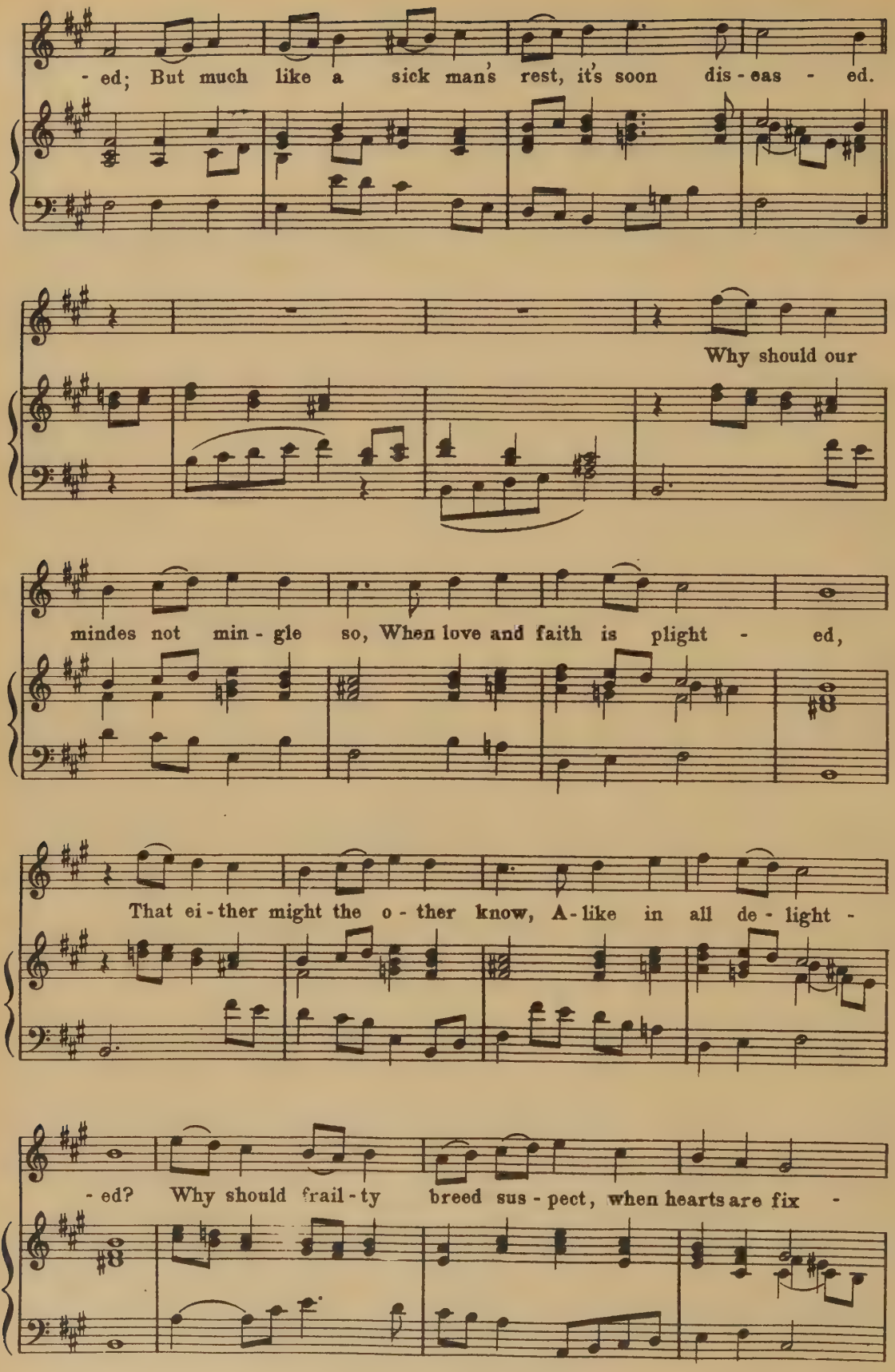
O could she love, would she but heare a friend;
Or that she only knew what sighs pretend.
Her looks inflame, yet cold as ice is she,
Do or speake, all's to one end;
For what she is, that will she be.
Yet will I never cease her praise to sing,
Though she gives no regard:
For they that grace a worthless thing,
Are only greedy of reward.

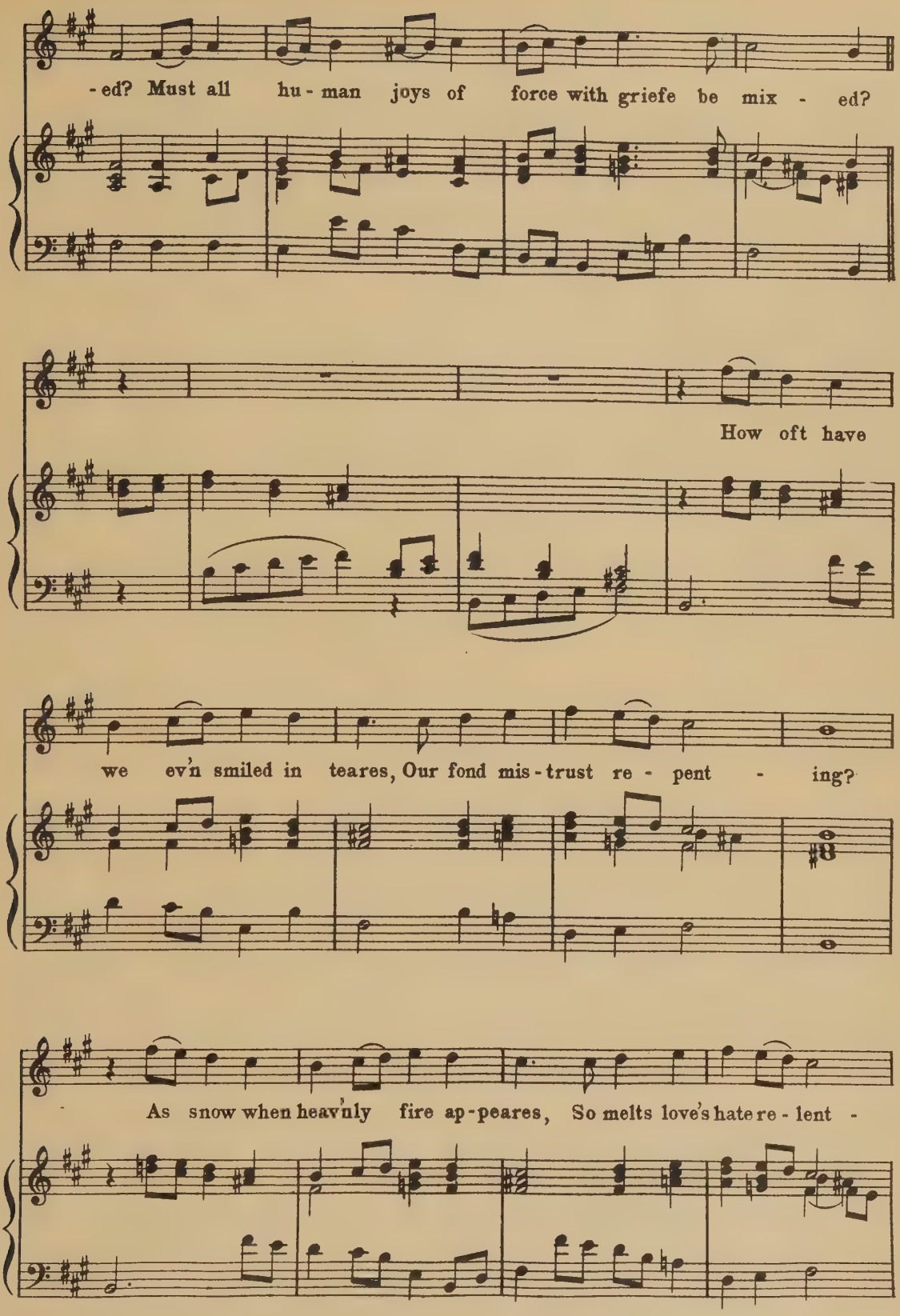
# O deare, that I with thee might live.

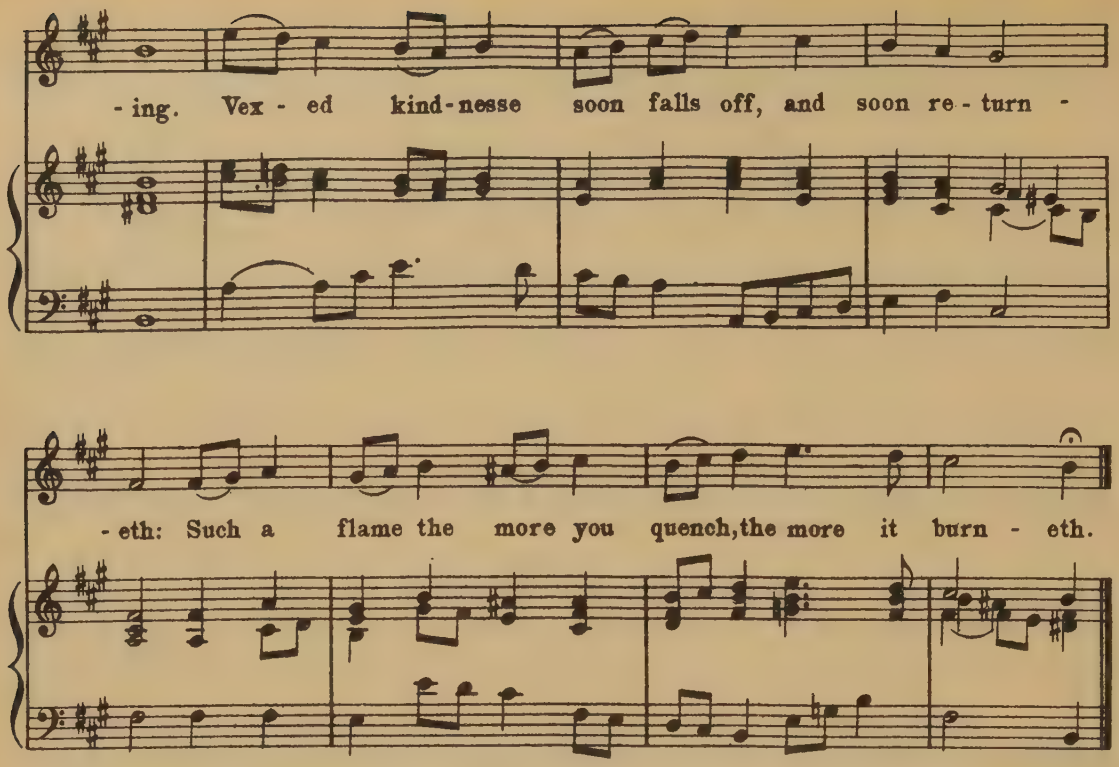
THOMAS CAMPION.

2nd Booke of Ayres.1610.


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
O Deare, that
I with thee might live, From hu - man trace re - mov - ed!
Where jealous care might nei-ther grieve, Yet each dote on their lov -
- ed. While fond fear may col - our finde, Love's sel-dom pleas -


- ed; But much like a sick man's rest, it's soon dis - eas - ed.
Why should our
mindes not min - gle so, When love and faith is plight - ed,
That ei - ther might the o - ther know, A - like in all de - light -
- ed? Why should frail - ty breed sus - pect, when hearts are fix -


-ed? Must all hu-man joys of force with griefe be mix - ed?
How oft have
we ev'n smiled in teares, Our fond mis-trust re - pent - ing?
As snow when heav'nly fire ap-peares, So melts love's hate re - lent -




O Deare, that I with thee might live,
From human trace removed!
Where jealous care might neither grieve,
Yet each dote on their loved.
While fond fear may colour finde, Love's seldom pleased;
But much like a sick man's rest, it's soon diseased.

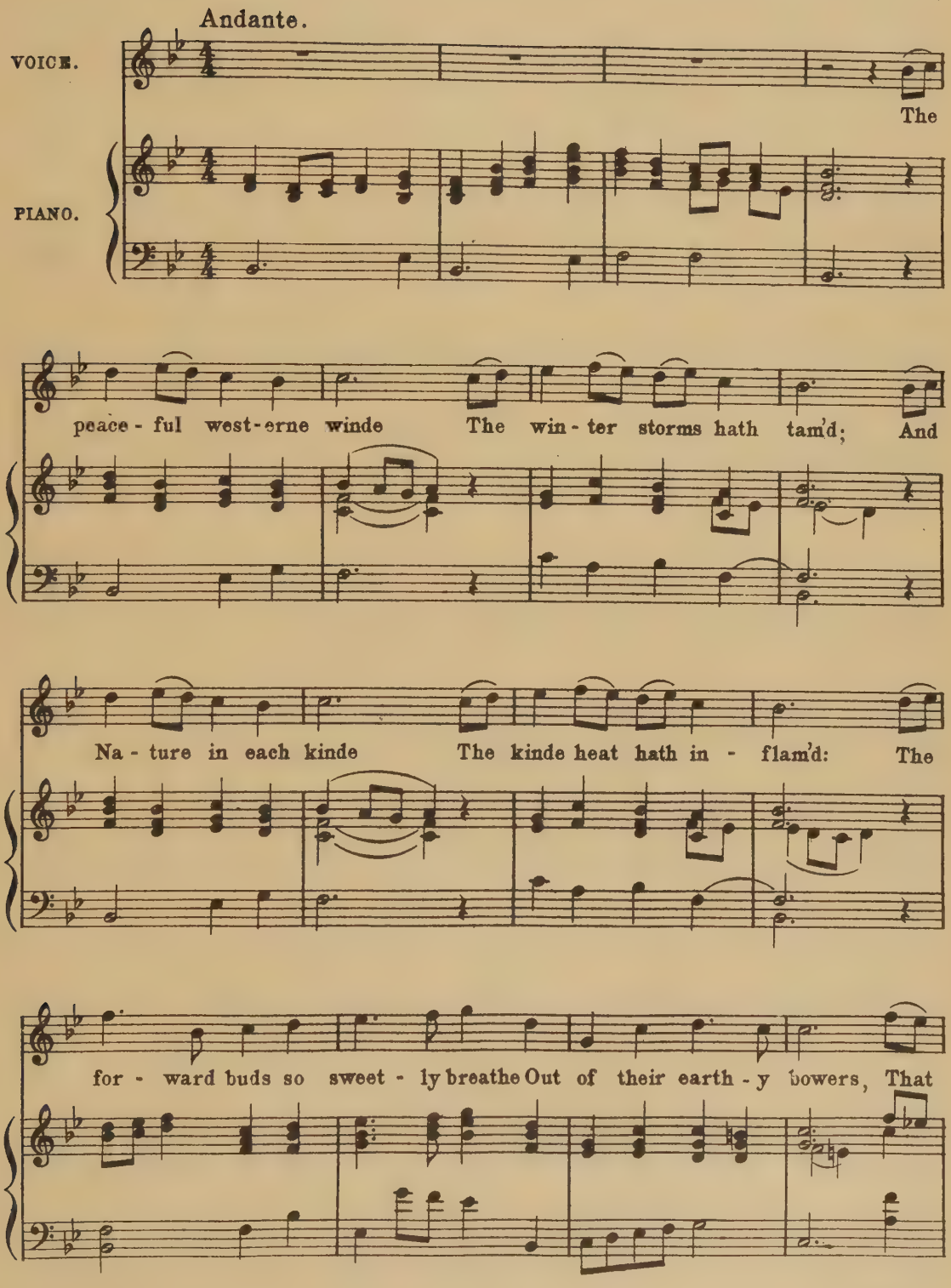
Why should our mindes not mingle so,
When love and faith is plighted,
That neither might the other know,
Alike in all delighted?
Why should frailty breed suspect, when hearts are fixed?
Must all human joys of force with griefe be mixed?

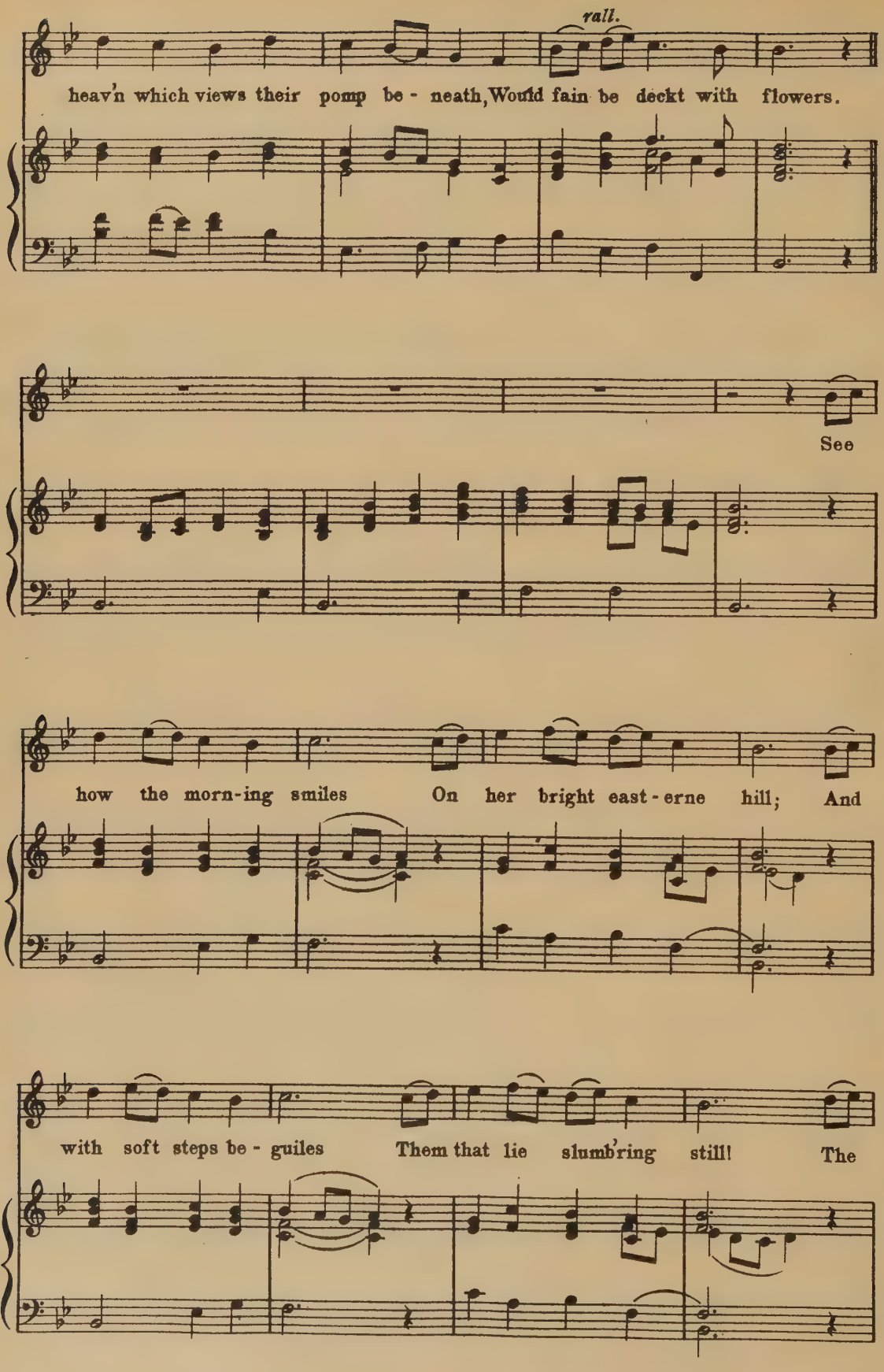
How oft have we ev'n smiled in teares,
Our fond mistrust repenting?
As snow when heav'nly fire appeares,
So melts love's hate relenting.
Vexèd kindnesse soon falls off and soon returneth:
Such a flame the more you quench, the more it burneth.

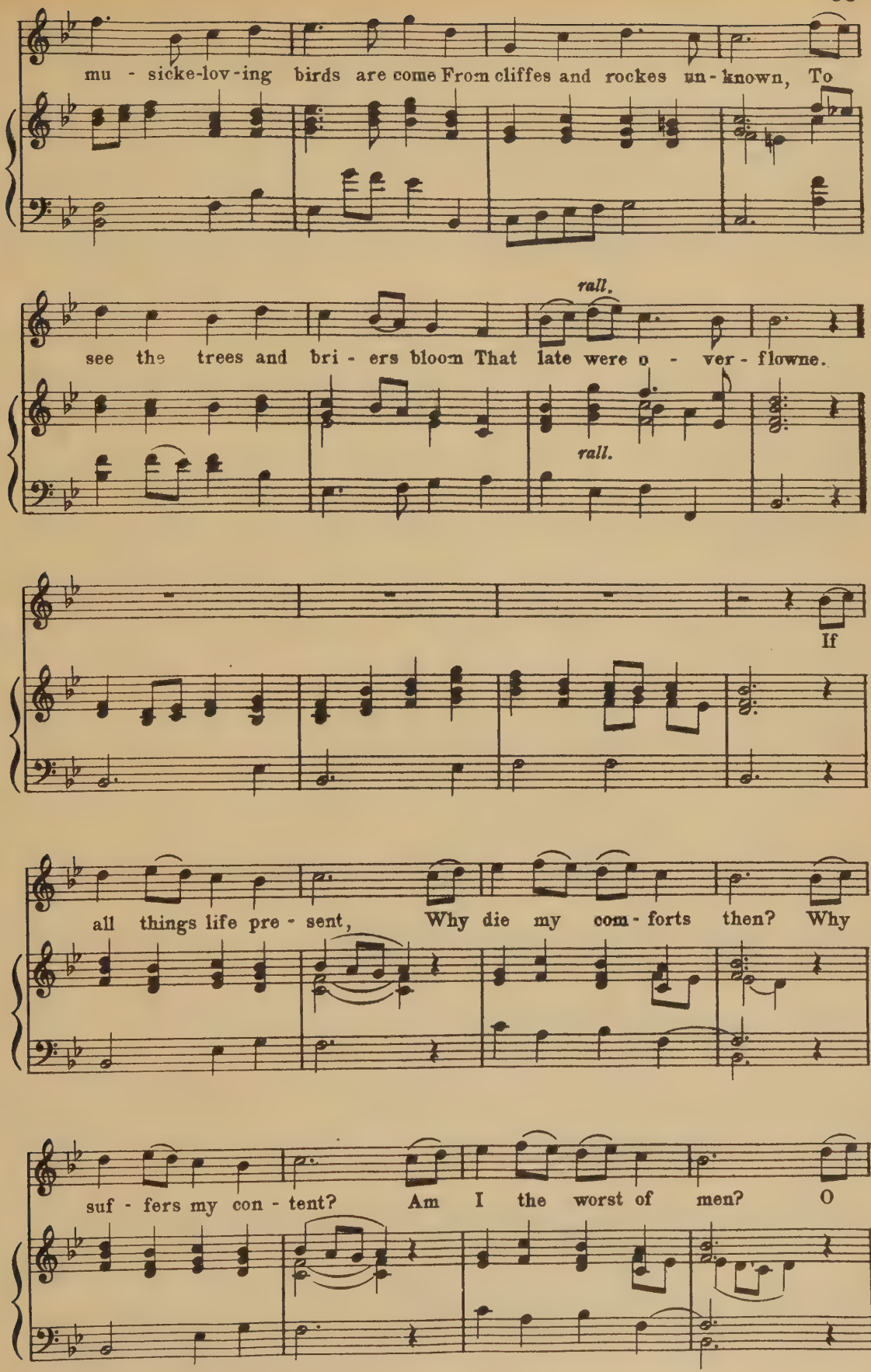
# The peaceful westerne winde.

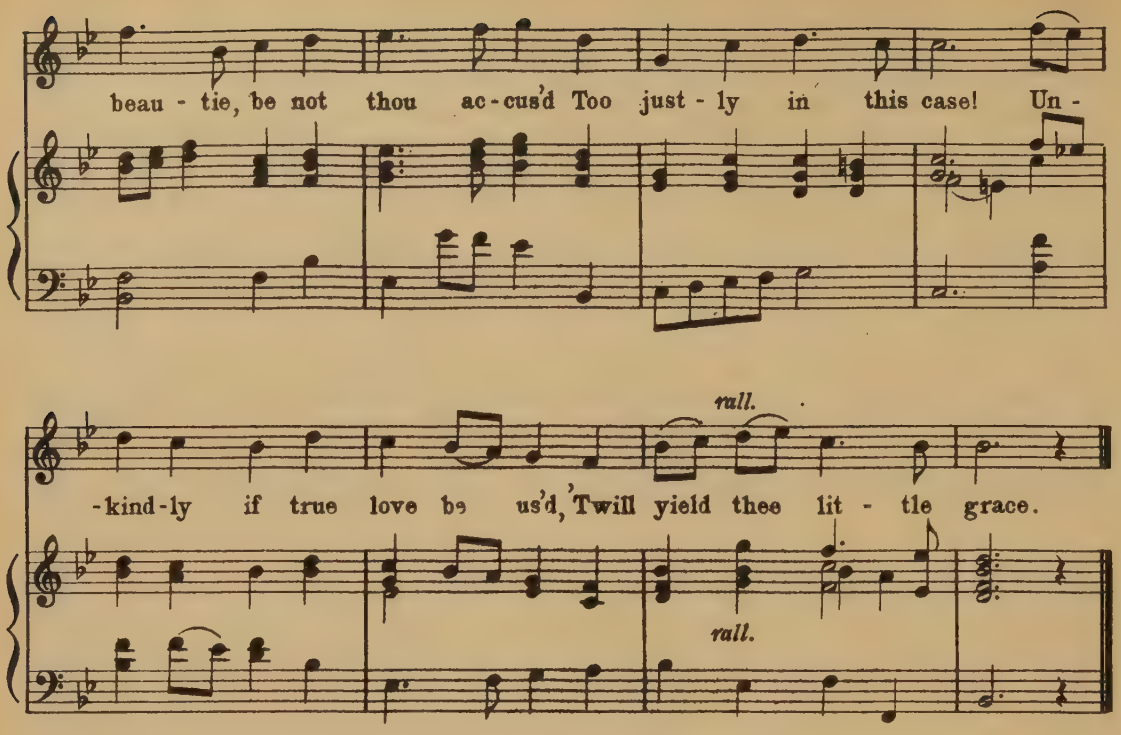
THOMAS CAMPION

2nd Book of Ayres, 1610.


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
The
peace - ful west - erne winde The win - ter storms hath tam'd; And
Na - ture in each kinde The kinde heat hath in - flam'd: The
for - ward buds so sweet - ly breathe Out of their earth - y bowers, That


rall.
heav'n which views their pomp be - neath, Would fain be deckt with flowers.
See
how the morn-ing smiles On her bright east-erne hill; And
with soft steps be - guiles Them that lie slumb'ring still! The


mu - sicke-lov-ing birds are come From cliffes and rockes un-known, To
rall.
see the trees and bri - ers bloom That late were o - ver - flowne.
rall.
If
all things life pre - sent, Why die my com - forts then? Why
suf - fers my con - tent? Am I the worst of men? O




The peaceful westerne winde
The winter storms have tam'd;
And Nature in each kinde
The kind heat hath inflam'd:
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
Out of their earthy bowers,
That heav'n which views their pomp beneath,
Would fain be deckt with flowers.

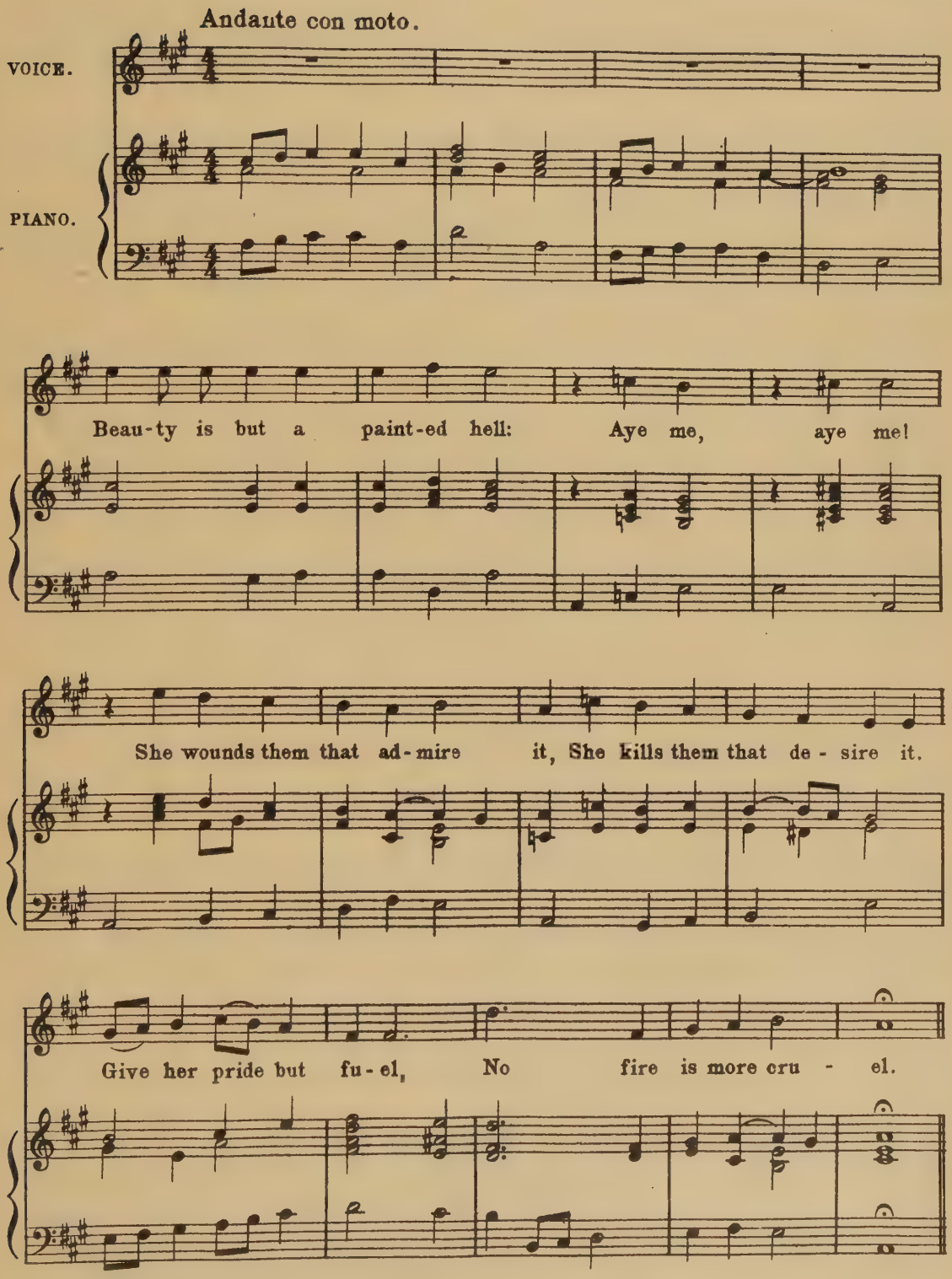
See how the morning smiles
On her bright easterne hill;
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumb'ring still!
The musicke-loving birds are come
From cliffes and rockes unknown,
To see the trees and briers bloom
That late were overflowne.

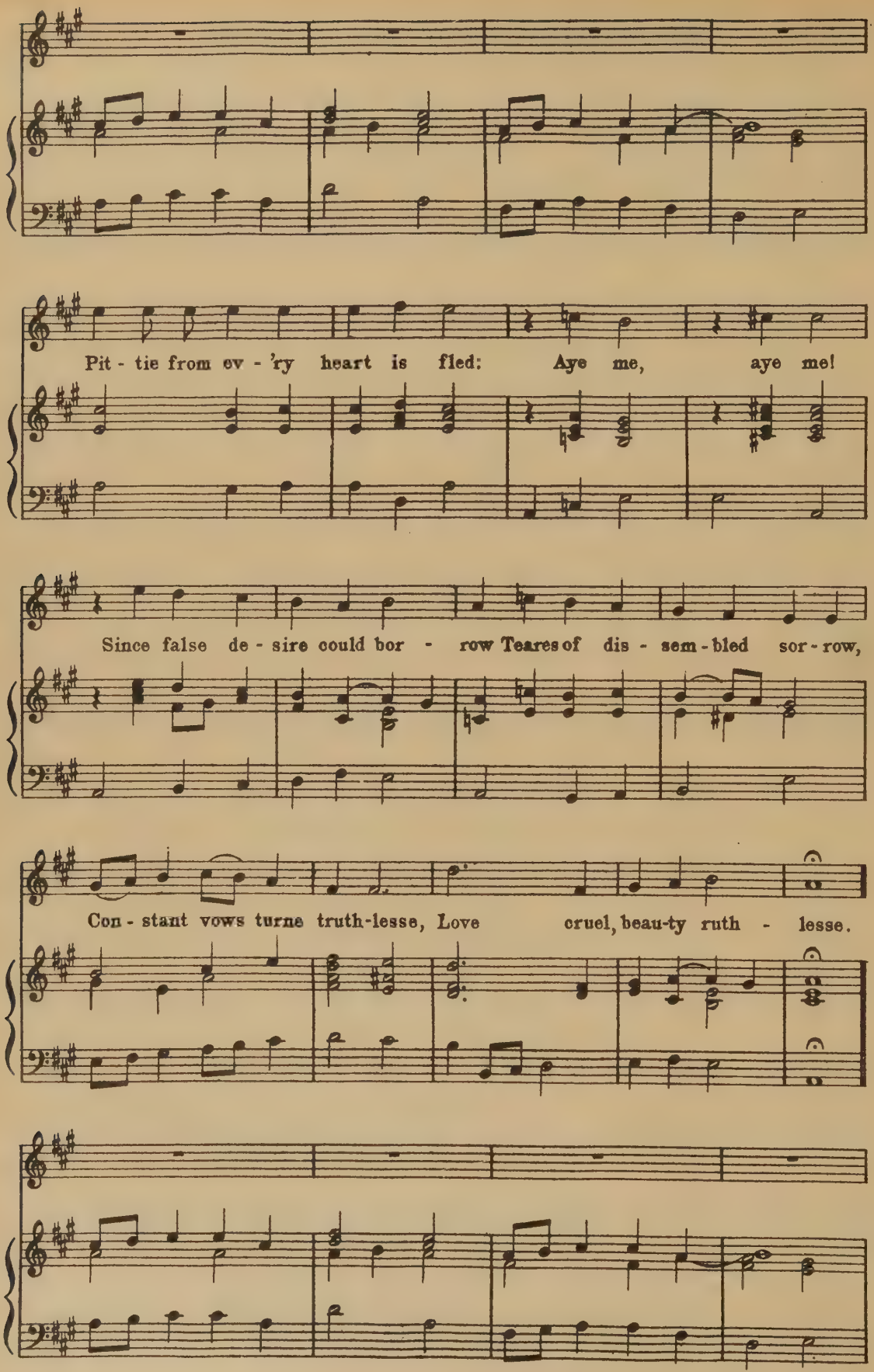
If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then?
Why suffers my content?
Am I the worst of men?
O beautie, be not thou accus'd
Too justly in this case!
Unkindly if true love be us'd,
'Twill yield thee little grace.

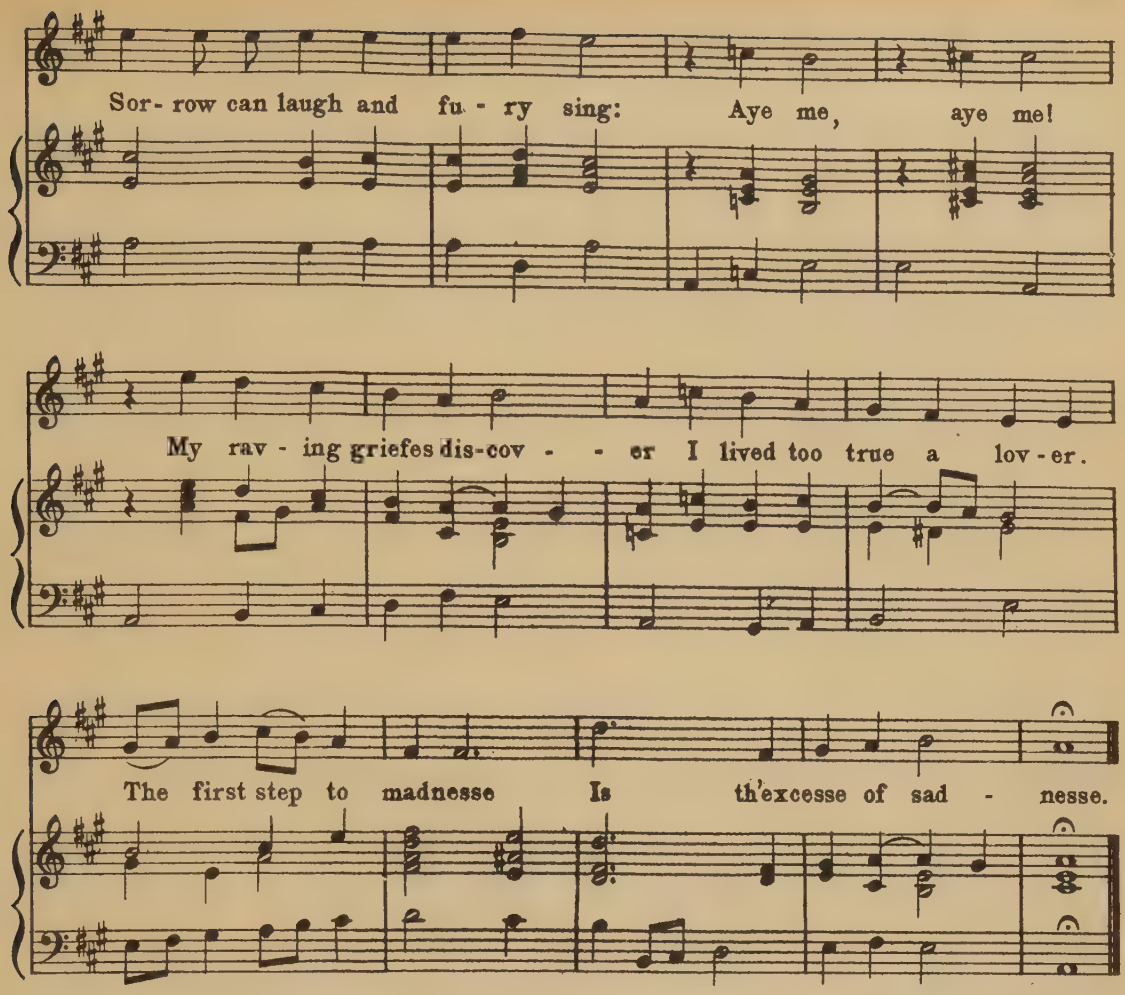
# Beauty is but a painted hell.

THOMAS CAMPION.

3rd Booke of Ayres. 1612.


Andante con moto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Beau-ty is but a paint-ed hell: Aye me, aye me!
She wounds them that ad-mire it, She kills them that de - sire it.
Give her pride but fu-el, No fire is more cru - el.


Pit - tie from ev - 'ry heart is fled: Aye me, aye me!
Since false de - sire could bor - row Teares of dis - sem - bled sor - row,
Con - stant vows turne truth-lesse, Love cruel, beau-ty ruth - lesse.


Sor- row can laugh and fu - ry sing: Aye me, aye me!
My rav - ing griefes dis-cov - - er I lived too true a lov-er.
The first step to madnesse Is th'excesse of sad - nesse.

Beauty is but a painted hell:
Aye me, aye me!
She wounds them that admire it,
She kills them that desire it.
Give her pride but fuel,
No fire is more cruel.

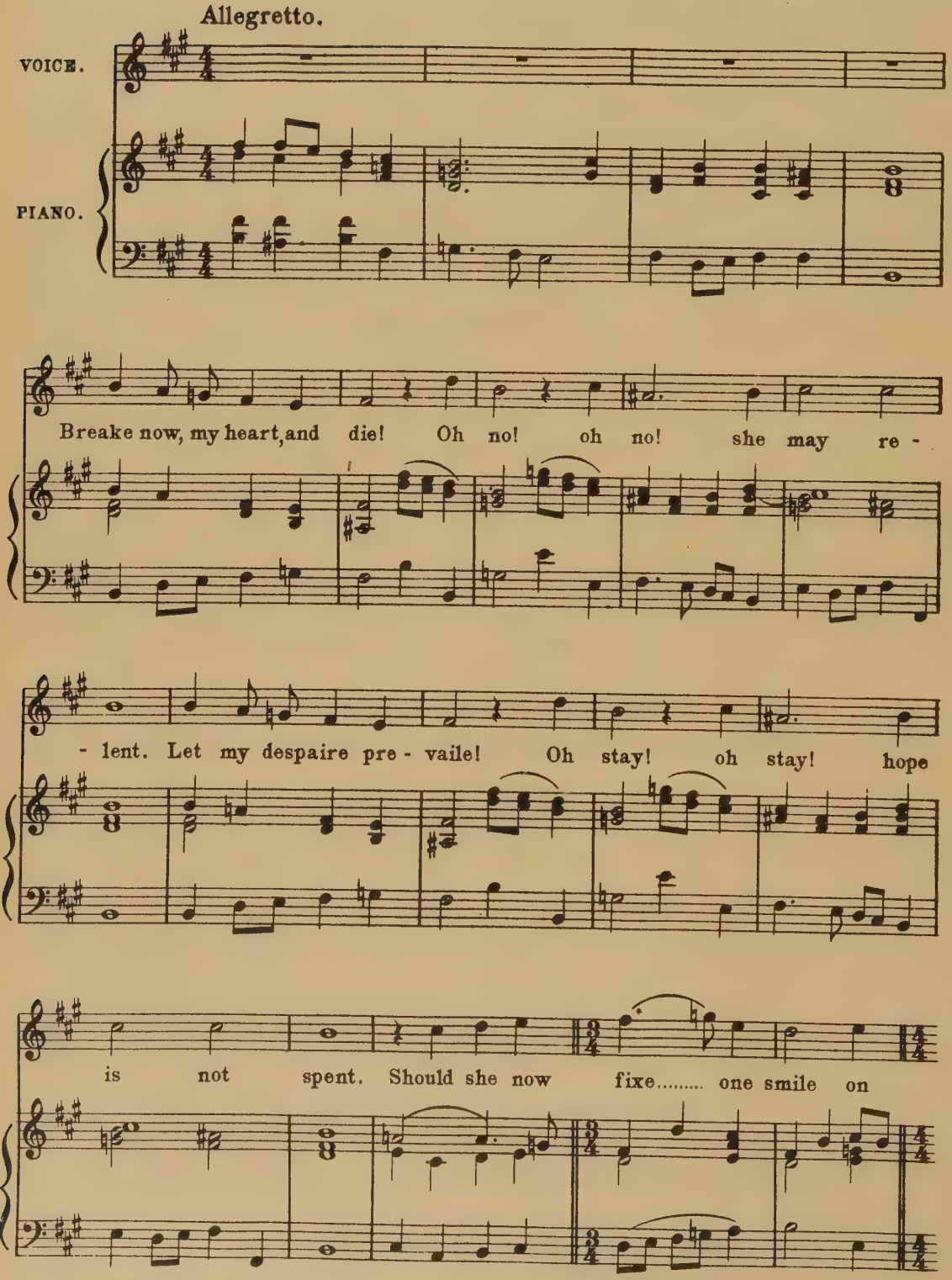
Pittie from every heart is fled:
Aye me, aye me!
Since false desire could borrow
Teares of dissembled sorrow,
Constant vows turne truthlesse,
Love cruel, beauty ruthlesse.

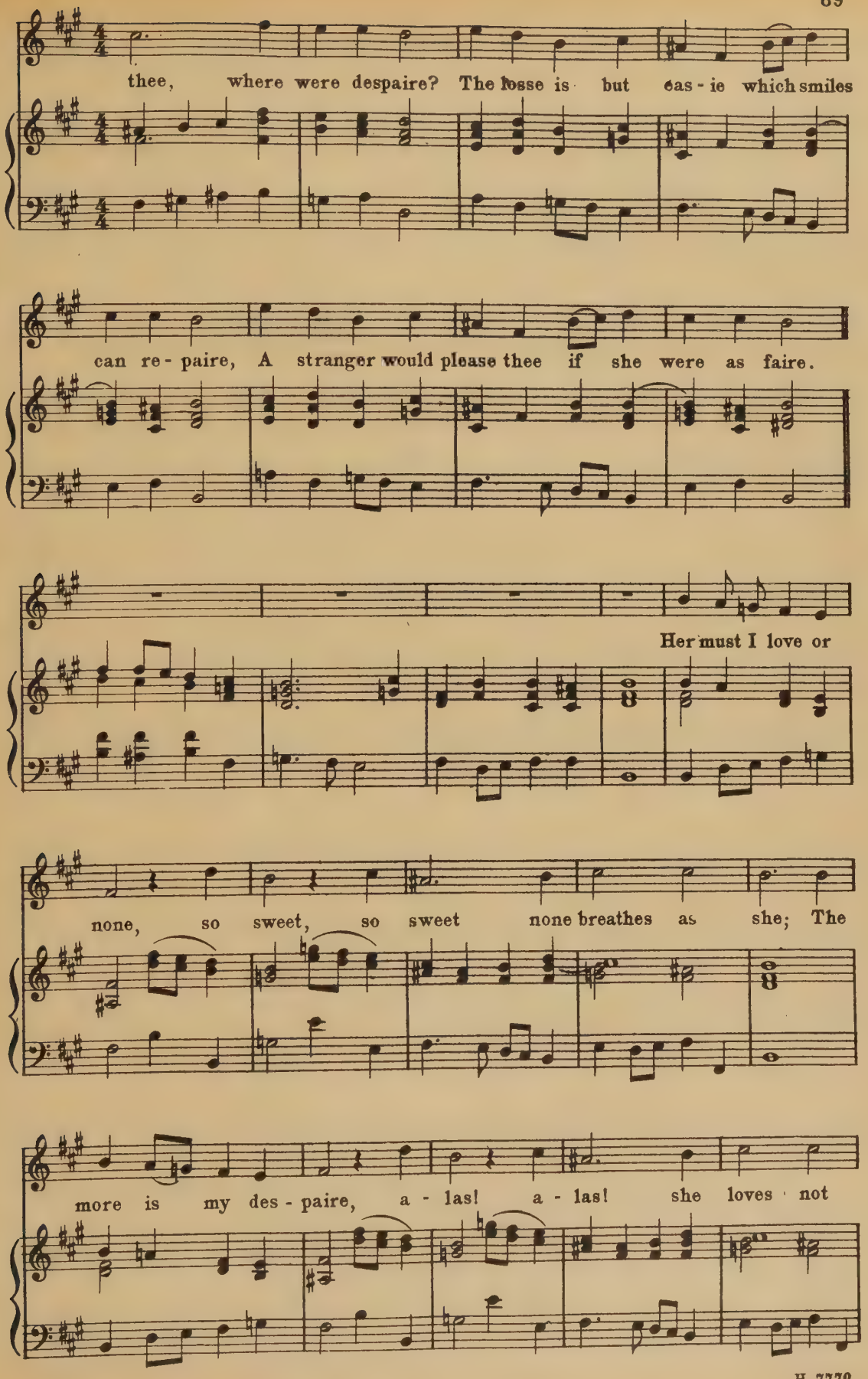
Sorrow can laugh and fury sing:
Aye me, aye me!
My raving griefs discover
I liv'd too true a lover.
The first step to madnesse
Is the excesse of sadnesse.

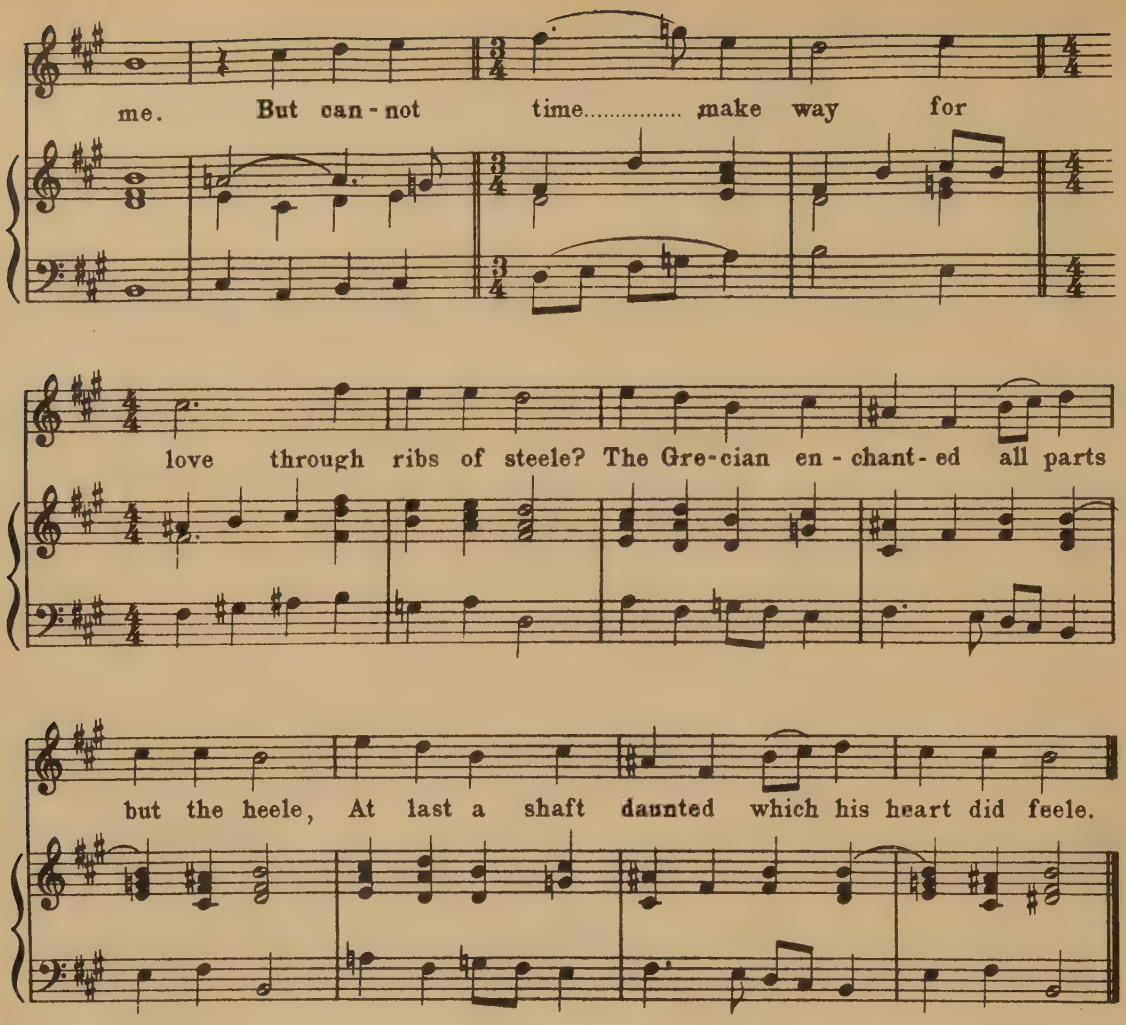
# Breake now, my heart, and die.

THOMAS CAMPION.

3rd Booke of Ayres. 1612.


Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Breake now, my heart, and die! Oh no! oh no! she may re -
- lent. Let my despaire pre - vaile! Oh stay! oh stay! hope
is not spent. Should she now fixe..... one smile on


thee, where were despaire? The losse is but eas - ie which smiles
can re - paire, A stranger would please thee if she were as faire.
Her must I love or
none, so sweet, so sweet none breathes as she; The
more is my des - paire, a - las! a - las! she loves not


me. But can-not time..... make way for
love through ribs of steele? The Gre-cian en-chant-ed all parts
but the heele, At last a shaft daunted which his heart did feele.

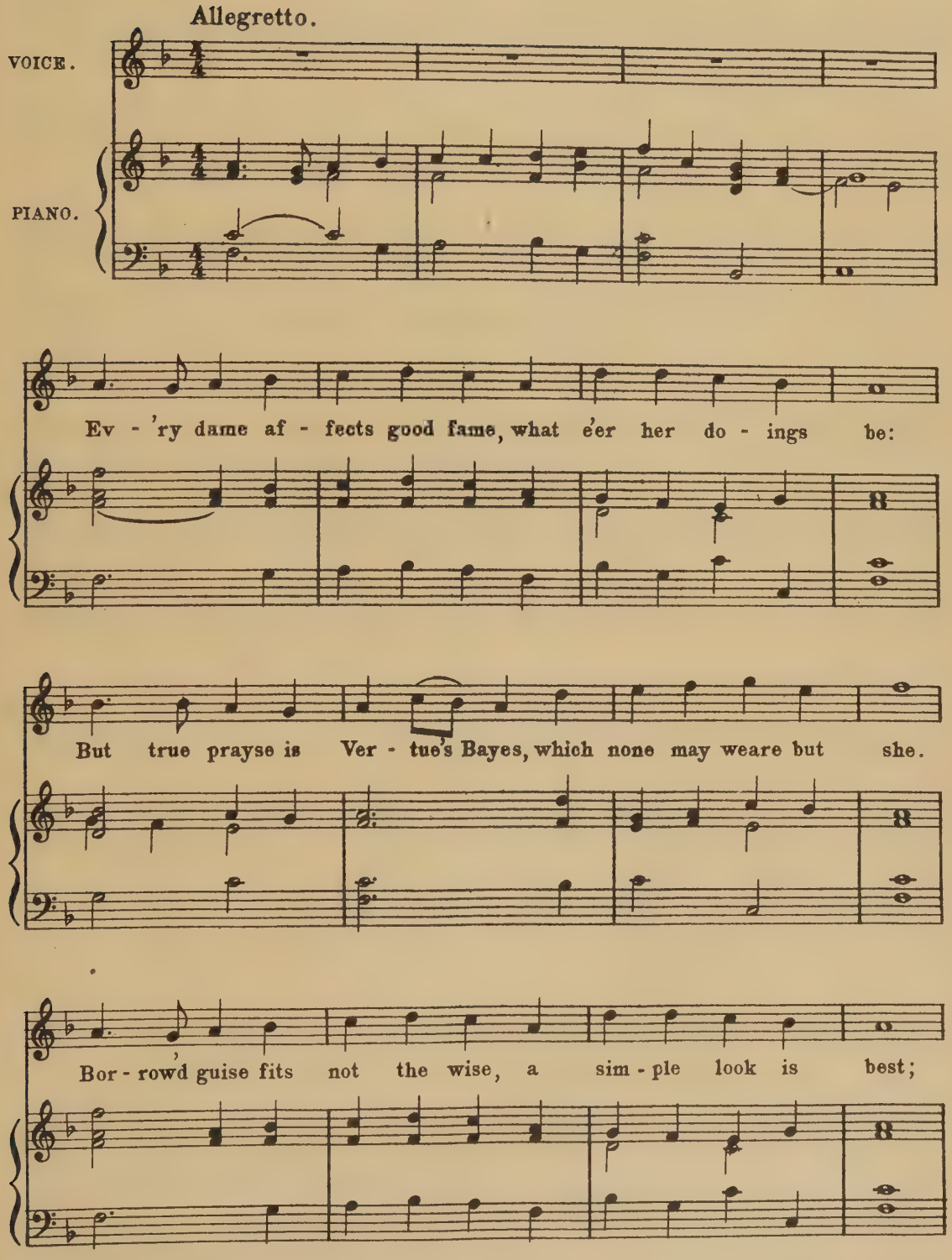
Breake now, my heart, and die! oh no! she may relent.
Let my despaire prevaile! oh stay! hope is not spent.
Should she now fixe one smile on thee, where were despaire?
The losse is but easie which smiles can repaire,
A stranger would please thee if she were as faire.

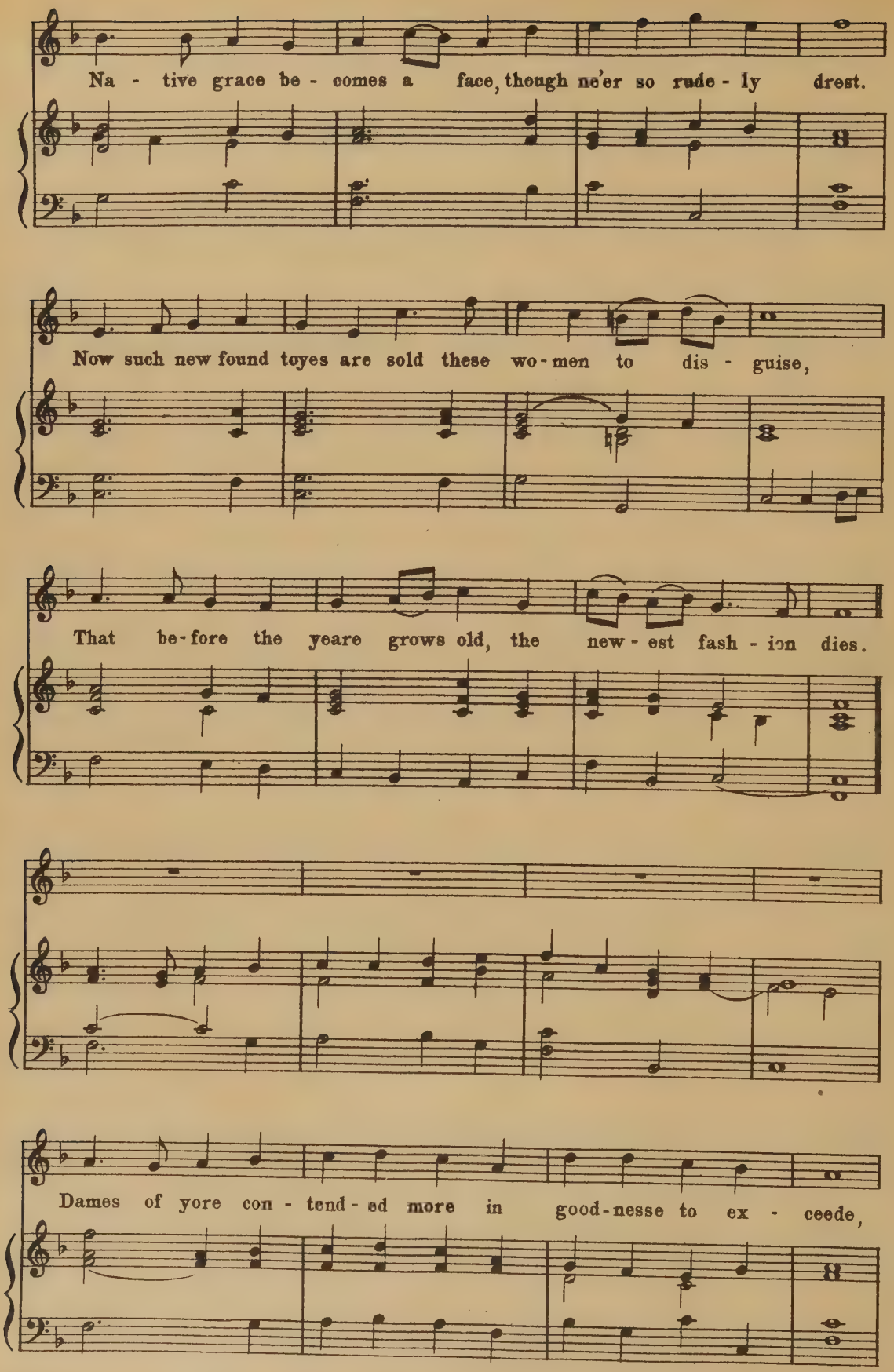
Her must I love or none, so sweet none breathes as she;
The more is my despaire, alas! she loves not me.
But cannot time make way for love through ribs of steel?
The Grecian enchanted all parts but the heele,
At last a shaft daunted which his heart did feele.

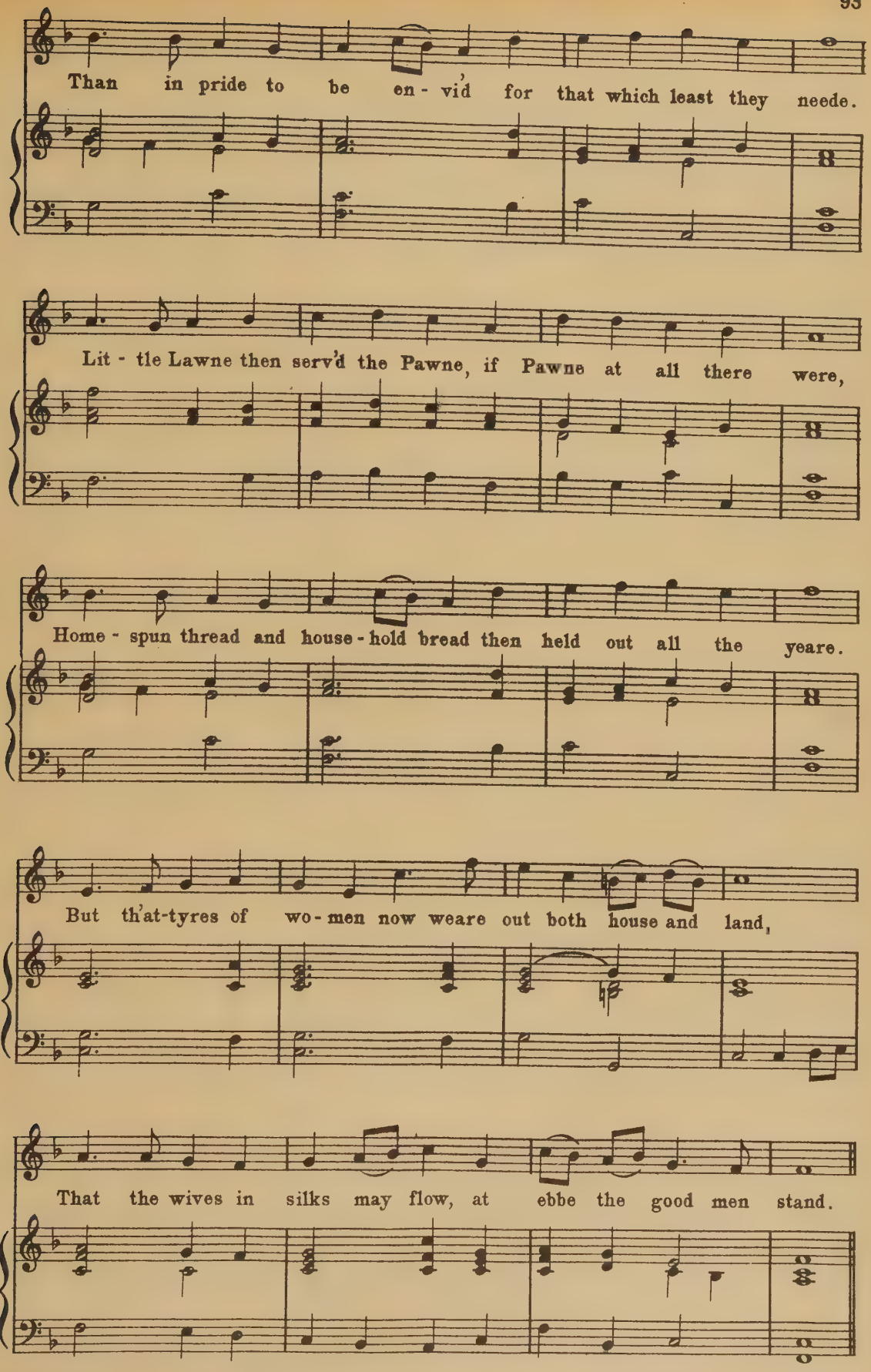
# Ev'ry dame affects good fame.

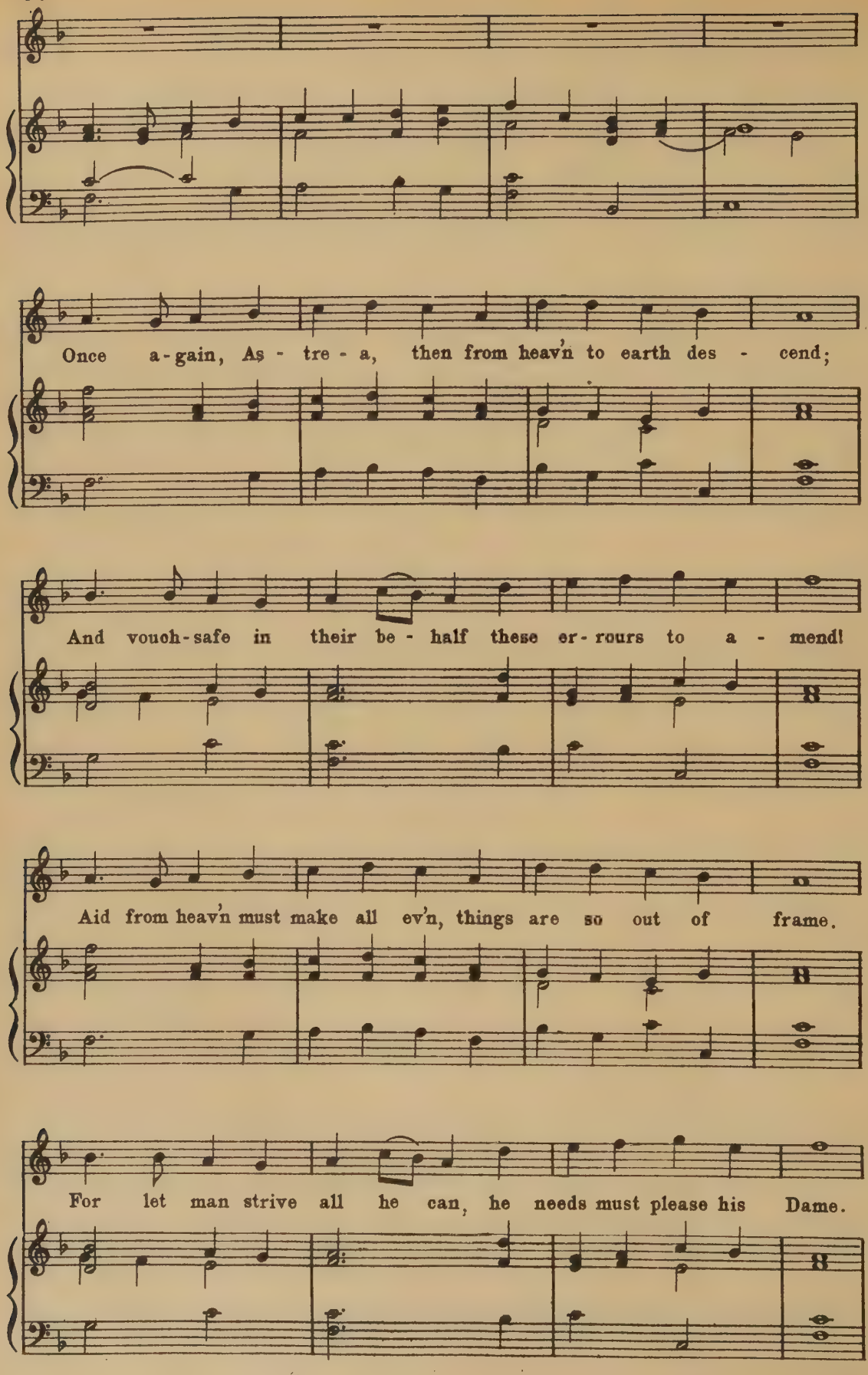
THOMAS CAMPION.

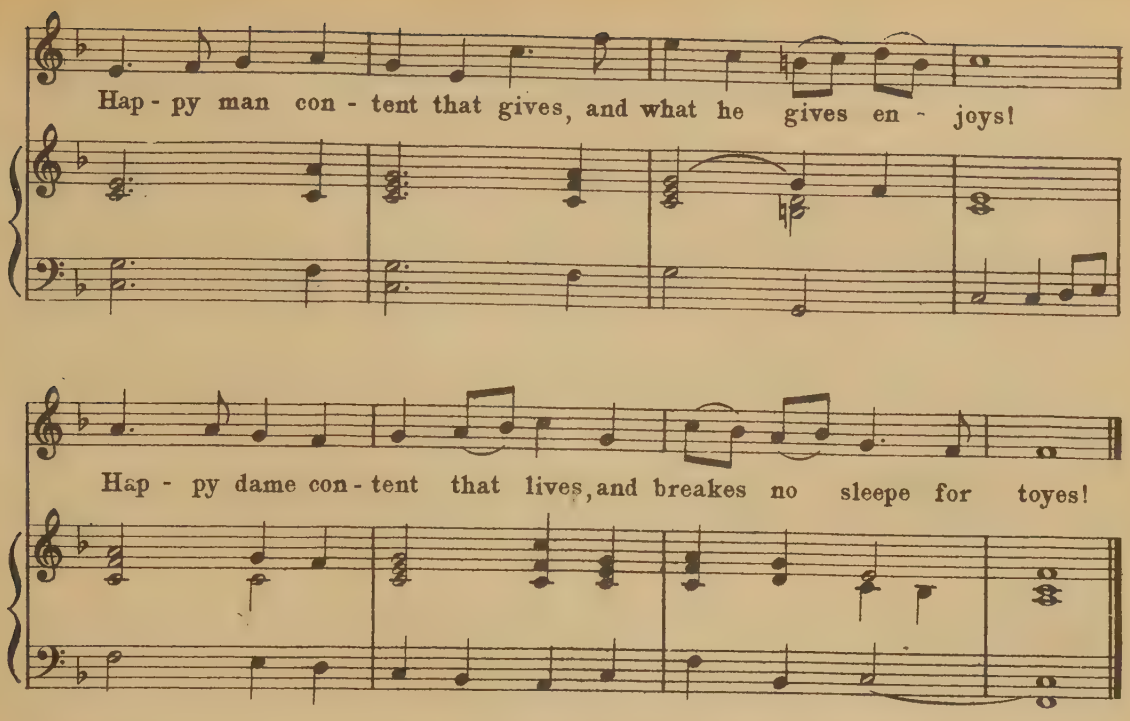
3rd Booke of Ayres. 1612.


Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Ev - 'ry dame af - fects good fame, what e'er her do - ings be:
But true prayse is Ver - tue's Bayes, which none may weare but she.
Bor - rowd guise fits not the wise, a sim - ple look is best;


Na - tive grace be - comes a face, though ne'er so rude - ly drest.
Now such new found toyes are sold these wo - men to dis - guise,
That be - fore the yeare grows old, the new - est fash - ion dies.
Dames of yore con - tend - ed more in good - nesse to ex - ceede,


Than in pride to be en - vid for that which least they neede.
Lit - tle Lawne then serv'd the Pawne, if Pawne at all there were,
Home - spun thread and house - hold bread then held out all the yeare.
But th'at-tyres of wo - men now weare out both house and land,
That the wives in silks may flow, at ebbe the good men stand.


Once a-gain, As-tre-a, then from heav'n to earth des-cend;
And vouch-safe in their be-half these er-rours to a-mend!
Aid from heav'n must make all ev'n, things are so out of frame.
For let man strive all he can, he needs must please his Dame.



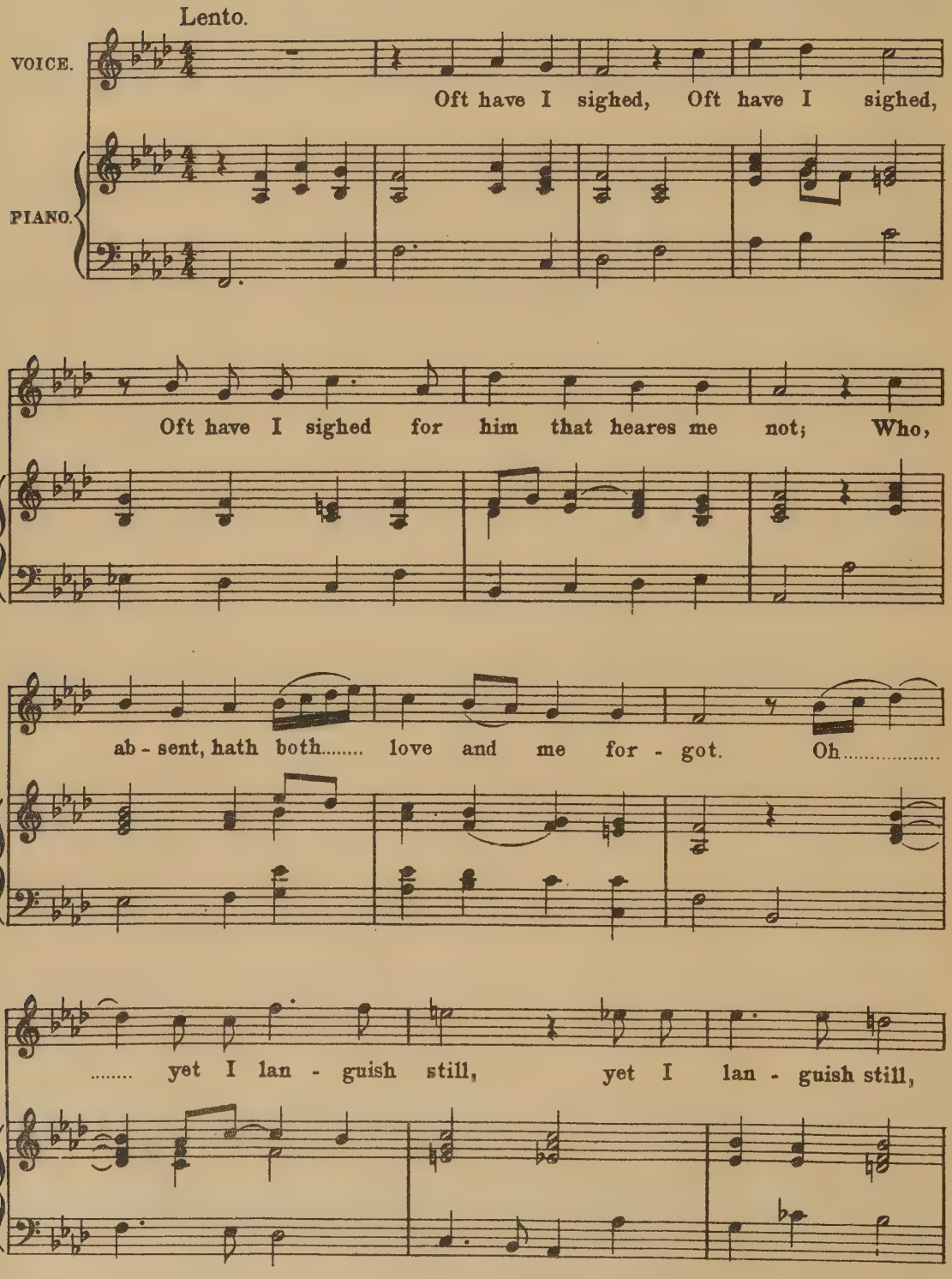

Ev'ry dame affects good fame, what e'er her doings be:
But true prayse is Vertues Bayes, which none may weare but she.
Borrow'd guise fits not the wise, a simple look is best;
Native grace becomes a face, though ne'er so rudely drest.
Now such new found toyes are sold these women to disguise,
That before the yeare grows old, the newest fashion dies.

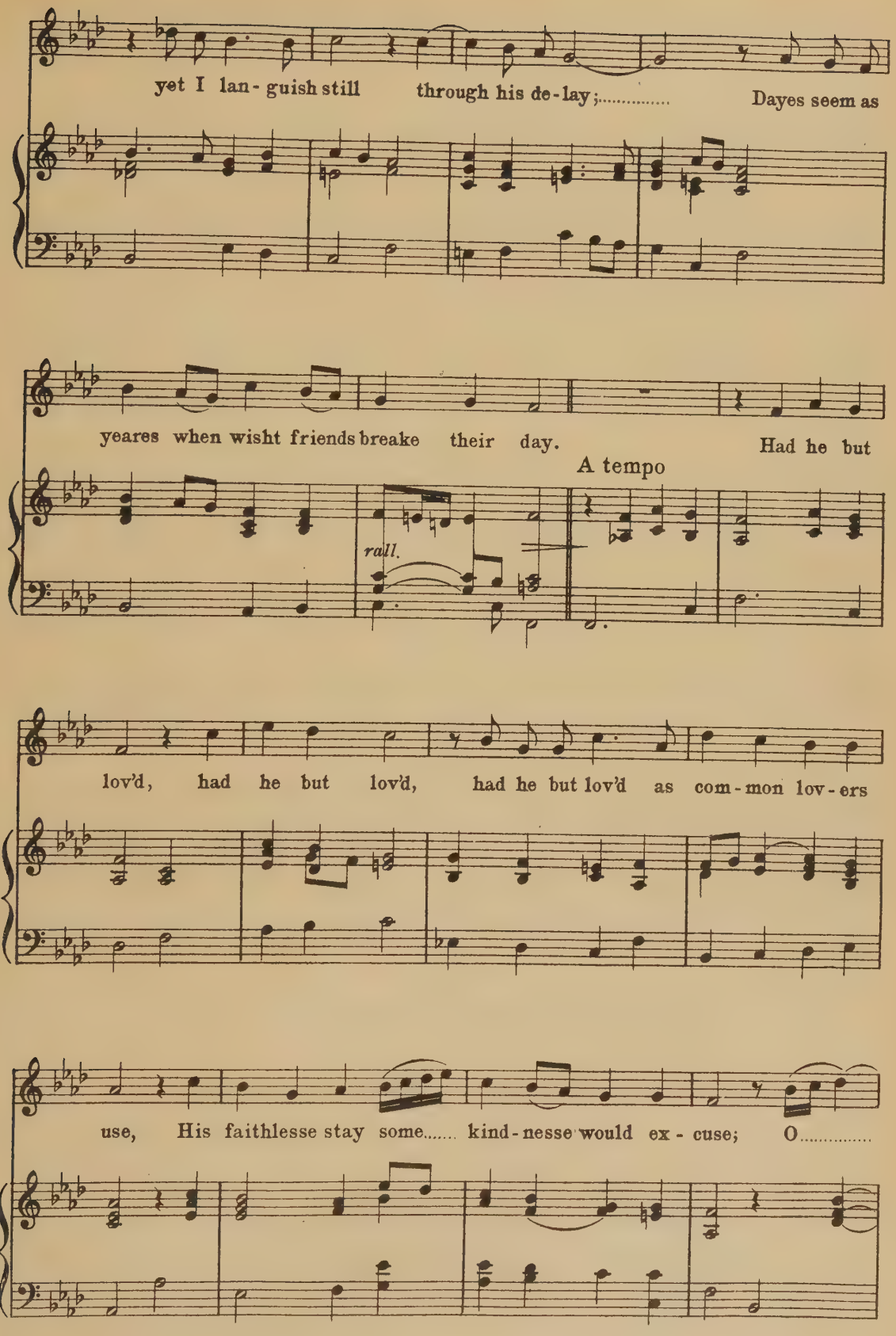
Dames of yore contended more in goodnesse to exceede,
Than in pride to be envi'd for that which least they neede.
Little Lawne then serv'd the Pawne, if Pawne at all there were,
Homespun thread and household bread then held out all the yeare.
But th'attyres of women now weare out both house and land,
That the wives in silks may flow, at ebbe the good men stand.

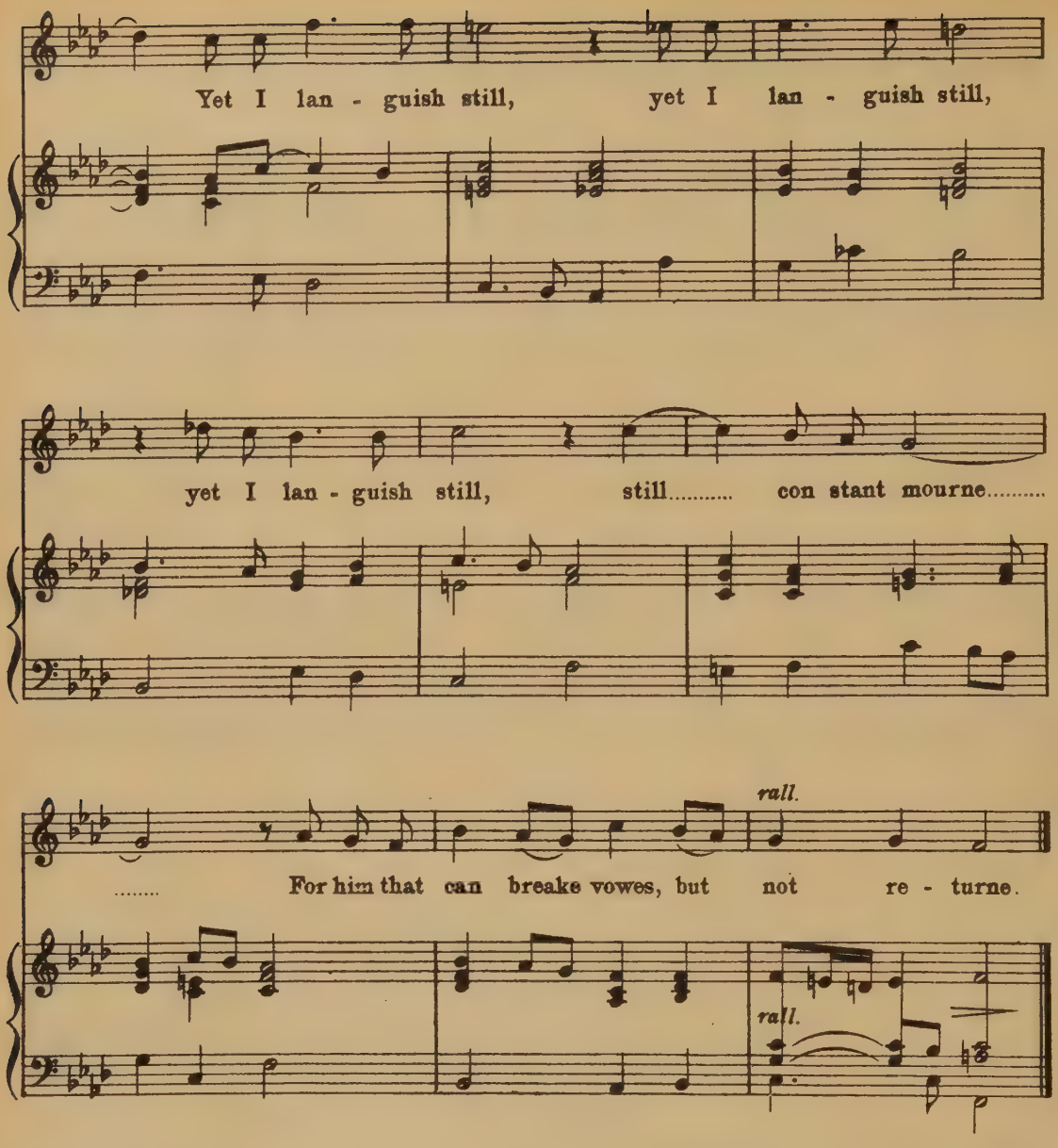
Once again, Astrea, then from heav'n to earth descend;
And vouchsafe in their behalf these errours to amend!
Aid from heav'n must make all ev'n, things are so out of frame,
For let man strive all he can, he needs must please his Dame.
Happy man content that gives, and what he gives enjoys!
Happy dame content that lives, and breakes no sleepe for toyes!

# Oft have I sighed for him.

THOMAS CAMPION.
3rd Booke of Ayres. 1612.


Lento.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Oft have I sighed, Oft have I sighed,
Oft have I sighed for him that heares me not; Who,
ab - sent, hath both..... love and me for - got. Oh.....
..... yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish still,


yet I lan - guish still through his de - lay;..... Dayes seem as
yeares when wisht friends breake their day. Had he but
rall.
A tempo
lov'd, had he but lov'd, had he but lov'd as com - mon lov - ers
use, His faithlesse stay some..... kind - nesse would ex - cuse; O.....

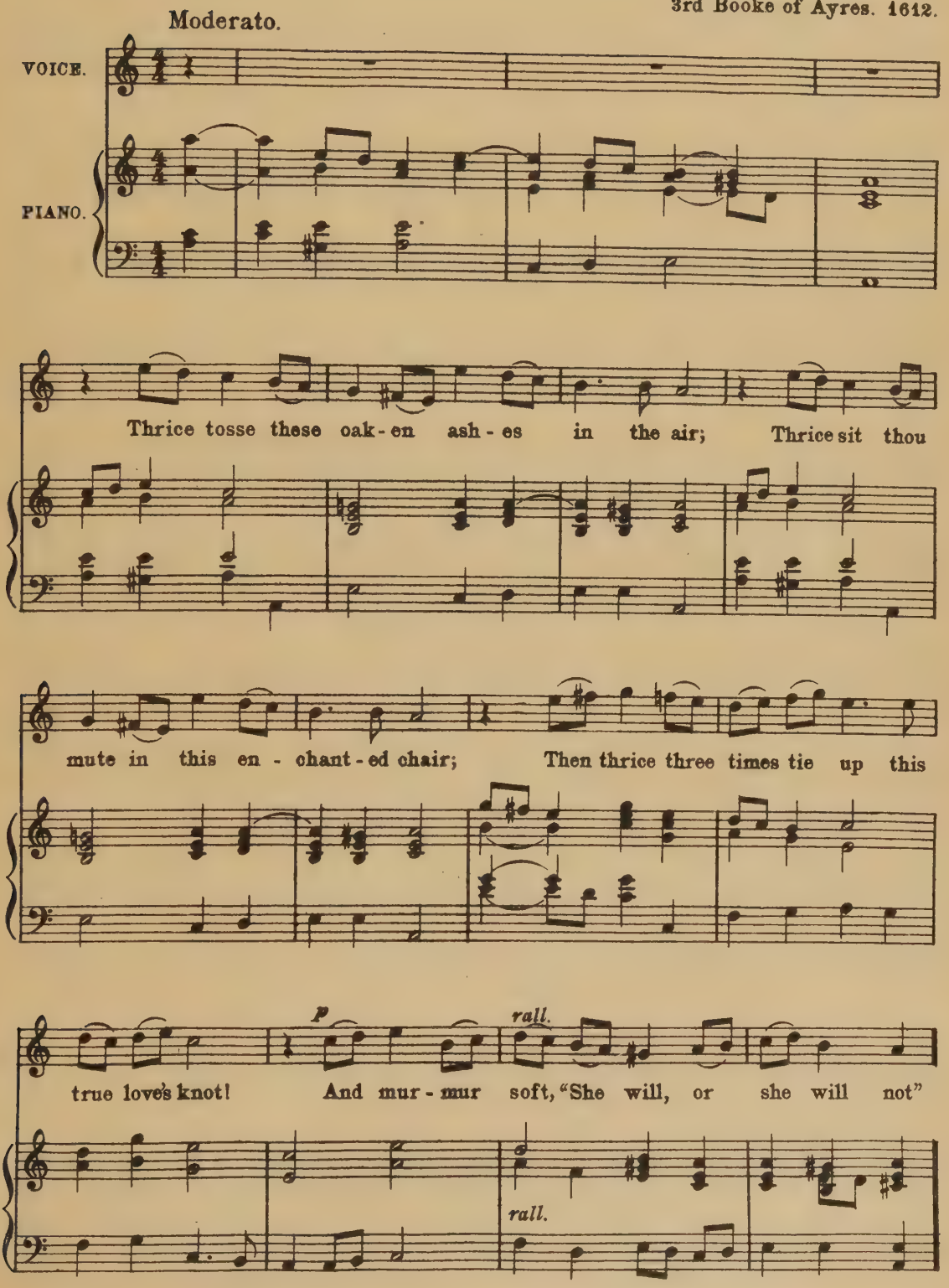

Yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish still,
yet I lan - guish still, still..... con stant mourne.....
rall.
..... For him that can breake vowes, but not re - turne.
rall.

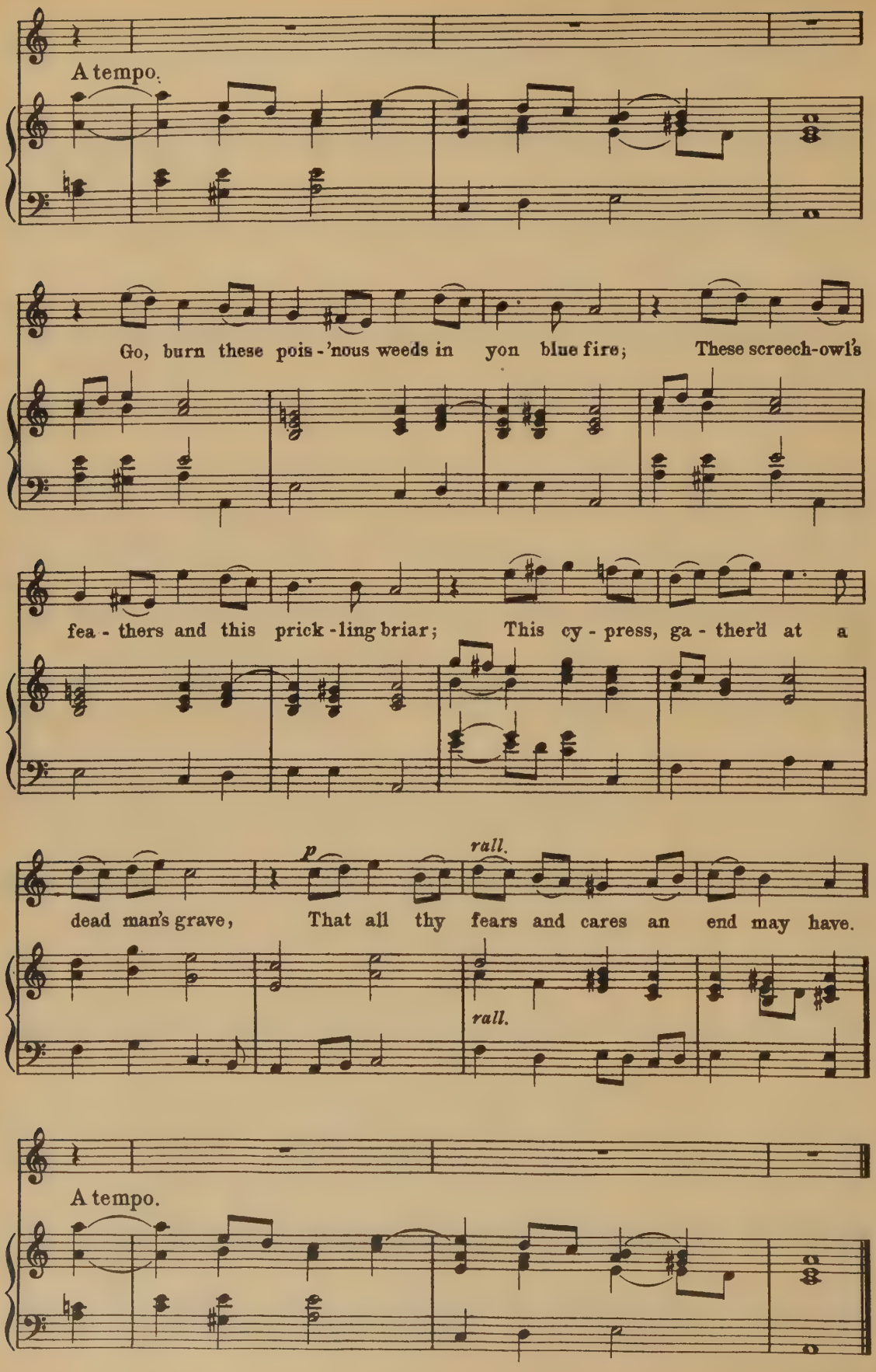
Oft have I sighed for him that heares me not;
Who, absent, hath both love and me forgot.
O yet I languish still through his delay;
Dayes seem as yeares when wisht friends breake their day.

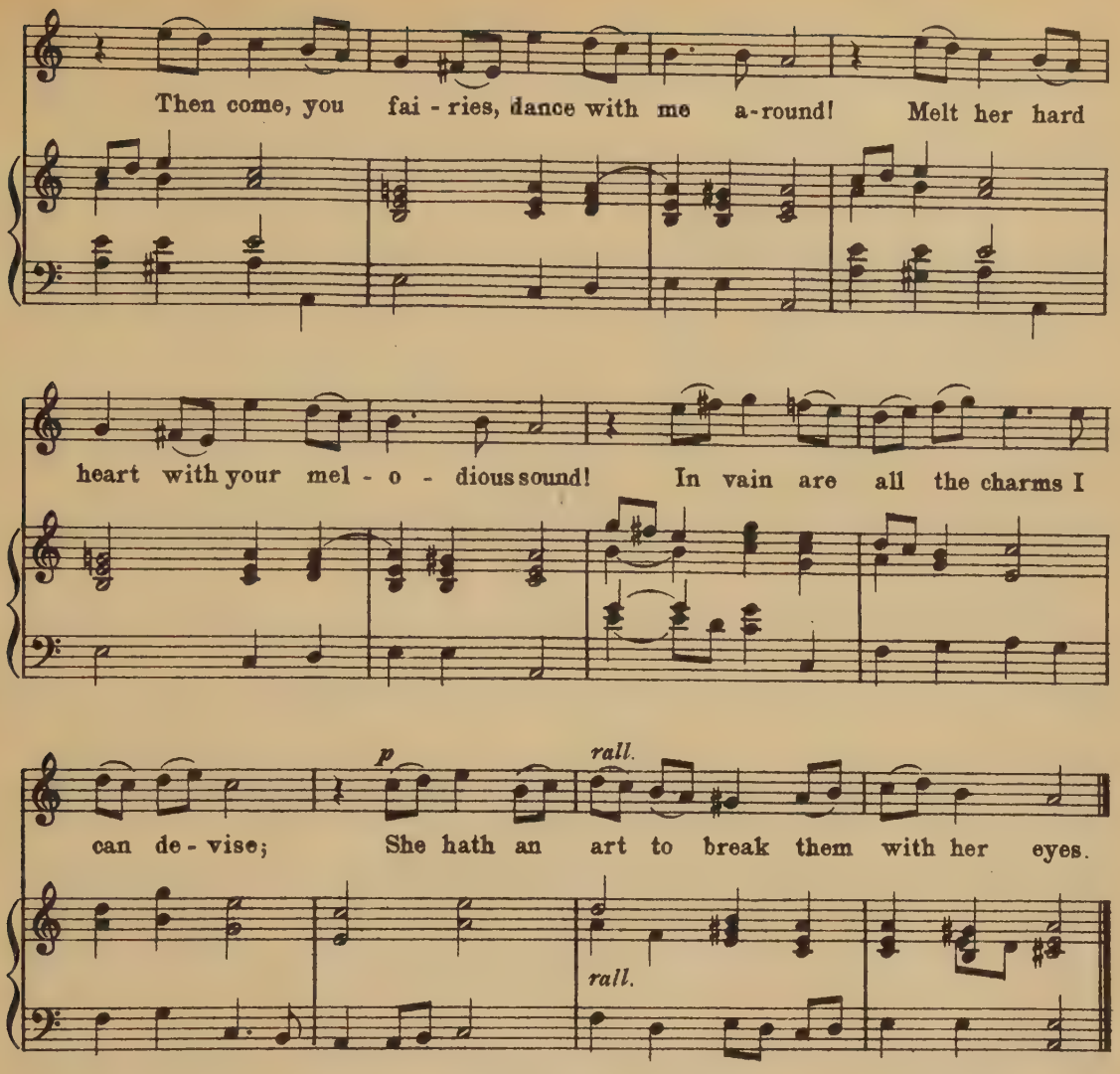
Had he but loved as common lovers use,
His faithlesse stay some kindnesse would excuse;
O yet I languish still, still constant mourne
For him that can breake vowes, but not returne.

# Thrice tosse these oaken ashes in the air.

THOMAS CAMPION.
3rd Booke of Ayres. 1612.


Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Thrice tosse these oak-en ash-es in the air; Thrice sit thou
mute in this en-chant-ed chair; Then thrice three times tie up this
p
rall.
true love's knot! And mur-mur soft, "She will, or she will not"
rall.


A tempo.
Go, burn these pois - 'nous weeds in yon blue fire; These screech-owl's
fea - thers and this prick - ling briar; This cy - press, ga - ther'd at a
p
rall.
dead man's grave, That all thy fears and cares an end may have.
rall.
A tempo.


Then come, you fai - ries, dance with me a-round! Melt her hard
heart with your mel - o - dious sound! In vain are all the charms I
p
rall.
can de - vise; She hath an art to break them with her eyes.
rall.

Thrice tosse these oaken ashes in the air;
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair;
And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot!
And murmur soft, "She will, or she will not."

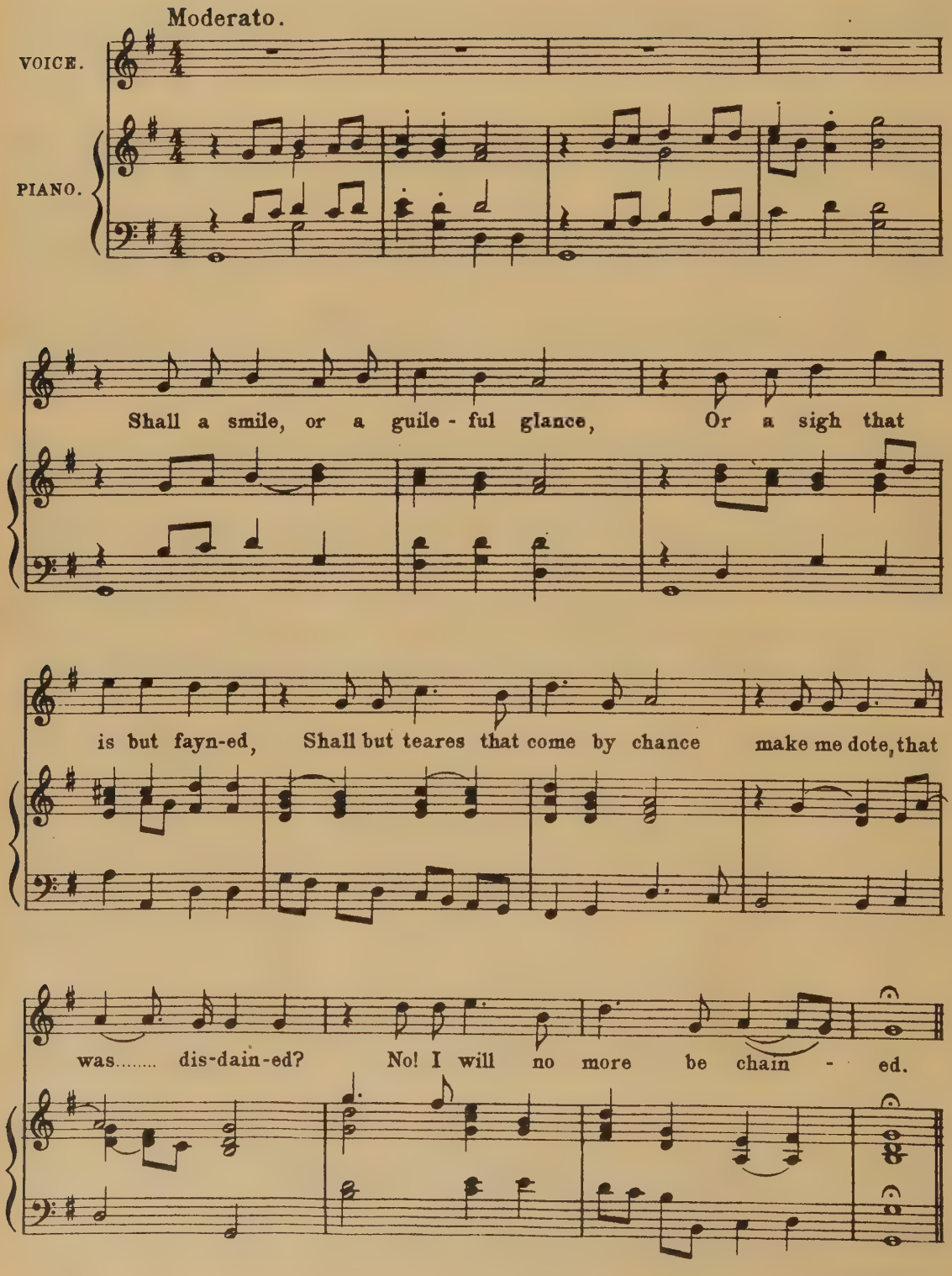
Go burn these pois'nous weeds in yon blue fire;
These screech owl's feathers, and this prickling briar;
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave!
That all thy fears and cares an end may have.

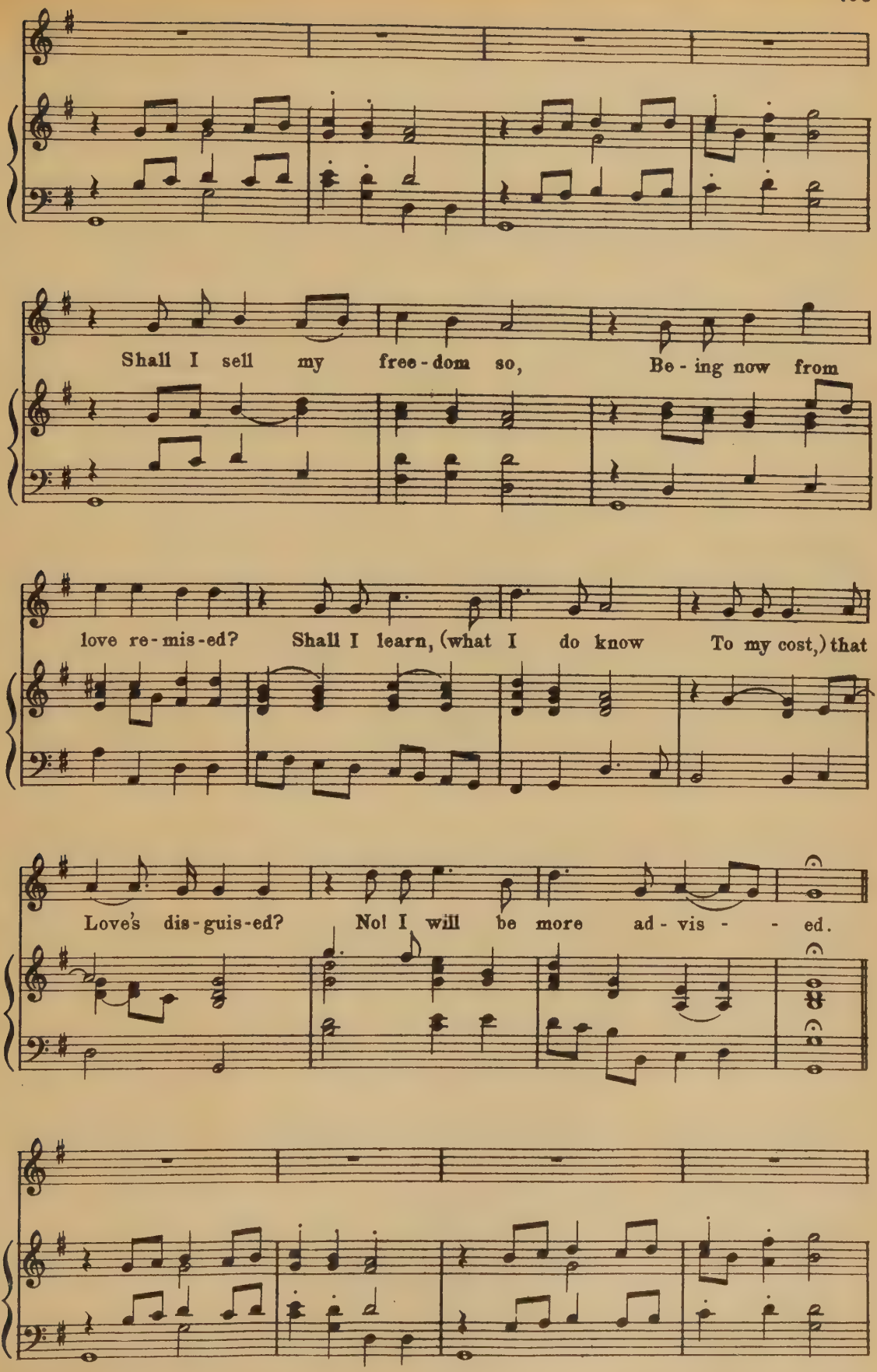
Then come, you fairies, dance with me around!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise;
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

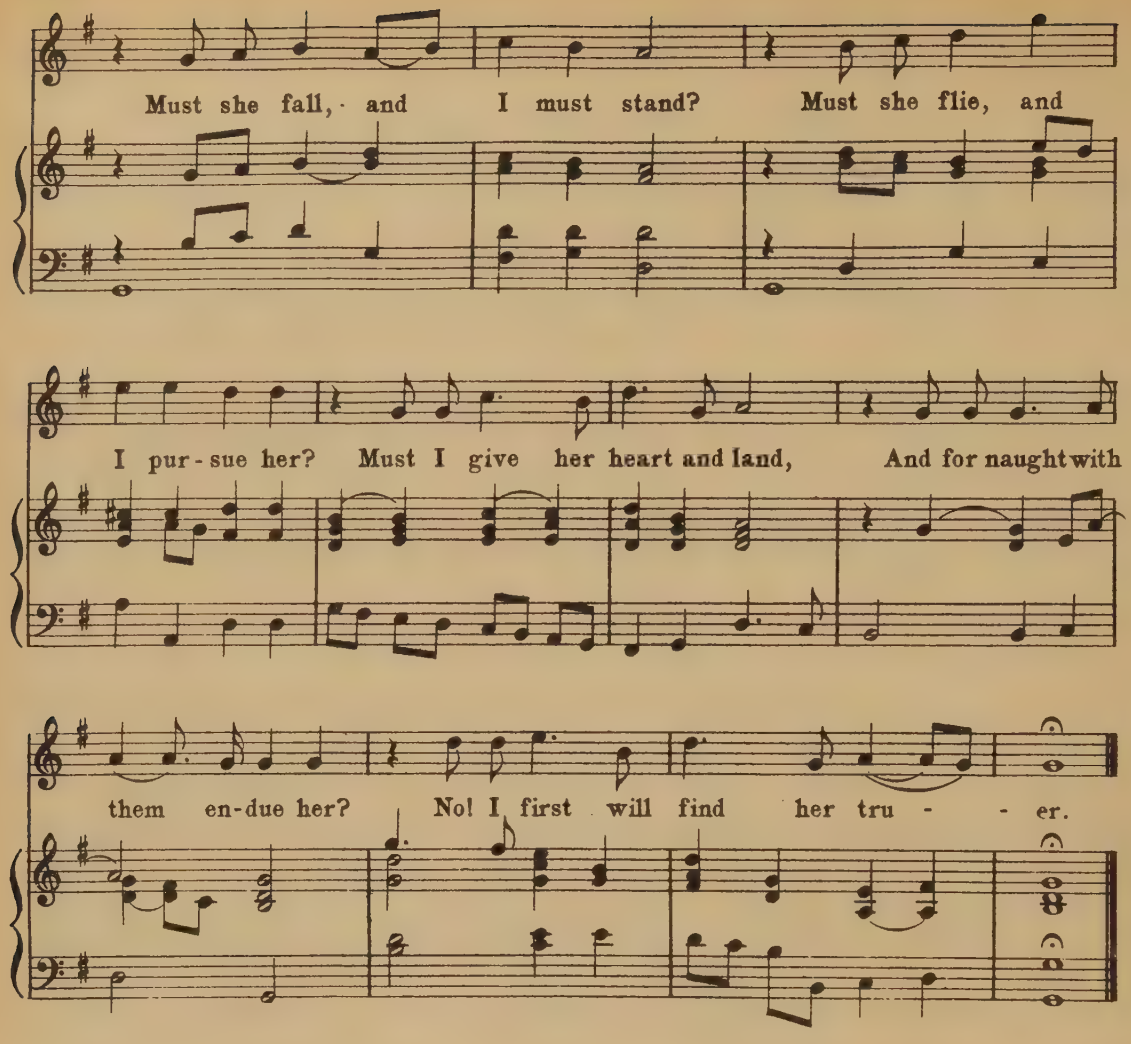
# Shall a smile or a guileful glance?

WILLIAM CORKINE.

Second Booke of Ayres. 1612.


Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Shall a smile, or a guile - ful glance, Or a sigh that
is but fayn-ed, Shall but teares that come by chance make me dote, that
was..... dis-dain-ed? No! I will no more be chain - ed.


Shall I sell my free-dom so, Be-ing now from
love re-mis-ed? Shall I learn, (what I do know To my cost,) that
Love's dis-guis-ed? No! I will be more ad-vis - - ed.


Must she fall, and I must stand? Must she flie, and
I pur-sue her? Must I give her heart and land, And for naught with
them en-due her? No! I first will find her tru - - er.

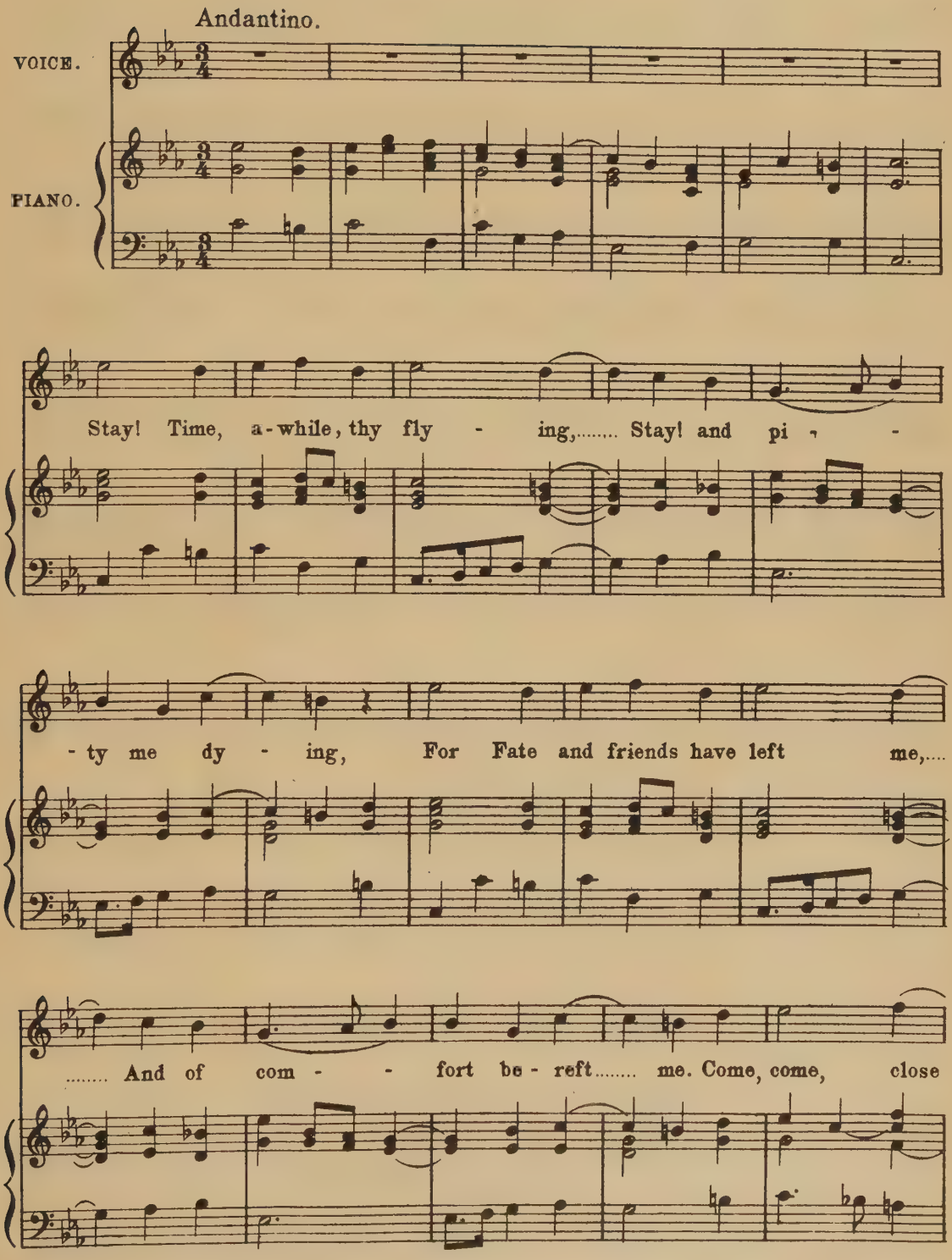
Shall a smile, or a guileful glance,
Or a sigh that is but fayned,
Shall but teares that come by chance
Make me dote, that was disdained?
No! I will no more be chained.

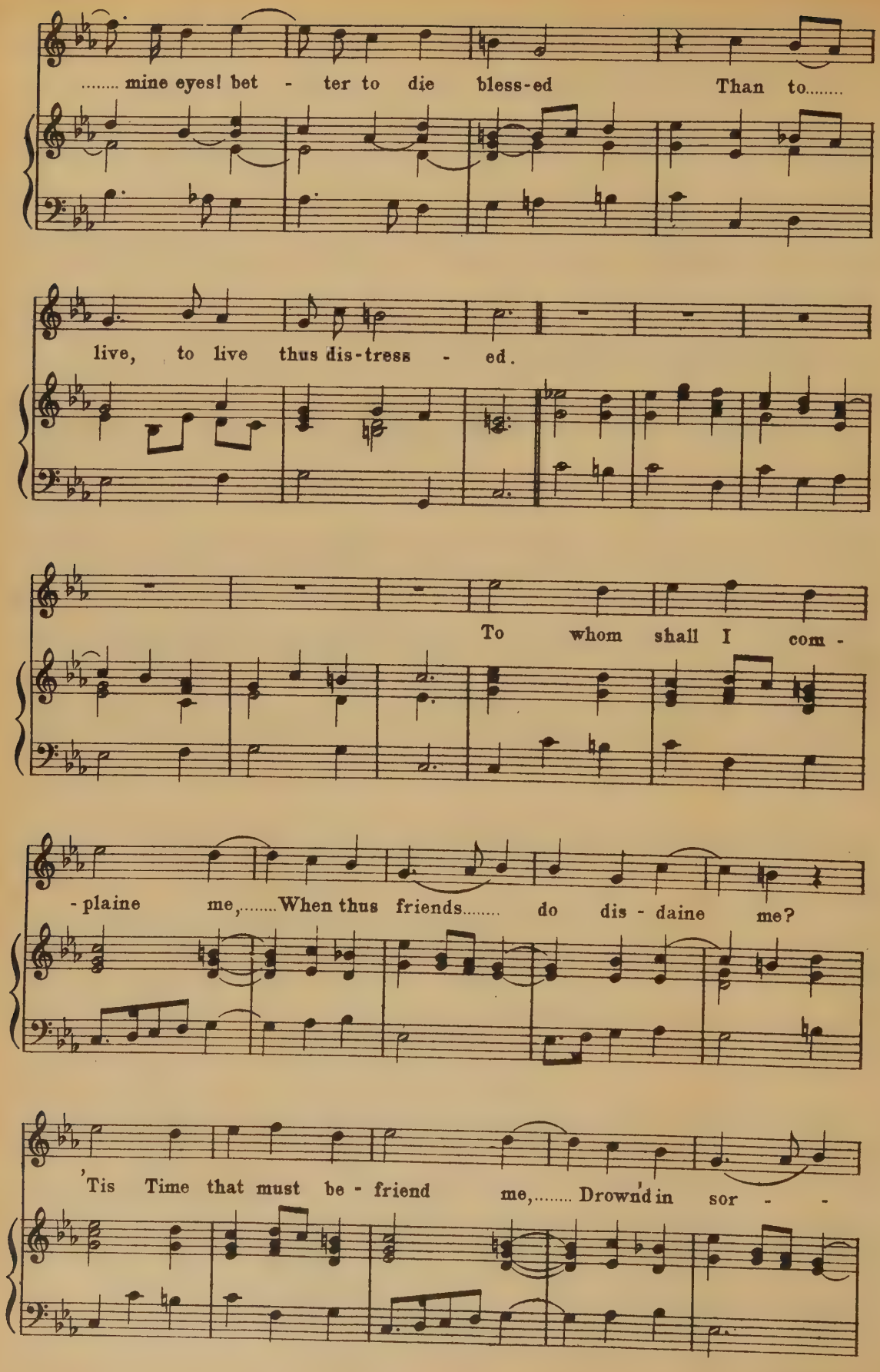
Shall I sell my freedom so,
Being now from love remised?
Shall I learne, (what I do know
To my cost) that Love's disguised?
No! I will be more advised.

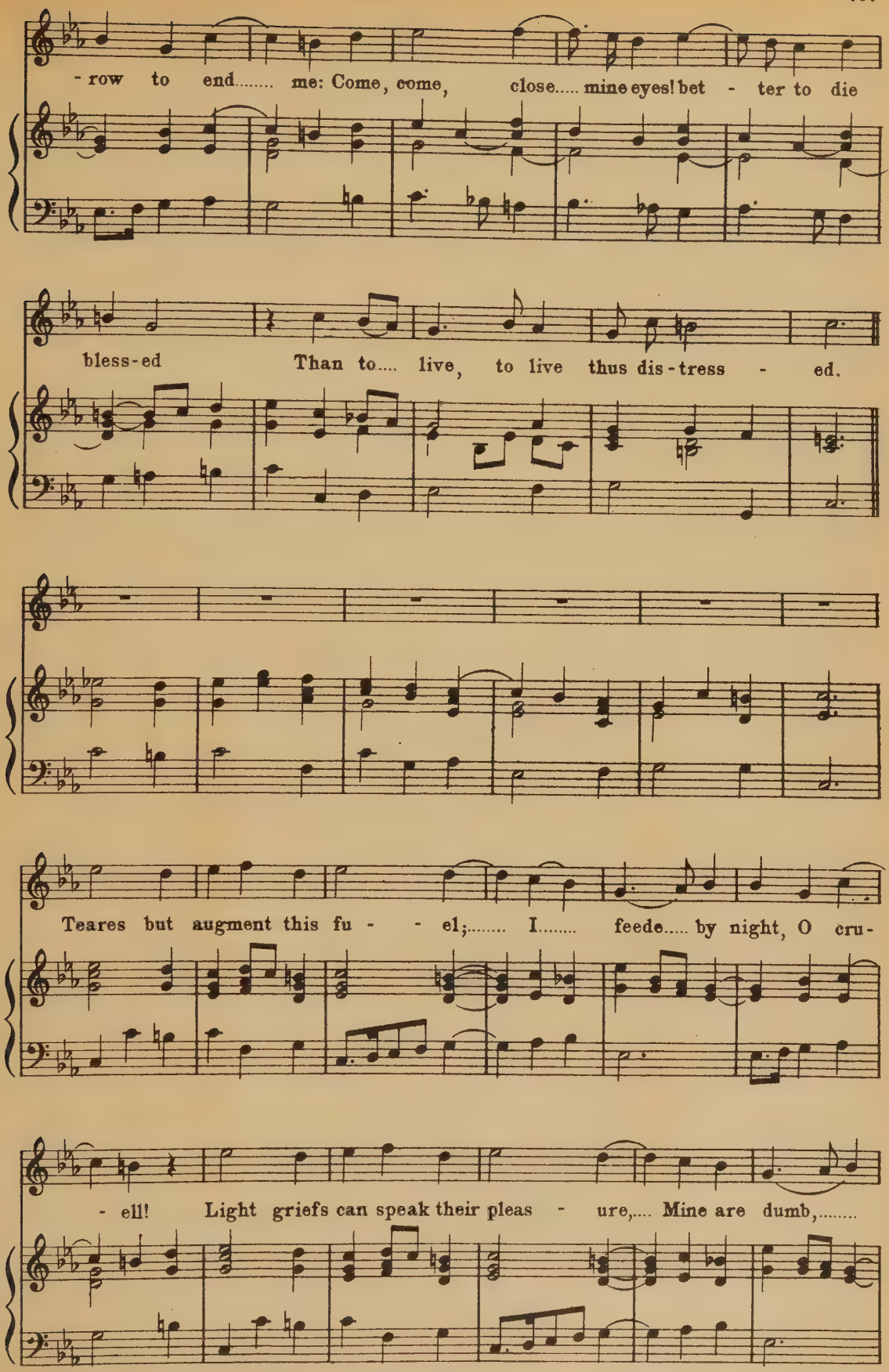
Must she fall, and I must stand?
Must she flie, and I pursue her?
Must I give her heart and land,
And for naught with them endue her?
No! I first will find her truer.

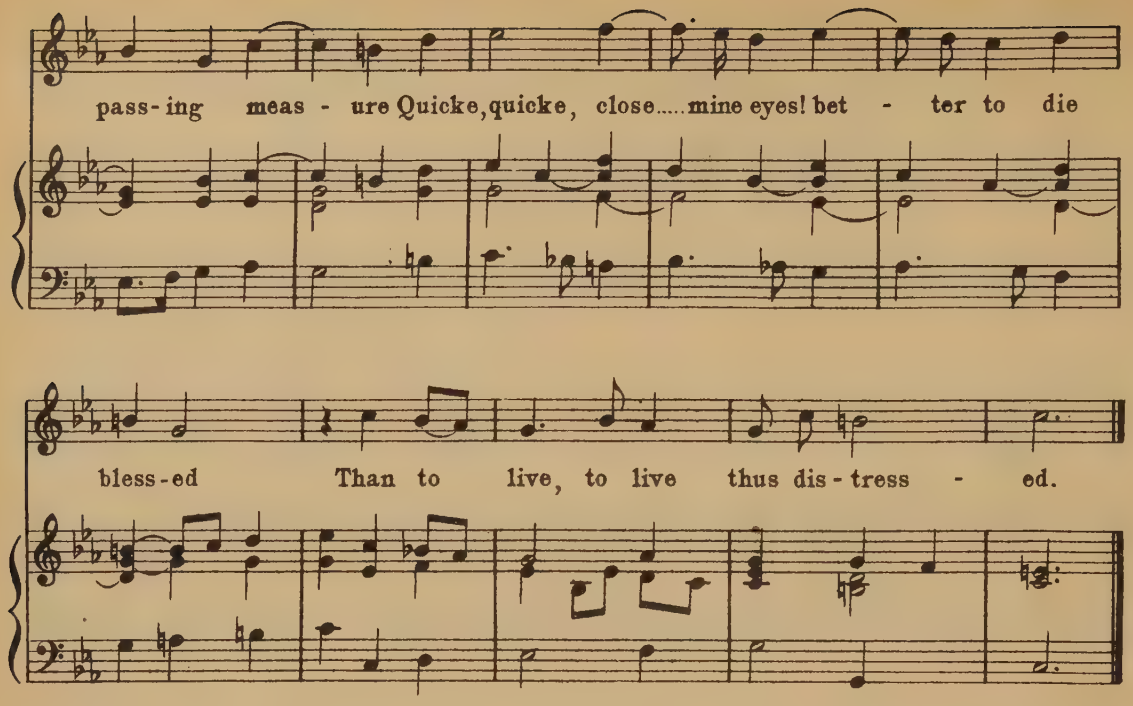
# Stay Time, awhile, thy flying.

JOHN DOWLAND.
A Pilgrim's Solace. 1612.


Andantino.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Stay! Time, a-while, thy fly - ing,..... Stay! and pi - - ty me dy - ing, For Fate and friends have left me,.... ..... And of com - - fort be - reft..... me. Come, come, close


..... mine eyes! bet - ter to die bless-ed Than to.....
live, to live thus dis-tress - ed.
To whom shall I com -
- plaine me,.....When thus friends..... do dis - daine me?
'Tis Time that must be - friend me,..... Drownd in sor - -


- row to end..... me: Come, come, close..... mine eyes! bet - ter to die
bless-ed Than to..... live, to live thus dis-tress - ed.
Teares but augment this fu - - el;..... I..... feede..... by night, O cru-
- ell! Light griefs can speak their pleas - ure,.... Mine are dumb,.....



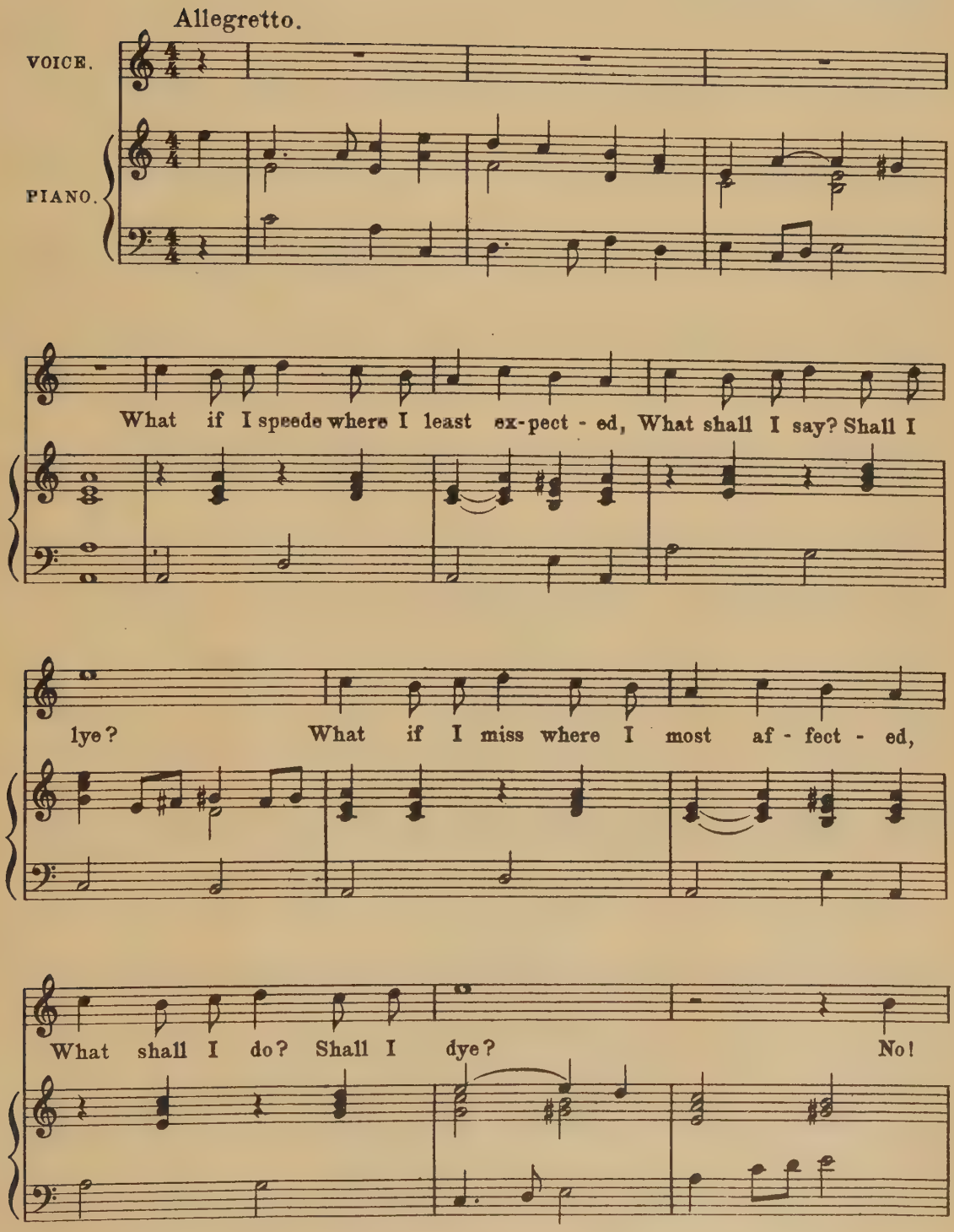

Stay Time, awhile, thy flying,
Stay! and pitie me dying,
For Fate and friends have left me,
And of comfort bereft me.
Come, come, close mine eyes! better to die blessed
Than to live thus distressed.

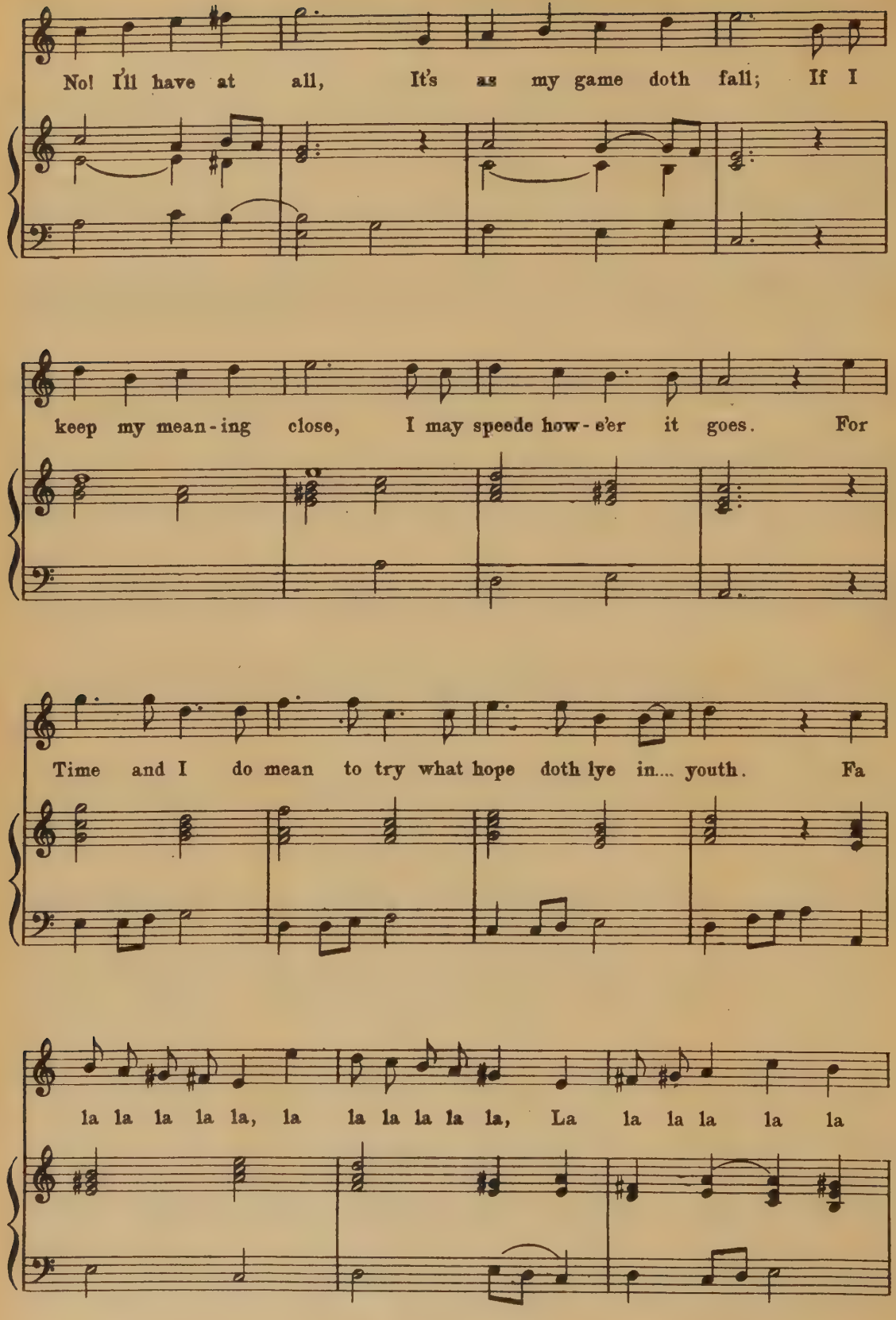
To whom shall I complaine me,
When thus friends do disdaine me?
'Tis Time that must befriend me,
Drown'd in sorrow to end me.
Come, come, close mine eyes! better to die blessed
Than to live thus distressed.

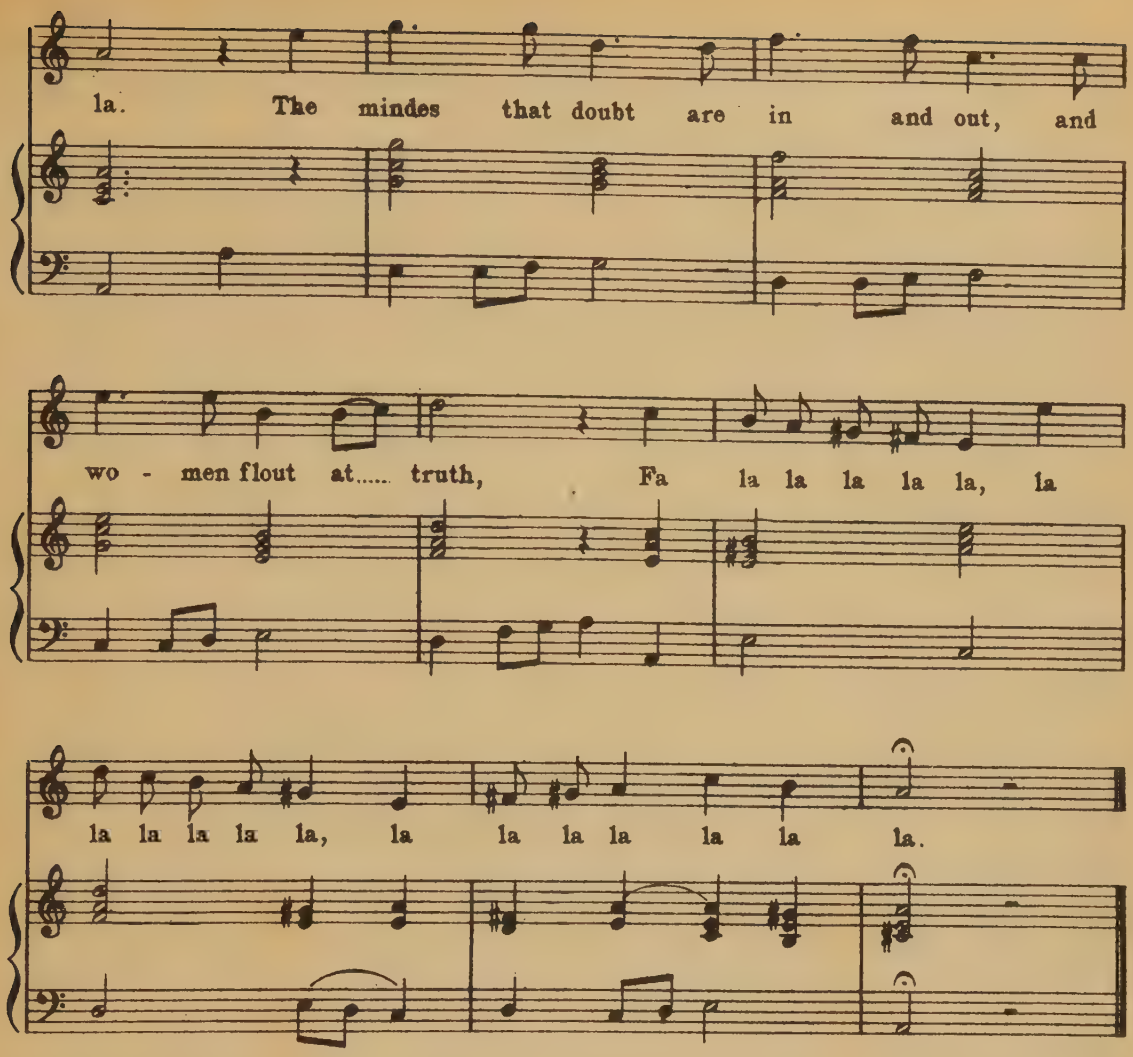
Teares but augment this fuel;
I feede by night, O cruell!
Light griefs can speak their pleasure,
Mine are dumb, passing measure.
Quicke, quicke, close mine eyes! better to die blessed
Than to live thus distressed.

# What if I speede?

ROBERT JONES.
"Ultimum Vale" 1608.


Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
What if I speede where I least ex-pect - ed, What shall I say? Shall I
lye? What if I miss where I most af - fect - ed,
What shall I do? Shall I dye? No!

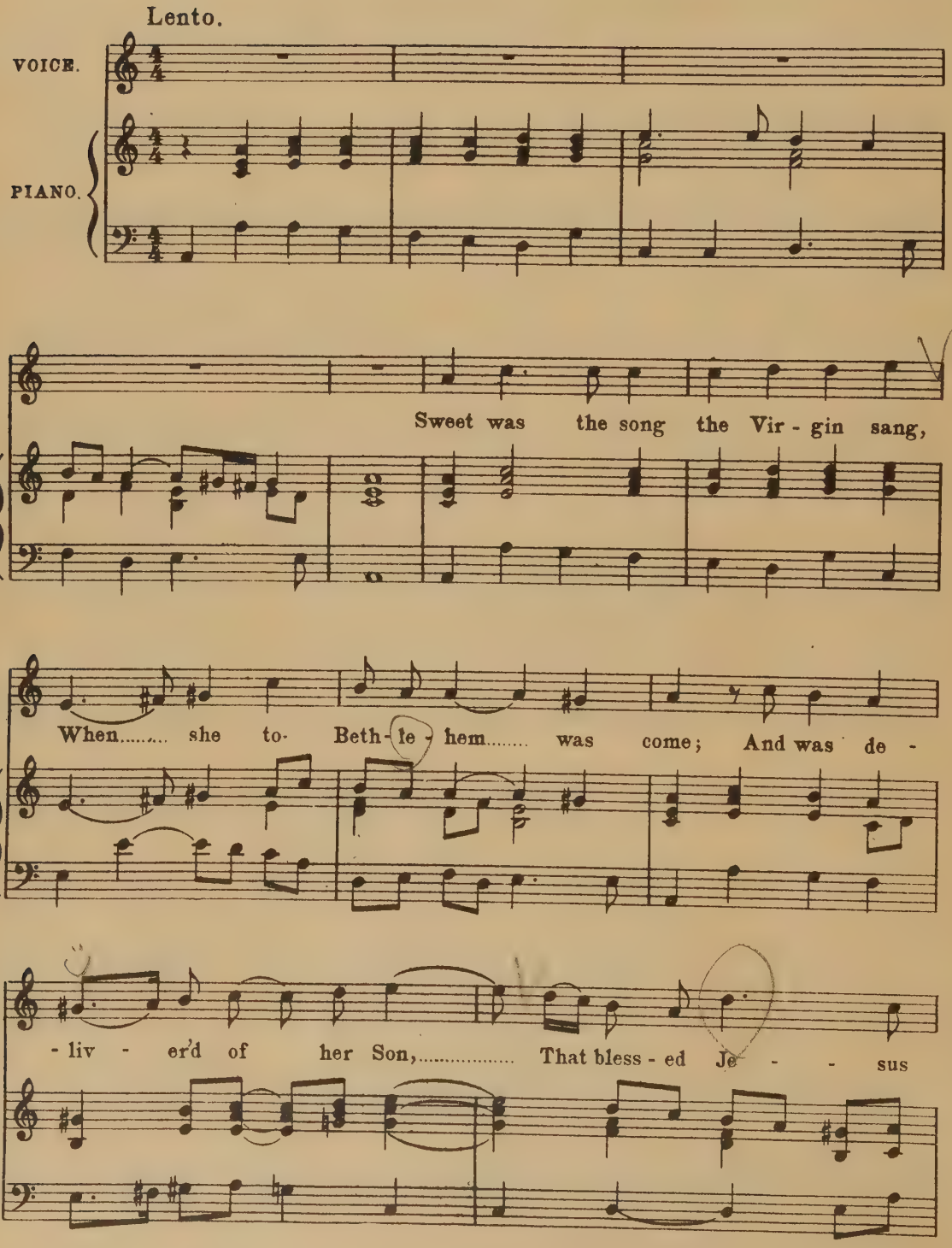

No! I'll have at all, It's as my game doth fall; If I
keep my mean-ing close, I may speede how-e'er it goes. For
Time and I do mean to try what hope doth lye in.... youth. Fa
la la la la la, la la la la la la, La la la la la la

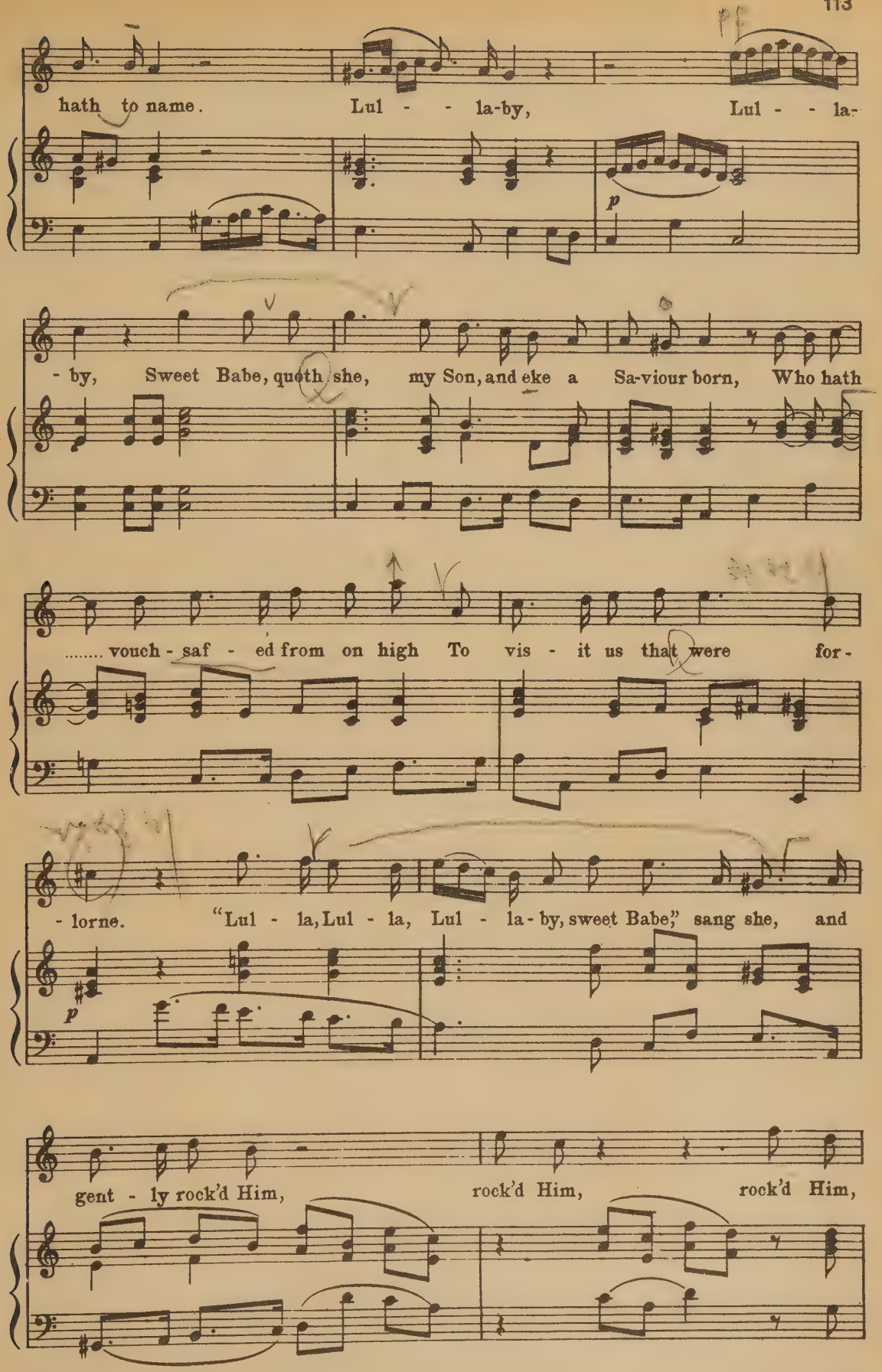


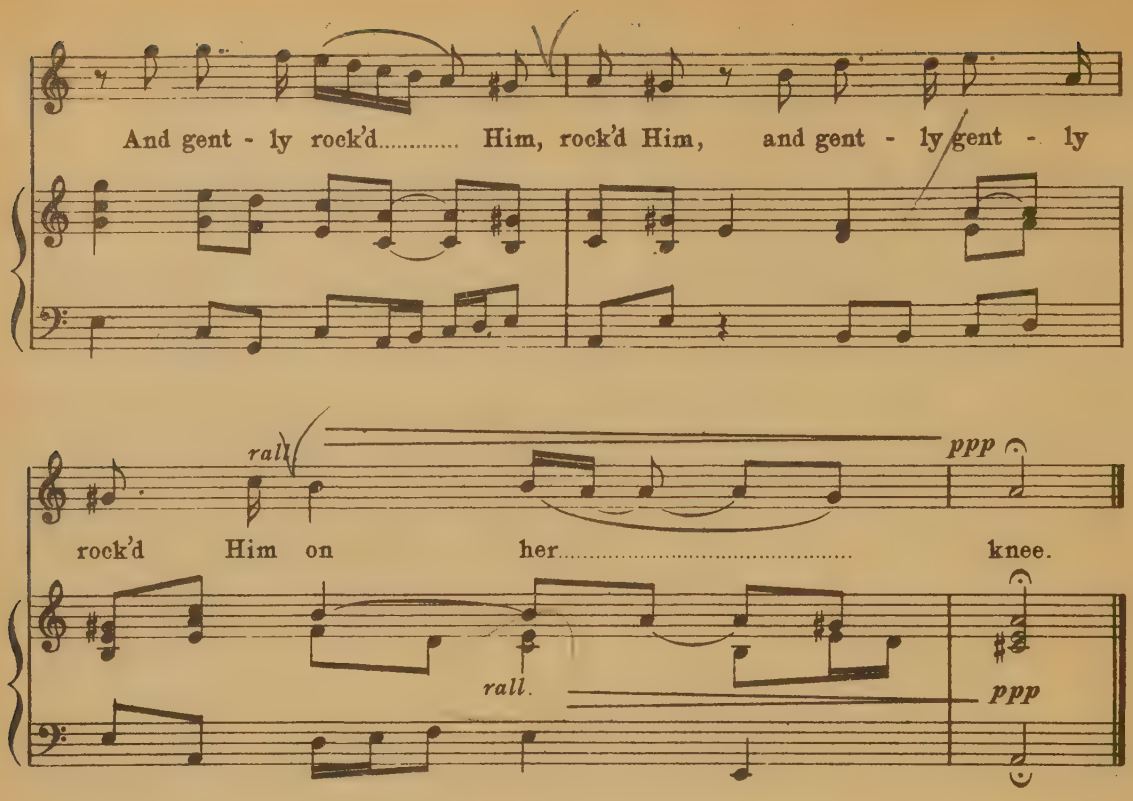

What if I speede where I least expected,
What shall I say? Shall I lye?
What if I miss where I most affected,
What shall I do? Shall I dye?
No! No! I'll have at all,
It's as my game doth fall;
If I keep my meaning close,
I may speede howe'er it goes.
For Time and I do mean to try
What hope doth lye in youth.
The mindes that doubt are in and out,
And women flout at truth.
Fa, la.

# Sweet was the Song.

JOHN ATTEY.
1st Book of Ayres. 1622.


Lento.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Sweet was the song the Vir - gin sang,
When..... she to- Beth- le - hem..... was come; And was de -
- liv - er'd of her Son,..... That bless - ed Je - - sus


hath to name. Lul - - la-by, Lul - - la-
- by, Sweet Babe, quoth she, my Son, and eke a Sa-viour born, Who hath
..... vouch - saf - ed from on high To vis - it us that were for-
- lorne. "Lul - la, Lul - la, Lul - la - by, sweet Babe," sang she, and
gent - ly rock'd Him, rock'd Him, rock'd Him,




Sweet was the song the Virgin sang,
When she to Bethlehem was come;
And was delivered of her Son,
That blessed Jesus has to name.
Lullaby, lullaby,
"Sweet Babe," quoth she,
"My Son, and eke a Saviour born,
Who hath vouchsafed from on high
To visit us that were forlorne.
Lullaby, sweete Babe," sang she,
And rock'd Him gently on her knee.

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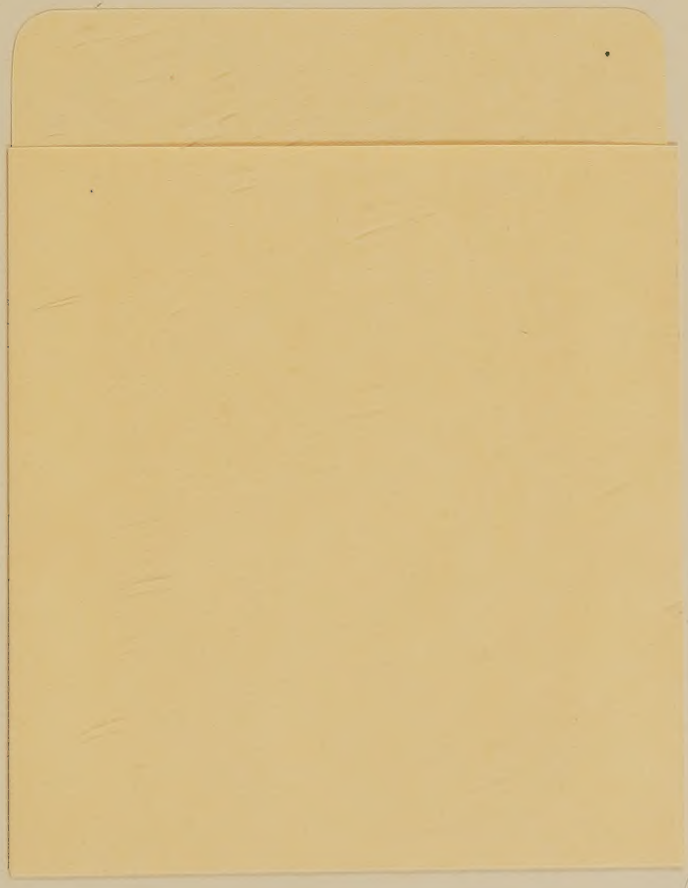

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